

Give Me The Simple Life

Etta Jones

I don't believe in frettin' and grievin'
Why mess around with strife'
I never was cut out to step and strut out
Give me the simple life

Some find it pleasant dining on pheasant
Those things roll off of my knife
Just serve me tomatoes and mashed potatoes
Give me the simple life

A cottage small is all I'm after
Not one that's spacious and wide
A house that rings with joy and laughter
And the ones you love inside

Some like the high road, I like the low road
Free from the care and strife
Sounds corny and seedy, but yes, indeed
Give me the simple life

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Give me, oh, give me, oh, give me the simple life