Simple Things

Keri Noble

Some people love New York
Leave everything to be there
Their dreams get lost or found
Get left behind or go somewhere

Give me the simple things
A fire in the hearth
And space to spread my wings
See children playing when they're young

Some people love and leave
To be near all the movie stars
Sit in cafes all day
Discovered for the perfect part

Give me my piano lamp
A glass of wine for my friend
We'll laugh the night away
And sing the same old songs, again.

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