

Give Me The Simple Life

Rosemary Clooney

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

I don't believe in fretting and grieving
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 my knife
Just serve me tomatoes and mashed potatoes
Give me the simple life

Yes 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-y
Give me the simple life

And living, I find, is best when your mind
Is keen as a carving knife
I'm crazy about sleep, can't do without sleep
Give me the simple life

I love to whittle and play a little
Tune on a 10-cent pipe
Give me the simple life

I greet the dawn when I awaken
The sky is clear up above
I like my scrambled eggs and bacon
Served by someone that I love

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