

Ella Fitzgerald

"Give Me The Simple Life"

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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 my knife
Just serve me tomatoes and mashed potatoes
Give me the simple life

A cottage small if 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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