

Frank Sinatra

"Easy Street"

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I remember the way my sainted mother
Would sit and croon me her lullaby.
She said, kid, there is a place that's like no other,
You gotta get there before you die.
You don't get there by playing from the rule book,
You pack the aces, you load the dice.
Mother dear, oh I know you're down there, listen,
How can I follow your sweet advice to.?

Easy Street, Easy Street, where you sleep till noon each
day,
Easy Street, Easy Street, weather best there too
Easy Street, Easy Street, where the rich does play, yea,
yea, yea,
No great feat on Easy Street, when you get there gay.
It ain't fair how we scrounge for three or four bucks
While she gets Warbuck, the little brat
It ain't fair she gets forget-me-nots
While we get peanuts, she's living fat
Maybe she holds the key, that little lady,
She gets more bucks instead of less.
Maybe we fix the game with something shady,
How, how, I'll tell you, give you one guess.
Easy Street, Easy Street, any day I'll get there, yes
siree, yes siree, yes siree,
Easy Street, Easy Street, that's where I'm gonna be.

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