

## **Fred Small**

# **"Simple Living"**

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Too many words too many sounds  
Too many attractions turn me around  
Too many miles in a chrome cocoon  
I never get anywhere I can't see the moon  
Too many commercials too many lies  
Too many celebrities I don't recognize  
Too many brand names too many magazines  
I got so much sensation I can't feel a thing  
Simple living  
Got to get to simple living  
Simple living  
Simple... simply living  
Too many things we just throw away  
If we put it in the garbage we're gonna eat it someday  
We turn on the lights and a river dies  
We turn the TV on to see and eagle fly  
Too much work with nothing to do  
Too many dreams never come true  
Too much hurting without a second glance  
Too much desperation they call romance  
Gonna take this life, pare it to the bone  
Baby when you knock baby I'll be home  
I'll make my breakfast sweep the floor  
Open the window unlock the door  
Gonna turn off the video the audio too  
Open my eyes take in the view  
See the divine in the veins of a leaf  
In the hands of a beggar in the eyes of a thief  
Simple living  
Gimme simple living  
Simple living  
Simple living

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