Simple Love

David Escalante

Little yellow house sitting on a hill
That is where he lived, that is where he died
Every Sunday morning
Hear the weeping willows cryTwo children born, beautiful wife
Four walls and living is all he needed in life
Always giving, never asking back
I wish I had a simple love like thisI want a simple love like that
Always giving, never asking back
Oh, when I'm in my final hour, looking back
I hope I had a simple love like thatMy mama was his only little girl
If he'd had the money, he would have given her the world
Sitting on the front porch, together they would see
Oh, how I longed to hear that harmonyI want a simple love like that
Always giving, never asking back
Oh, when I'm in my final hour, looking back
I hope I had a simple love like thatI want a simple love like that
Always giving, never asking back
Oh, when I'm in my final hour, looking back
I hope I had a simple love like that

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