

# simple love

## Julio Bashmore

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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