

# Easy Street

## June Christy

I remember the way  
Our sainted mother  
Would sit and croon us  
Her lullaby

She'd say, kids, there's a place  
That's like no other  
You got to get there before you die

You don't get there  
By playing from the rule book  
You stack the ages  
You load the dice

Mother dear  
Oh, we know you're down there listening  
How can we follow  
Your sweet  
Advice  
To

Easy street  
Easy street  
Where you sleep till noon

Yeah, yeah, yeah

She'd repeat  
Easy street  
Better get there soon.

Easy street  
Easy street  
Where the rich folks play  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Move them feet

Move them ever-lovin' feet  
To easy street  
Easy street

When you get there stay

It ain't fair  
How we scrounge  
For three of four bucks  
While she gets  
Warbucks

The little brat!  
It ain't fair this here life  
Is drivin' me nuts!  
While we get peanuts  
She's livin' fat!

Maybe she holds the key  
That little lady

To gettin' more bucks

Instead of less  
Maybe we fix the game  
With something shady

Where does that put us?  
Oh, tell her.  
Yes!

Easy street  
Easy street  
Annie is the key  
Yes sirree  
Yes sirree  
Yes sirree  
Easy street  
Easy street  
That's where we're gonna  
Be!

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com  
written by MERCER, JOHNNY / ARLEN, HAROLD  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>