

Give Me the Simple Life

Dakota Staton

I don't believe in frettin' and grievin';

Why mess around with strife?

I never was cut out to step and strut out.

Give me the simple life. Some find it pleasant dining on pheasant.

Those things roll off my knife;

Just serve me tomatoes; and mashed potatoes;

Give me the simple life. A cottage small is all I'm after,

Not one that's spacious and wide.

A house that rings with joy and laughter

And the ones you love inside. Some like the high road, I like the low road,

Free from the care and strife.

Sounds corny and seedy, but yes, indeed-y;

Give me the simple life.

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