

# Simple Life

## Jim Robbins

Well she's sitting on the edge of my bed  
Taking her shirt off over her head  
I should be somewhere else but I am right here instead  
As this old scene unfurls in this ever changing world  
I ask myself how did I lose my woman for this here girl  
Well she lays back like a queen  
In some dark medieval dream  
All at once god becomes a big old machine  
And I've got one hand on the switch  
Building up a fearsome itch  
To turn him off for a little while  
And dig myself a six foot ditch  
'Cause every move she makes  
Tempt this here bough to break  
I know man lives on love  
How much love can one man take  
If there's a train coming I can't see it  
If there's a lesson here I don't need it  
I'm gonna slide right down into my own bad idea  
So save it if you will  
Stop the doctor, crush the pill  
The simple life is overrated  
I have simply had my fill

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