

Simple Life

Mason Jennings

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 overated
I have simply had my fill