

Pippin, Simple Joys

(LEADING PLAYER)

Well I'll sing you the story of a sorrowful lad
Had everything he wanted, didn't want what he had
He had wealth and pelf and fame and name and all of
That noise
But he didn't have none of those simple joys
His life seemed purposeless and flat
Aren't you glad you don't feel like that?

So he ran from all the deeds he'd done, he ran
Things he'd just begun
He ran from himself, now that's mighty far to run
Out into the country where he played as a boy
He knew he had to find him some simple joys
He wanted someplace warm and green
We all could use a change of scene

Sweet summer evenings, hot wine and bread
Sharing your supper, sharing your bed
Simple joys have a simple voice:
It says why not go ahead?
Wouldn't you rather be a left-handed flea
A crab on a slab at the bottom of the sea
Than a man who never learns how to be free
Not 'til he's underground

Sweet summer evenings, sapphire skies
Feasting her belly
Feasting her eyes
Simple joys have a simple voice:
It says time's a living prize
And wouldn't you
Rather be a left-handed flea
A crab on a slab at the bottom of the sea
A newt on the root of a banyan tree
Or a fig on a twig in Galilee
Than a man who never learns how to be free
Not till the day
Not till the day
Not till the day
Not till the day dies!
na na na na na na na na na na
na na na na na na na na na na