

## SIMPLE PLEASURES

Long ago I did not care to pursue  
Simple pleasures  
They bored me to tears as they hid in plain view  
The simple pleasures of home

The cups in the kitchen, the light in the hall  
Simple pleasures  
I left without giving one thought to them all  
The simple pleasures of home

For I had places to go  
My head in the clouds and a fire down below  
And no one could tell me what I didn't know  
That I'd one day, miss Sundays

The sweet smell of syrup, the quiet inside  
Simple pleasure  
My mother's hands and my father's pride  
The simple pleasures of home

I took my time out on the town  
Believing that one day, I'd settle down  
But time slipped away and all that I found  
Was I stopped believing...

For I am alone now and well past my prime  
And simple pleasures  
Are easily remembered but so hard to find  
The simple pleasures of home

So I cling to my buttons and old bric-a-brac  
My simple pleasures  
For once they are gone they will never come back  
Those simple pleasures of home  
I let them go and I never got back to the  
Simple pleasures of home