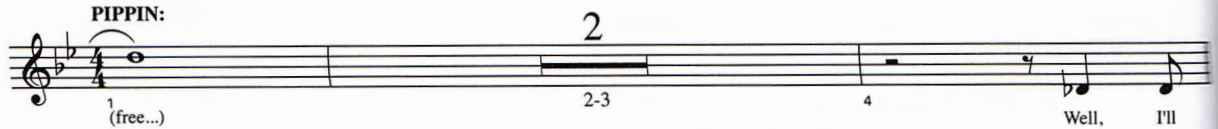


6

Simple Joys

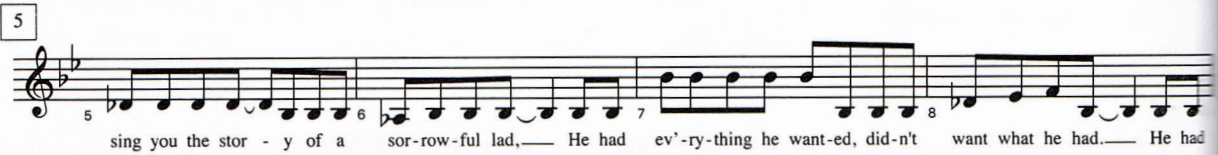
START

PIPPIN:

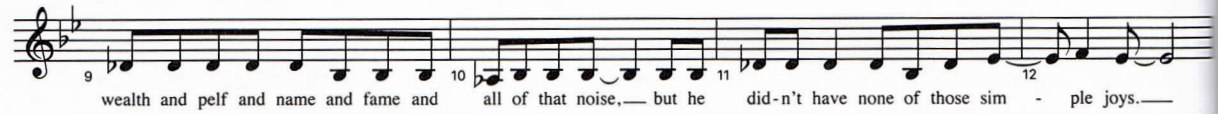


1 (free...) 2 2-3 4 Well, I'll


5



5 sing you the stor - y of a sor-row-ful lad, He had ev'-ry-thing he want-ed, did-n't want what he had. He had



9 wealth and pelf and name and fame and all of that noise, but he did-n't have none of those sim - ple joys.

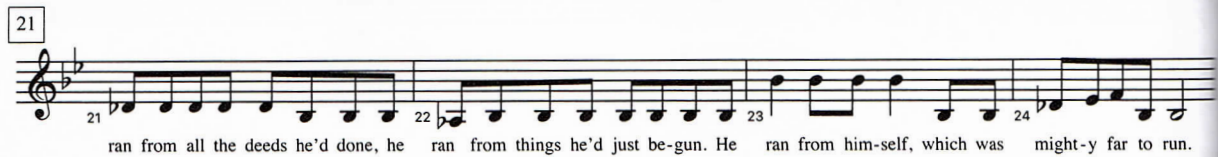


13 His life seemed 14 pur - pose - less and flat.



17 Are - n't you glad you 18 don't feel like 19 that? 20 So he

21



21 ran from all the deeds he'd done, he ran from things he'd just be-gun. He ran from him-self, which was might-y far to run.

25 Out into the coun-try where he 26 played as a boy. For he 27 knew he had to find him some 28 sim-ple joy.

29 He want-ed some 30 place warm and 31 green. 32

33 We all could 34 use a change of 35 scene.

END

36 37-38

39 Sweet sum-mer eve 40 nings, 41 hot wine and 42 bread.

43 Shar-ing your sup 44 per, 45 shar-ing your 46 bed.

#6 - Simple Joys