

Leann Rimes

"Nothin' Better To Do"

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Hung my cotton dress on rusted wire
Up there on Pilahatchee Bridge
Just a crazy roughneck's daughter
Jumped head-first into the water
Baptized away my sins

Hitched to town with Bobby Jo and Tommy
Couple of lookers, new best friends
We slipped in the back of Sunday service
Know them church ladies, they heard us
Bum smoke money from the offering

Mama said, "Idle hands are Devil's handywork"
Oh, the trouble you'll get into
You got nothin' better to do, got nothin' better to do
You got nothin' better to do, got nothin' better to do
Yeah!

Oh, yeah

Sign read: BAIT, CHIPS BEER and AMMUNITION
That Slim-Jim bag boy hadn't a prayer
Well I hiked my skirt and did the talkin'
While them boys were busy walkin'
Case of .5 out the back door

Hid deep in the Mississippi backwoods
We danced and played around 'til dark
Well I had them wrestlin' for my first kiss
Turned into a fight and they missed

Me speeding off in Tommy's car

Mama said, "Idle hands are Devil's handywork"
Oh, the trouble you'll get into
You got nothin' better to do, got nothin' better to do
You got nothin' better to do, got nothin' better to do
Yeah!

Nobody hurt, nobody harmed
Nobody's busines but my own

Mama said, "Idle hands are Devil's handwork
Oh, the trouble you'll get into!"
You got nothin' better to do, got nothin' better to do
You got nothin' better to do, got nothin' better to do
You got nothin' better to do, got nothin' better to do
You got nothin' better to do, got nothin' better to do

Yeah!

Oh, yeah
Got nothin' better to do, babe
Got nothin' better to do
You got nothin' better to do, babe
Ya got nothin' better to do, no no
Got nothin' better to do!
Ya got nothin' better to do, no no
Got nothin' better to do!
You got nothin' better to do, no no!

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