

# Nothin' Better to Do

[LeAnn Rimes](#)

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 handiwork  
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!  
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 speedin' off in Tommy's car Mama said, "Idle hands are Devil's handiwork  
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 business but my own  
Mama said, "Idle hands are Devil's handiwork  
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 You got nothin' better to do, babe, got  
nothin' better to do  
You got nothin' better to do, babe, you got nothin' better to do, no no  
Got nothin' better to do, babe, you got nothin' better to do, no no  
Got nothin' better to do, babe, you got nothin' better to do, no no!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>