

Olivia Newton-John, Something Better To Do

I try to be patient, I try not to moan
But it's driving me crazy, tryin' to live here alone

My conversation gets nowhere
When I talk to myself
I've lost my sense of humour
Somewhere here on the shelf

The moon is wasting its shine, shining on me
Until I see you again,
I won't be out in the moonlight,
Well I'll be sleeping by ten

The birds are wasting their songs, singin' to me
Until I'm wakin' with you,
Until you're back in my arms, dear,
The birds will have to find something better to do

A shoulder to cry on would make me feel fine
But it's not much comfort when I'm cryin' all night
Friends and relations
Are running out of patience with me
I keep myself to myself but I'm no company

The moon is wastin' its shine, shinin' on me
Until I see you again,
I won't be out in the moonlight,
Well I'll be sleepin' by ten

The birds are wastin' their song, singin' to me
Until I'm wakin' with you,
Until you're back in my arms, dear,
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