

# LeAnn Rimes, Nothing Better To Do

Hung my cotton dress on rusted wire  
Up there on Pelahatchie bridge  
Just a crazy roughnecks 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 back of Sunday service  
Know them church ladies they heard us  
Bum smoke money from the offering

Mamma said "Idle hands are  
Devil's handy work"  
Oh the trouble you'll get into  
When you got nothin' better to do, got nothing better to  
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Sign read bait, chips, beer and ammunition  
That slim-Jim bag boy hadn't a prayer  
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 back woods  
We danced and played around til' dark  
I had them wrestling for my first kiss  
Turned into a fight and they missed  
Me speeding off in Tommy's car

Mamma said "Idle hands are  
Devil's handy work"  
Oh the trouble you'll get into  
When you got nothin' better to do, got nothing better to  
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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

Mamma said "Idle hands are  
Devil's handy work"  
Oh the trouble you'll get into  
When you got nothin' better to do, got nothing better to  
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah