

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