Nothing I'd Rather Do (Album Version)

John Wesley Harding

There's nothing that's better at all
That's better than the sound of the closest call
Tells you to act proud, act proud, walk tall
There's nothing that's better at allThere's nothing that can be compared
(Nothing that can be compared)
To the silver braid that plaits your hair
(Nothing that can be compared)
It's as if you didn't care
There's nothing that can be comparedWell, there's trouble in your town
(Trouble in your town)
The wind blew in and your confidence drowned
(Trouble in your town)
Hasn't been the same
Hasn't felt same since you found
There's trouble in your town
There's trouble in your townI didn't read your letters
With you, they're never news
And they're no substitute for the times I never see you
That's all anyway, what have you got to lose
Goes for me tooThere's nothing I'd rather do
Take you in and pull you through
Take you in and pull you through, pull you through
There's nothing I'd rather do, yeahThere's nothing I'd rather do, yeah
There's nothing I'd rather do, yeah
There's nothing I'd rather do, yeah
There's nothing I'd rather doWell, there's nothing I'd rather do, yeah
There's nothing I'd rather do
There's nothing I'd rather do
There's nothing I'd rather doWell, there's nothing I'd rather do, yeah
There's nothing I'd rather do
There's nothing I'd rather do
There's nothing I'd rather do

Songwriters
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