

Nothin' Better to Do

[LeAnn Rimes](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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, 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!

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