

# Something Better to Do

**Olivia Newton-John**

I try to be patient, I try not to moan  
But it's driving me crazy, trying to live here alone  
My conversation gets nowhere when I talk to myself  
I've lost my sense of humor 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  
And I'll be sleeping by ten  
The birds are wasting their song singing to me  
Until I'm waking 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 crying on mine  
Friends and relations are running out of patience with me  
I keep myself to myself but I'm no company  
The moon is wasting its shine shining on me  
Until I see you again  
I won't be out in the moonlight  
And I'll be sleeping by ten  
The birds are wasting their song singing to me  
Until I'm waking with you  
Until you're back in my arms, dear  
The birds will have to find something better to do  
So baby, till you're back in my arms  
The birds will have to find something better to do

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