

Nothing To Do

Icehouse

I'm finding my feet
Absolutely mid season mediocre street
I got nothing to say
Want nothing to do
With people like you
There's nothing to see
You see there's nothing like a good time
Well I remember
I heard it on the radio
And then I
Read it in a magazine

Steppin' on the same shoes
And I've got nothing to do
'Cept turn over stones
And head for home
Or someone like you
I stare at the ground
And wear out my shoes
The shoes with nowhere to go
And nothing to do

Oh, read it
Read it in a magazine
Watch people on the T.V. set
Watch lovers on the movie screen
Produce a mix in stereo
Turn on the radio for
Something to do

And still there's nothing to do
There's nothing like a good time
And there certainly isn't anything new
Oh, honey, oh baby
Nothing true

Read it
Read it in a magazine
There's nothing like a good time
I'd have a better time
A so much better time
An even better time
With nothing to do