

Nothing I'd Rather Do

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 all

There's nothing that can be compared
To the silver braid that plaits your hair
It's as if you didn't care
There's nothing that can be compared

There's trouble in your town
The wind blew in and your confidence drowned
Hasn't been the same since you found
There's trouble in your town

I 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 too....
There's nothing I'd rather do

Take you in and pull you through
Take you in and pull you through
There's nothing I'd rather do
There's nothing I'd rather do