

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
Baby, till you're back in my arms
The birds will have to find something better to do