

Nothing To Do About Much

Gilbert O'Sullivan

I don't know why I came here on my own
There's so little to do
I'm like a dog without a bone
If I can't get to sleep

I'll just count sheep
Nothing to do about much
I could wander for hours in the rain
I could stand on the corner

Watch the traffic lights change
Boy am I having fun
The green lights just come on
Nothing to do about much

And to tell you the truth I'm not sure
I'm told I've got something
That's difficult to cure
So it seems for the moment at least

I've got to remain where I won't freeze -
There's a party at number twenty one
You've invited as long as you're accompanied by someone
But as I'm on my own

I'll just stay at home
Nothing to do about much
I will bet you a penny to a pound
That before very long

I will be buried underground
Pushing daisies up high oh, what a life
Nothing to do about much
I've got gold in my pockets

I've got wind in my hair
I've got so much to be grateful for
Of that I'm aware
I've got dreams which are nothing but

But the weirdest of thoughts
I've got night after night
On which it appears
That I ought not to cry

Don't ask me why -
I might lie