

# 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