

Bewitched, Bothered And Bewildered

Boz Scaggs

I'm wild again beguiled again
A simpering whimpering child again
Bewitched bothered and bewildered am I

Couldn't sleep and wouldn't sleep
Till love came and told me I shouldn't sleep
Bewitched bothered and bewildered am I

Lost my heart
But what of it
She is cold I agree

She can laugh
And I love it
Although the laugh's on me

I'll sing to her each spring to her
And long for the day I can cling to her
Bewitched bothered and bewildered am I