

Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered

Doris Day

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

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

Lost my heart but what of it?
He is cold, I agree
He can laugh but I love it
Although the laugh's on me

I'll sing to him, each Spring to him
And long for the day when I cling to him
Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I

instrumental interlude

(You'll sing to him, each Spring to him)
And long for the day when I cling to him
Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I