

# 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