

## Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered

Ella Fitzgerald

After one whole quart of brandy  
Like a daisy, I'm awake  
With no Bromo-Seltzer handy  
I don't even shake  
Men are not a new sensation  
I've done pretty well I think  
But this half-pint imitation  
Put me on the blink  
I'm wild again, beguiled again  
A simpering, whimpering child again  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I Couldn't sleep and wouldn't sleep  
When 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'll cling to him  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I He's a fool and don't I know it  
But a fool can have his charms  
I'm in love and don't I show it  
Like a babe in arms  
Love's the same old sad sensation  
Lately I've not slept a wink  
Since this half-pint imitation  
Put me on the blink  
I've sinned a lot, I'm mean a lot  
But I'm like sweet seventeen a lot  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I I'll sing to him, each spring to him  
And worship the trousers that cling to him  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I When he talks, he is seeking  
Words to get off his chest  
Horizontally speaking, he's at his very best  
Vexed again, perplexed again  
Thank God, I can be oversexed again  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I Wise at last, my eyes at last,  
Are cutting you down to your size at last  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - no more  
Burned a lot, but learned a lot  
And now