

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