

Mad About The Boy

Julie London

Mad about the boy
It's pretty funny
But I'm mad about the boy
He has a gay appeal
That makes me feel
There's maybe something
Sad about the boy

Walkin' down the street
His eyes look out at me
From people that I meet
I can't believe it's true
But when I'm blue
In some strange way
I'm glad about the boy

I'm hardly sentimental
Love isn't so sublime
I have to pay my rent
And I can't afford to waste much time

If I could employ
A little magic
That would finally destroy
This dream than pains me
And enchains me
But I can't because
I'm mad about the boy
Mad about the boy