

Mad Mad Me

Maria Muldaur

Carrying on a conversation
Looking in your eyes
The words they seem to pass us by
You know as well as I

How many kinds of tribulation
Must a friend endure
The years, they leave a man unsure
Of where to beg when he is poor

Whoa baby, how I love you
Mad as I think you are
Guess you think I'm crazy too
But mad, mad me, I love you

Carrying on in a world of silence
Your eyes aflame to me
They jump and burn and make me see
How much to you I want to be
How much to you I want to be

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But mad, mad me I love you