

## Bewitched

Simon Carly

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 week  
Since this half pint imitation's  
Put me on the blink

I'm wild again, beguiled again  
A simpering whimpering child again  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I

I couldn't sleep and wouldn't sleep  
Until love came and told me I shouldn't sleep  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I

Oh I lost my heart but what of it  
He is home I am free  
Oh but he can laugh and I love it  
Although the laugh's on me

I'll sing to him, each spring to him  
And worship the trousers that cling to him  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I

I'll sing to him, each spring to him  
And long for the day I'll cling to him  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I