

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