

Mad About the Boy

Status Quo

She never has to worry
And she never has to try
She's never in a hurry
And I know the reason why
She's got her Daddie's
And her fingers in some pies
She makes a double of a trouble with her lies

She says, Oh I'm mad about the boy
She says, Oh I'm mad about the boy
She says, Oh I'm mad about the boy

She's always late to meet me
And she always has to go
To make another entry
At another coolie show
She is a dirty little lady
But I know
She only has to say the chorus and I go

She says, Oh I'm mad about the boy
She says, Oh-oh-oh I'm mad about the boy
She says, Oh I'm mad about the boy

Don't tell me your troubles
I've got troubles that would make you scream and shout
Don't tell me your troubles
I've got troubles I will tell you all about

No I don't take a drink
No I won't take a drink
But I sure take some ups and some downs
She makes me so weary
She picks me up to put me down

Don't tell me your troubles
I've got troubles that would make you scream and shout
Don't tell me your troubles
I've got troubles I will tell you all about

No I don't take a drink
No I won't take a drink
But I sure take some ups and some downs
You makes me so weary
You pick it up and put me down

You never have to worry
And you never have to try
You're never in a hurry
And I know the reason why
You got your Daddie's
And your fingers in some pies
You makes a double of a trouble with your lies

You say, Oh I'm mad about the boy
You say, Oh-oh-oh I'm mad about the boy
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