

Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered

Tony Bennett

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
When love came and told me I shouldn't sleep
Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I

I lost my heart, but what of it?
She is cold, I agree
She can laugh, but I love it
Although the laugh's on me

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