

Celine Dion, Bewitched

I'm wild again, beguiled again
A simpering, whimpering child again
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, am I
Couldn't sleep, and wouldn't sleep
Then love came and told me, I shouldn't sleep
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, am I
Lost my heart, but what of it
It is cold, I agree
He can laugh, but I love it
Although the laugh's on me
I'll sing to him, each spring to him
And long for the day when I'll cling to him
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, am I
I'll sing to him, each spring to him
And long for the day when I'll cling to him
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, am I