

Celine Dion, Bewitched Bothered And Bewildered

After one whole quart of brandy
Like a daisy I'll awake
With no bromo, seltzer handy
I don't even shake
Men are not a new sensation
I've done pretty well, I think
But this half pint imitation
Put me on the blink
I'm wild again, beguiled again
A simpering whimpering child again
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered
Am I?
Couldn't sleep and wouldn't sleep
When love came and told me, I shouldn't sleep
Bewitched bothered and bewildered
Am I?
Lost my heart, but what of it?
He 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?
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
I've sinned a lot, I mean a lot
But I'm like sweet seventeen a lot
Bewitched bothered and bewildered
Am I?
I'll sing to him, each spring to him
And worship the trousers that cling to him
Bewitched bothered and bewildered
Am I?
When he talks, he is seeking
Words to get on his chest
Harsh until he's speaking
He's at his very best
Jest again, oh yes, perplexed again
Then, God, I can be oversexed again
Bewitched bothered and bewildered
Am I?