Elvis Presley, Crazy Little Thing Called Love

This thing called love, I just can't handle it This thing called love, I must get 'round to it I ain't ready Crazy little thing called love

This thing called love
It cries in a cradle all night
It swings, it jives
It shakes all over like a jellyfish
I kinda like it
Crazy little thing called love

There goes my baby She knows how to rock and roll She drives me crazy She gives me hot and cold fever Then she leaves me in a cool, cool sweat

I gotta be cool, relax Get hip, get on my tracks Take a back seat, hitch-hike And take a long ride on my motor bike Until I'm ready Crazy little thing called love

I gotta be cool relax
Get hip and get on my tracks
Take a back seat, hitch-hike
And take a long ride on my motor bike
Until I'm ready
Crazy little thing called love

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