

Henry Mancini, Crazy World

Crazy world

Full of crazy contradictions, like a child.

First you drive me wild, and then you win my heart

With your wicked art.

One minute tender, gentle, then tempermental as a summer storm.

Just when I believe your heart's getting warmer, you're cold, and you're cruel.

And I like a fool, try to cope, try to hang on, to hope.

Crazy world

Every day the same old roller coaster ride.

But I've got my pride, I won't give in.

Even though I know I'll never win.

Oh, how I love this crazy world.