

# Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), Crazy Little Thing

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 (this thing)  
Called love (called love)  
It cries (like a baby)  
In a cradle all night  
It swings (woo woo)  
It jives (woo woo)  
It shakes all over like a jelly fish  
I kinda like it  
Crazy little thing called love

There goes my baby  
She knows how to rock 'n' 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  
And get on my track's  
Take a back seat, hitch-hike  
And take a long ride on my motorbike  
Until I'm ready  
Crazy little thing called love

I gotta be cool, relax, get hip  
And get on my track's  
Take a back seat (ah hum), hitch-hike (ah hum)  
And take a long ride on my motorbike  
Until I'm ready (ready Freddie)  
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  
Ooh ooh ooh ooh

Crazy little thing called love