

Sinead O'Connor, Bewitched, Bothered And Bew

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'm 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
Horizontally speaking
He's at his very best
Vexed again
Oh yes, perplexed again
Thank God, I can be oversexed again
Bewitched bothered and bewildered
Am I