

# Status Quo, Mad About The Boy

(Rossi/Young)

She never has to worry and she never has to try  
She's never in a hurry and I know the reason why  
She's got her Daddie's and her fingers in some pies  
She makes a double of a trouble with her lies

She says, Oh I'm mad about the boy  
She says, Oh I'm mad about the boy  
She says, Oh I'm mad about the boy

She's always late to meet me and she always has to go  
To make another entry at another coolie show  
She is a dirty little lady but I know  
She only has to say the chorus and I go

She says, Oh I'm mad about the boy  
She says, Oh-oh-oh I'm mad about the boy  
She says, Oh I'm mad about the boy

Don't tell me your troubles  
I've got troubles that would make you scream and shout  
Don't tell me your troubles  
I've got troubles I will tell you all about  
No I don't take a drink, no I won't take a drink  
But I sure take some ups and some downs  
You makes me so weary  
You pick me up to put me down  
Don't tell me your troubles  
I've got troubles that would make you scream and shout  
Don't tell me your troubles  
I've got troubles I will tell you all about  
No I don't take a drink, no I won't take a drink  
But I sure take some ups and some downs  
You makes me so weary  
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You never have to worry and you never have to try  
You're never in a hurry and I know the reason why  
You got your Daddie's and your fingers in some pies  
You makes a double of a trouble with your lies

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