

Barbra Streisand, Bewitched

I'm wild again, beguiled again
A simpering, whimpering child again
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am i...
Could not sleep, would not sleep
Till love came and told me I should not sleep
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am i...
Lost my heart, so what of it?

He was cold, I agree,
He can laugh and 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 so bewildered am i...