

Barbra Streisand, Bewitched, Bothered, Bewildered

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
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
I'm bewitched, bothered so bewildered am I