

Barbra Streisand, I Like Him

I like him
I like him
How strange the feeling
I like him
I never dreamed it could be
He's foolish, unworldly
And yet appealing
I like him
I feel alive and free

How did the birds and the bees outsmart me?
Whose little arrows are these that dart, dart, dart me?

I like him
Up to the ceiling I like him

He's for me
A to z
I like him
I like him
And he likes me

I never dreamed it could be
He's foolish, unworldly
And yet appealing
I like him
A to z
I like him
I like him
And he likes me