

Chris Connor, Mad About The Boy

Mad about the boy
I know it's stupid to be mad about the boy
I'm so ashamed of it but must admit
The sleepless nights I've had about the boy
On the silver screen
He melts my foolish heart in every single scene
Although I'm quite aware that
Here and there are traces of the cad about the boy
Lord knows I'm not a fool girl
I really shouldn't care
Lord knows I'm not a school girl
In the flurry of her first affair
Will it ever cloy?
This odd diversity of misery and joy
I'm feeling quite insane and young again
And all because I'm mad about the boy

Mad about the boy
It's pretty funny but I'm mad about the boy
He has a gay appeal that makes me feel
There's maybe something sad about the boy
Walking down the streets his eyes look out at me
From people that I meet I can't believe it's true
But when I'm blue in some strange way, I'm glad about the boy
I'm hardly sentimental, love isn't so sublime
I have to pay my rental and I can't afford to waste much time
If I could employ
A little magic that would finally destroy
This dream that pains me and enchains me
But I can't because I'm mad about the boy
Mad about the boy, mad, mad, mad, mad, mad about the boy