

Dinah Washington, 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 fury 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

So if I could employ

A little magic that will finally destroy

This dream that pains me and enchains me

But I can't because I'm mad...

I'm mad about the boy