

Mel Thorne, Bewitched

After one whole quart of brandy,
Like a daisy I'm awake.
With no Bromo Seltzer handy,
I don't even shake.

Men are not a new sensation,
I've done pretty well I think,
But this half pint imitation
Put me on the blink.

I'm wild again, beguiled again
A whimpering, simpering child again
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, am I.

Couldn't sleep, wouldn't sleep
When love came and told me, I shouldn't sleep.
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, am I.

I lost my heart, but what of it, he is cold I agree
He might laugh, but I love it, although the laugh's on me.

I'll sing to him, bring spring to him
And long, for the day when I'll cling to him.
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, am I.

He's a fool and don't I know it,
But a fool can have his charms,
I'm in love and don't I know it,
Like a babe in arms.

Love's the same old sad sensation,
Lately I've not slept a wink,
Since this half pint imitation,
Put me on the blink.

I've sinned a lot, I mean a lot,
But I'm like sweet seventeen a lot,
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, am I.

I'll sing to him, each spring to him,
And worship the trousers that cling to him.
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, am I.

When he talks, he is seeking,
Words to get, off his chest.
Horizontally speaking
He's at his very best.

Vexed again, perplexed again,
Thank god I can be oversexed again.
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, am I.

Wise at last, my eyes at last,
Are cutting you down to your size at last,
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, no more.

Burned a lot but learned a lot,
And now you are broke so you earned a lot,
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, no more.

Couldn't eat, was dyspeptic,
Life was so hard to bear,
Now my heart's antiseptic,
Since you moved out of there.

Romance finis.
Your chance finis.
Those ants that invaded my pants finis.
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered, no more.