

Silje Nergaard, Bewitched, Bothered And Bewildered

I'm wild again
Beguiled again
A whimpering, simpering child again
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I

I couldn't sleep
And 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 can laugh, but 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
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I

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Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I