

Sinead O' Connor, Bewitched, Bothered And Bew

(L. Heart / R Rogers)

After one whole quart of brandy
Like a daisy I'll 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 simpering whimpering child again
bewitched bothered and bewildered
Am I
couldn't sleep, and wouldn't sleep
when love came and told me
I shouldn't sleep
Bewitched bothered and bewildered
Am 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.
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 show it
like a babe in arms
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
On his chest
Harsh until he's speaking
he's at his very best
jest again
oh yes perplexed again
then, God, I can be oversexed again
bewitched bothered and bewildered
Am I