

The Supremes, Bewitched

(Richard Rodgers/Lorentz Hart)

I'm wild again, beguiled again
A simpering, whimpering 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

Lost my heart, but what of it?
He is cold, I agree
He can laugh, but what of it?
Although the laugh's on me

I'll sing to him, each spring to him
And long for the days when I'll cling to him
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I