

Crazy About Her (Al B. Sure Remix)

Rod Stewart

I walk the streets at night until the morning light
Comes shining through
Can't get a good night's sleep, ain't been to work in weeks
What am I gonna do? Help me Can't get her off my mind, I'm drinking too much wine
I'm burning up inside
If I could touch her face or take her out some place
I'd be satisfied Hey, I'm a loaded gun
I'm crazy about her, crazy about her
Hey, I'm a lovesick son
I'm crazy about her I see her jogging in Central Park
With one of them walkman's on her head
She was hot, young, beautiful
And I said to myself, "She's destined to be mine" I see her every day in rush hour, subway
In a grocery store
She don't notice me, I might as well just be
A cockroach on the floor If she belonged to me I'd give her everything
I'd never cheat or lie
I'd treat her with respect, not just a sex object
I ain't that kind of guy Hey, I'm a loaded gun
I'm crazy about her, crazy about her
Hey, I'm a lovesick son
I'm crazy about her I was standing outside the Met one day
When she drove by in a black Corvette
I said, "Hey baby, I could've died"
She looked straight through me
And I knew, she's destined to be mine Every night I stand around her door and wait for her to come by
She lives in one of those brown-stones with the guard outside
And the limousines and the Rolls Royce's coming and going
My friends all say she's way outta my class
But I know if she'd just get know me
I could give her something all those rich guy ain't got, oh yeah Ain't gonna bide my time, ain't gonna stand in
line
Somebody gonna get burned
But, oh the problem is I think my love's at risk
She's the boss' girl, oh no

Songwriters

STEWART, ROD/HITCHINGS, DUANE S/CREGAN, JIM Published by

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>