

# Crazy Girl

## Zimpala

How do you do it?  
How do you do these things to me?  
You're like a magician  
I can tell you got your act up your sleeve  
You're like a bull fighter  
You got me feeling all riled up, feisty  
You're like a punk rocker  
You're making me want to break things

How do you do it, do it, do it, do it?  
How do you do it, do it, do it to me?  
You make me feel giddy and meticulous  
You make me feel a million different things  
You make me into a crazy, crazy girl, girl, girl

I need a straight jacket  
Whenever I get around you  
Cause you're like a magnet  
I can't help it, I have to touch you  
You're a dirty pirate  
That's what I love about you  
I don't feel worthy  
You give me something to bow down to

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How do you do it, do it, do it to me?  
You make me feel giddy and meticulous  
You make me feel a million different things  
You make me into a crazy, crazy girl, girl, girl

You make me act a little insane  
You impair my judgment, you infect my brain  
You're like a hallucinogenic, an infetimine  
You really know how to get to me

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