

# Crazy About Her (B! Crazy Dub Mix)

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

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