

Bewitched (Bothered and Bewildered)

Barbra Streisand

I'm wild again, beguiled again
A simpering, whimpering child again
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I
Could not sleep, would not sleep
Till love came and told me I should not sleep
Bothered and bewildered am I
Lost my heart, so what of it?
He was cold, I agree,
He can laugh and 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 so bewildered am I

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