Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered

Phoebe Legere

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
(Lost my heart)
But what of it
He is cold
(He is cold)
I agree
He can laugh
(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 day when I'll cling to him
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I
(He is so bewitched and so am I)

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