

Mad About the Boy

Julie London

Mad about the boy, it's pretty funny
But I'm mad about the boy
He has a gay appeal that makes me feel
There's maybe something sad about the boy
Walking down the street, his eyes look out at me
From people that I meet
I can't believe it's true but when I'm blue
In some strange way I'm glad about the boy
I'm hardly sentimental
Love isn't so sublime
I have to pay my rental
And I can't afford to waste much time
If I could employ a little magic
That would finally destroy
This dream that pains me and enchains me
But I can't because I'm mad about the boy
Mad about the boy

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