

# Bewitched – Ella Fitzgerald

After one whole quart of brandy  
Like a daisy, I'm awake  
With no bromo-seltzer handy  
I don't even shake  
Men are not a new sensation  
I've done pretty well I think  
But this half-pint imitation  
Put me on the blink  
I'm wild again, beguiled again  
A simpering, whimpering child again  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am 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, but what of it  
He is cold I agree  
He can laugh, but 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 and bewildered - am I  
He's a fool and don't I know it  
But a fool can have his charms  
I'm in love and don't I show it  
Like a babe in arms  
Love's the same old sad sensation  
Lately I've not slept a wink  
Since this half-pint imitation  
Put me on the blink  
I've sinned a lot, I'm mean a lot  
But I'm like sweet seventeen a lot  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I  
I'll sing to him, each spring to him  
And worship the trousers that cling to him  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I  
When he talks, he is seeking

Words to get, off his chest  
Horizontally speaking, he's at his very best  
Vexed again, perplexed again  
Thank god, I can be oversexed again  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I  
Wise at last, my eyes at last,  
Are cutting you down to your size at last  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - no more  
Burned a lot, but learned a lot  
And now you are broke, so you earned a lot  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - no more  
Couldn't eat, was dispeptic  
Life was so hard to bear  
Now my heart's antiseptic  
Since you moved out of there  
Romance, finis your chance, finis  
Those ants that invaded my pants, finis  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - no more



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych