

# Mad About the Boy

Adam Lambert

I'm mad about the boy  
I know it's stupid to be mad about the boy  
I'm so ashamed of it but must've admit  
The sleepless nights I've had, about the boy

Oh-oh-oh, on the silver screen  
He melts my foolish heart in every single scene  
Although I'm quite aware, that here and there  
Are traces of the cad about the boy

Lord knows, I'm not a fool, boy  
I really shouldn't care  
Lord knows, I'm not a school boy  
In the fury of his first affair

Will it ever cloy  
This odd diversity of misery and joy  
I'm feeling quite insane and young again  
And all because I'm mad about the boy

So if I could employ  
A little magic that will finally destroy  
This dream which pains me and enchains me  
'Cause I'm mad about the boy  
I'm mad about the boy (Ah, mad about the boy, yeah)  
I'm mad about the boy (I'm mad about the boy)  
About the boy