She's got big brown eyes and tangled hair Voguing in her underwear And nothing is better Than doing nothing together Now she got a toothbrush as a microphone Belting out the Rolling Stones And I'm the last one to stop her Can't believe that I got her We get so close Kissing like eskimos It's a little bit much, I know I do Isn't she cra-crazy beautiful? Isn't she strange, strange and wonderful? I think I love her more than I even understand She got a classic style that's all her own A smile you can hear through the telephone And she says she's a rebel But she's way too sentimental And she's precious even when she's mad Gets angry and I start to laugh And I know that it's nothing She's just pushing my buttons We get so close Kissing like eskimos It's a little bit much, I know Isn't she cra-crazy beautiful? Isn't she strange, strange and wonderful? I think I love her more than I even understand Isn't she cra-crazy beautiful? Isn't she strange, strange and wonderful? I think I love her more than I even understand She's a little bit wild, a little bit mad, a little bit uh-oh beautiful Wild, a little bit bad, a little bit uh-oh And I never can know her too well Oh still I never want anyone else Isn't she cra-crazy beautiful? Isn't she strange, strange and wonderful? I think I love her more than I even understand Isn't she cra-crazy beautiful? Isn't she strange, strange and wonderful? I think I love her more than I even understand She's a little bit wild, a little bit mad, a little bit uh-oh beautiful

Wild, a little bit bad, a little bit uh-oh