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