

# Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered

Sinéad O'connor

After one whole quart of brandy  
Like a daisy I'll 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  
Because 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  
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  
On his chest  
Horizontally speaking  
he's at his very best  
vexed again  
oh yes, perplexed again  
thak God, I can't be oversexed again  
bewitched bothered and bewildered  
Am I