

# Rufus Wainwright, Bewitched

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'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

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'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