

Eddy Arnold

"Lovebug Itch"

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When the lovebug bites you don't know where to
scratch,
It keeps right on a bitin' 'till it begins to hatch.
It makes the old feel young, and the poor feel rich.
It's just a little thing called the lovebug itch.

Oh, the day I held my baby on my knee, along came the
lovebug and took a bite of me. I put my arms around
her, tied a lovers' hitch,
I tingled and I knew I had the lovebug itch.

Oh, I love her lips and I love 'em close to mine.
I love 'em 'cause they taste like a drop of cherry wine.
I'm gonna stick to her just as if she's glue.
I'm itchin' for her, I know she's itchin', too.

Oh, my pulse beats fast, my fever starts to rise,
My heart goes pitty-pat when I look into her eyes.
I break out in a sweat and I begin to twitch.
There ain't no vaccination for the lovebug itch.

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