

## **Elaine Paige**

# **"Mad About The Boy"**

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I met him at a party just a couple of years ago  
He was rather over hearty and ridiculous  
But as I'd seen him on the screen  
He cast a certain spell

I basked in his attraction for a couple of hours or so  
His manners were a fraction too meticulous  
If he was real or not I couldn't tell  
But like a silly fool I fell

Mad about the boy  
I know it's stupid to be mad about the boy  
I'm so ashamed of it but must admit  
The sleepless nights I've had about the boy

On the silver screen  
He melts my foolish heart in every single scene  
Although I'm quite aware that here and there  
Are traces of the cad about the boy

Lord knows I'm not a fool girl  
I really shouldn't care  
Lord knows I'm not a schoolgirl  
In the flurry of her first affair

Will it ever cloy, this odd diversity of misery and joy?  
I'm feeling quite insane and young again  
And all because I'm mad about the boy

Mad about the boy  
I know I'm potty but I'm mad about the boy  
He sets me heart on fire with love's desire  
In fact I've got it bad about the boy

When I do the rooms  
I see 'is face in all the brushes and the brooms  
Last week I strained me back, and got the sack  
And had a row with dad about the boy

I'm finished with Navaro  
I'm tired of Richard Dix  
I'm pierced with cupid's arrow

Every Wednesday from four till six

'Ow I should enjoy  
To let 'im treat me as a plaything or a toy  
I'd give my all to him and crawl to him  
So 'elp me gawd I'm mad about the boy

Mad about the boy  
It's pretty funny but I'm mad about the boy  
He has an odd appeal that makes me feel  
There may be something sad about the boy

Walking down the street  
His eyes look out at me from people that I meet  
I can't believe it's true but when I'm blue  
In some strange way I'm glad about the boy

I'm hardly sentimental  
Love isn't so sublime  
I have to pay my rental  
And I can't afford to waste much time

If I could employ  
A little magic that would finally destroy  
This dream that pains me and enchains me  
But I can't because I'm mad about the boy

I'm mad about the boy  
I'm mad about the boy  
I'm mad about the boy

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