## Blossom Dearie "Mad About The Boy"

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Mad about the boy It's pretty funny but I'm mad about the boy He has a gay appeal that makes me feel There's maybe 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

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