

Frank Sinatra "Bewitched"

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I lost my heart
but what of it
it's my mistake
I agree
He can laugh and I love it
although the laugh's on me.

I'm wild again
beguiled again
a simpering
whimpering child again
bewihed
bothered and bewildered am I

I couldn't sleep and I wouldn't sleep
until I could sleep where I shouldn't sleep
bewiched
bothered and bewildered am I

Oh when he speaks

he is seeking words
to get off his chest
horizontally is speaking
he is at his very best

A pill is he
but still he'll be
All man and I intend to keep him until he'll be
bewiched
bothered and bewildered just like me.

After one whole quart of brandy like a daisy I awake
with no Alkaselzer handy I don't even shake
when are not a new sensation
I've done pretty well I think
But this half pint imitation keeps me on the blink.

I have seen a lot
I mean a lot
But now I'm like sweet seventeen and
bewichted

bothered and bewildered am I

I will sing to him each spring to him
and worship the trousers that sing to him
bewiched
bothered and bewildered am I

I lost my heart...

I'm vexed again
I'm perplexed again
thank god
I can be oversexed again
bewichted
bothered and bewildered am I
bewiched...

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