Marianne Faithfull
"Mad About The Boy"

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'd 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 that cared 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.

It seems a little silly
For a girl of my age and weight
To walk down piccadilly in a haze of light.
It ought to take her a good deal more
To take a bad girl down.
I should've been exempt for my particular kind of fate
As taught me such contempt for every phase of love

And now I've been and spent my love torn crown
To weep about a painted clown.

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 it shames me
But I can't because I'm mad about the boy.