

Nat King Cole

"Mad About The Boy"

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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 school girl
In the fury 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

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

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