

Helen Forrest

"Mad About The Boy"

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I'm mad about the boy
And 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 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

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