

Stewart Rod

"Crazy About Her"

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I walk the street at night
until the morning light comes shining through.
Can't get a good night's sleep,
ain't been to work in weeks.
What am I gonna do?
Help me.
Can't get her off my mind.
I'm drinking too much wine.
I'm burning up inside.
If I could touch her face
or take her out some place I'd be satisfied.
Hey, I'm a loaded gun.
I'm crazy about her, crazy about her.
Hey, I'm a lovesick son.
I'm crazy about her.
I see her jogging in Central Park
with one of them Walkman's on her head.
She was hot, young, beautiful
and I said to myself
she's destined to be mine.
I see her ev'ry day
in rush hour or subway, in a grocery store.
She don't notice me,
I might as well just be a cockroach on the flour.
If she belonged to me I'd give her ev'rything.
I'd never cheat or lie.
I treat her with respect, not just a sex object,
I ain't that kind of guy.
Hey, I'm a loaded gun.
I'm crazy about her, crazy about her.
Hey, I'm a lovesick son.
I'm crazy about her.
I was standing outside the Met one day
when she drove by in a black Corvette.
I said " Hey baby.
I could've died, she looked straight through me.
But I know she's destined to be mine.
Spoken:
Every night I stand around her door and wait for her to
come by.
She lives in one of those brown-stones they guard

outside
and the limousines and the Rolls Royces comin' and
goin'.
My friends all say she's way outta my class
but I know if she'd just get know me
I could give her something all those rich guy ain't got.
Ain't gonna bide my time ain't gonna stand in line.
Somebody gonna get burned.
But, oh the problem is I think my loves at risk.
She's the boss's girl.
Oh no.
Hey, I'm a loaded gun.
I'm crazy about her, crazy about her.
Hey, I'm a lovesick son.
I'm crazy about her.

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