

# Mad About The Boy

Carmen McRae

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 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'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 so blind  
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 enchains me  
But I can't because I'm mad about the boy