

Bewitched

Joey McIntyre

I'm wild again, beguiled again
A whimpering, simpering, child again
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I
Couldn't sleep, wouldn't sleep
Love came and told me, I shouldn't sleep
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I

Lost my heart, but what of it?
She is cold I agree
She can laugh, but I love it
Although the laugh's on me
I'll sing to her, each spring to her
And long for the day when I came to her
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered - am I

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