

# Mad About the Boy

Patti Page

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