

# Crazy About Her

Rod Stewart

I walk the streets 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 every 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 floor

If she belonged to me I'd give her everything  
I'd never cheat or lie  
I'd 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 with the guard outside  
and the limousines and the Rolls Royces coming and going

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  
Yeah!

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