

MAD ABOUT THE BOY

(N. Coward) "Words And Music"

Mad a-bout the boy, — I know it's stu-pid to be mad a-bout the boy,
 On the Sil-ver Screen — He melts my fool-ish heart in ev-'ry sin-gle scene,
 — I'm so a-shamed of it, But must ad-mit The sleep-less nights I've had a-bout the boy.
 — Al-though I'm quite a-ware That here and there Are
 tra-ces of the cad a-bout the boy. Lord knows I'm not a fool girl,
 I real-ly should-n't care. Lord knows I'm not a schoolgirl, in the flur-ry of her
 first af-fair. Will it ev-er clay? — This odd di-ver-si-ty of mis-er-y and joy. —
 — I'm feel-ing quite in-sane And young a-gain And all be-cause I'm mad a-bout the boy.

Copyright 1932 by Chappell & Co., Ltd.