

Diana Ross, Crazy Little Thing Called Love (Brian

This thing called love,
I just can't handle it
This thing called love,
I must get 'round to it
I ain't ready
Crazy little thing called love

This thing called love
It cries in a cradle all night
It swings it jives
It shakes all over like a jelly fish
I kinda like it

There goes my baby
He knows how to rock and roll
He drives me crazy
He gives me hot and cold fever
Then he leaves me in a cool, cool sweat

I gotta be cool, relax
Get hip, get on my tracks
Take a back seat, hitch-hike

And take a long ride on my motor bike
Until I'm ready

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