

Elvis Presley, Crazy Little Thing Called Love

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 jellyfish
I kinda like it
Crazy little thing called love

There goes my baby
She knows how to rock and roll
She drives me crazy
She gives me hot and cold fever
Then she 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
Crazy little thing called love

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