

# Marianne Faithfull, Mad About The Boy

I met him at a party just a couple of years ago,  
He was rather over-hearty and ridiculous  
But as I'd seen him on the screen he cast a certain spell.  
I'd basked in his attraction  
For a couple of hours or so.  
His manners were a fraction too meticulous,  
If he was real or not, I couldn't tell,  
But like a silly fool I fell

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 a cad about the boy.  
Lord knows I'm not a fool girl,  
I really shouldn't care.  
Lord knows I'm not a schoolgirl  
In the flurry 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.

It seems a little silly  
For a girl of my age and weight  
To walk down Piccadilly in a haze of light.  
It ought to take her a good deal more  
To take a bad girl down.  
I should've been exempt for my particular kind of fate  
As taught me such contempt for every phase of love  
And now I've been and spent my love torn crown  
To weep about a painted clown.

Mad about the boy,  
It's pretty funny  
But I'm mad about the boy.  
He has a gay appeal that makes me feel  
There's maybe something sad about the boy.

Walking down the street  
His eyes look out at me from people that I meet.  
I can't believe it's true,  
But when I'm blue, in some strange way  
I'm glad about the boy.

I'm hardly sentimental,  
Love isn't so sublime.  
I have to pay my rental  
And I can't afford to waste much time.  
If I could employ a little magic  
That would finally destroy  
This dream that pains me and it shames me  
But I can't because I'm mad about the boy.

