

www.practicetracks.co.uk

Mad About The Boy

Reference number PT0214

Artist O (as Society Woman)

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 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 ev'ry single scene,
Although I'm quite aware
That here and there
Are traces of the 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.

Artist Q (as a schoolgirl)

Mad about the boy
It's simply scrumptious to be mad about the boy.
I know that quite sincerely Houseman really
Wrote 'The Shropshire Lad' about the boy.

In my English Prose
I've done a tracing of his forehead and his nose.
And there is, honour bright,
A certain slight
Effect of Gallahad about the boy.

I've talked to Rosie Hooper,
She feels the same as me.
She says that Gary Cooper
Doesn't thrill her to the same degree.

In 'Can Love Destroy?'
When he meets Garbo in a suit of corduroy,
He gives a little frown,
And knocks her down,
Oh dear, Oh dear,
I'm mad about the boy.

Artist S (as a Cockney char)

Mad about the boy,
I know I'm potty but I'm mad about the boy.
He sets me 'eart on fire
With love's desire,
In fact I've got it bad about the boy.

When I do the rooms,
I see 'is face in all the brushes and the brooms,
Last week I strained me back,
And got the sack,
And 'ad a row with Dad about the boy.

I'm finished with Navarro,
I'm tired of Richard Dix.
I'm pierced with Cupid's arrow
Ev'ry Wednesday from four till six.

'Ow I should enjoy
To let 'im treat me as a plaything or a toy,
I'd give my all to him
And crawl to him,
So 'elp me Gawd
I'm mad about the boy.

Artist U (as tart)

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 may be 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 that sublime,
I have to pay the rental
And I can't afford to waste much time.

If I could employ
A little magic that would finally destroy
This dream that paints me
And enchains me
But I can't
Because I'm mad about the boy.