

## BEWITCHED

By: R. Rodgers &amp; L. Hart

## Verse:

Am7 D7 Bm7 E7 Am7 D7 Bm7 E7

He's a fool and don't I know it. But a fool can have his charms  
Love's the same old sad sen - sa - tion. Late - ly I've not slept a wink

Am7 D7 Bm7 E7 1. Am7 D7 G 2. Am7 D7

I'm in love and don't I show it. Like a babe in arms. Put me on the blink. I'm  
Since this half-pint im - j - ta - tion

G G#o Am7 A#o G/B B7 C C#o

wild a - gain! Be - guiled a - gain! A simp - er - ing, whim - per - ing child a - gain Be -  
Could-n't sleep And would-n't sleep Un - til I could sleep where I should-n't sleep.

G/D A7 Am7 D7 1. Am7 D7 2. C Bø E7

witched, bo - thered and be - wil - dered am I. I.

B Am Em

Lost my heart, but what of it? My mis - take, I o - gress.

Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Bm7 E7 Am7 D7

He's a laugh, but I love it Be - cause the laugh's on me A

G G#o Am7 A#o G/B B7 C C#o

pill he is, But still he is. All mine and I'll keep him up - til he is he -

G/D A7 Am7 D7 G Am7 D7

witched, both - ered and be - wil - dered like me.

Seen a lot, I mean a lot! But now I'm like sweet seventeen a lot  
Bewitched, .....  
I'll sing to him Each spring to him And worship the trousers that cling to him.  
Bewitched, .....  
When he talks He is seeking Words to get off his chest  
Horizontally speaking, He's a lot very best  
Vexed again, Perplexed again, Thank, God I can be covered again  
Bewitched, .....

Sweet again, Petite again, And on my proverbial seal again.  
Bewitched, .....  
What am I? Half shot am I. To think that he loves me, So hot am I.  
Bewitched, .....  
Thought at first we said "No, sir." Now we're two little dears.  
You might say we are closer Than Ketchick is to Sears.  
I'm dumb again And numb again. A tick, taddy, tye little plum again  
Bewitched, .....

# ANIMALI DIURNI (DAYTIME ANIMALS)

(MAURIZIO GIMMARCO)

Reale

F Δ
B 13
Am 9
Ab m 11
Db 9
 $\frac{Bb}{D}$

i) The A-ni-mals wake up with the sun  
 2) The A-ni-mals lean out on the street

(A lyd. aug. scale)  
A May +5+7  
Eb
(G lyd)  
G May b5+7
Em 11
Eb 9#11

Their sleep-y eyes forget the things they've seen du-ring the  
 a thou-sand lunches make sound so whi-te'n far but it's all

Dm 11
Gm 9
F# Δ #11

night right  
 co-lours from the beams  
 time is for a beer

F Δ #11
E Δ #11
Db Δ
TUTTE LE VOLTE ECCETTO L'ULTIMA  
C Δ

whis-per as they stir that's the me-di-cine  
 co-ffee and la-test dreams for the fu-ture scene

L'ULTIMA  
Gb 7/4
, A 9#11 13

4#8