



PHIL VASSAR BOBBI WITH AN I

Well, bless my soul, what's wrong with me?
I'm itching like a man on a fuzzy tree
My friends say I'm actin' queer as a bug
I'm in love...I'm all shook up
Uh huh huh, oh, hey, yeah, yeah

Well, my hands are shaky and my knees are
weak
I can't seem to stand on my own two feet
Now who do you think of when you have such
luck
I'm in love...I'm all shook up
Uh huh huh, oh, hey, yeah, yeah

Well, please don't ask what's on my mind
I'm a little mixed up but I'm feeling fine
When I'm near the girl that I love best
My heart beats so that it scares me to
death

Well, she touched my hand what a chill I got
Her kisses are like a volcano that's hot
I'm proud to say that she's my buttercup
I'm in love...I'm all shook up
Uh huh huh, oh, hey, yeah, yeah

Well, my tongue gets tied when I try to speak
My insides shake like a leaf on a tree
There's only one cure for this soul of mine
That's to have that girl that I love so fine

She touched my hand what a chill I got
Her kisses are like a volcano that's hot
I'm proud to say that she's my buttercup
I'm in love...I'm all shook up
Uh huh huh, oh, hey, yeah, yeah
Uh huh huh, oh, hey, yeah, yeah
Uh huh huh, oh, hey, yeah, yeah, I'm all shook up!