He: When a guy like Byron Would meet up with a siren,  
She: Darling, I have never Heard such a grand endeavor,

In his dome He'd find a pome That made the girlie's skin burn.  
Though your bent for sentiment Is not exactly to

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I cannot spill passion In high-falutin' fashion;
Though you sing my praises In most peculiar phrases,

I'm afraid that with a maid I'll never be a Swinburne. But,
Yet I see that they are free From what is called "bologna!"

though I'm not the slightest bit poetical,
dear, your kind of poetry will do me;

In my own way you will find me sympathetic.
'Fa ny bod y does n't like it, let him sue me!
Refrain

Let me give you the low down:
I'm crazy to know that

I'm crazy for you.
You're crazy for me.

When it comes to a show down
If you never outgrow that

I'm crazy for you.
How glad I shall be.

And so, though
I really