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## Everybody's Crazy 'Bout Love.

Words and Music by  
**JAMES W. CASEY**  
Sing me a Song of the South,  
My Big Moon,  
Good-night Mother Dear etc.

*Composer of*

Moderato

Good-ness gra - cious me!      What is this we see?  
On a sum - mer's night,      When the moon is bright,

Ev - ry - where we gaze are cou - ples spoon - ing,  
That's the time all lov - ers get to - geth - er,

Here and ov - er there, My! they're ev - 'ry where,  
How they kiss and coo, Squeeze, and so would you, Of

Mak - ing eyes and hold - ing hands and croon - ing; They're  
course it's not their fault, let's blame the weath - er, The

cra - zy, that's a fact! Just see the way they act!  
doc - tor says he's sure, In this world there's no cure.

CHORUS.

Why Ev - 'ry - bo - dy's cra - zy 'bout love, love, love,

*p-f*

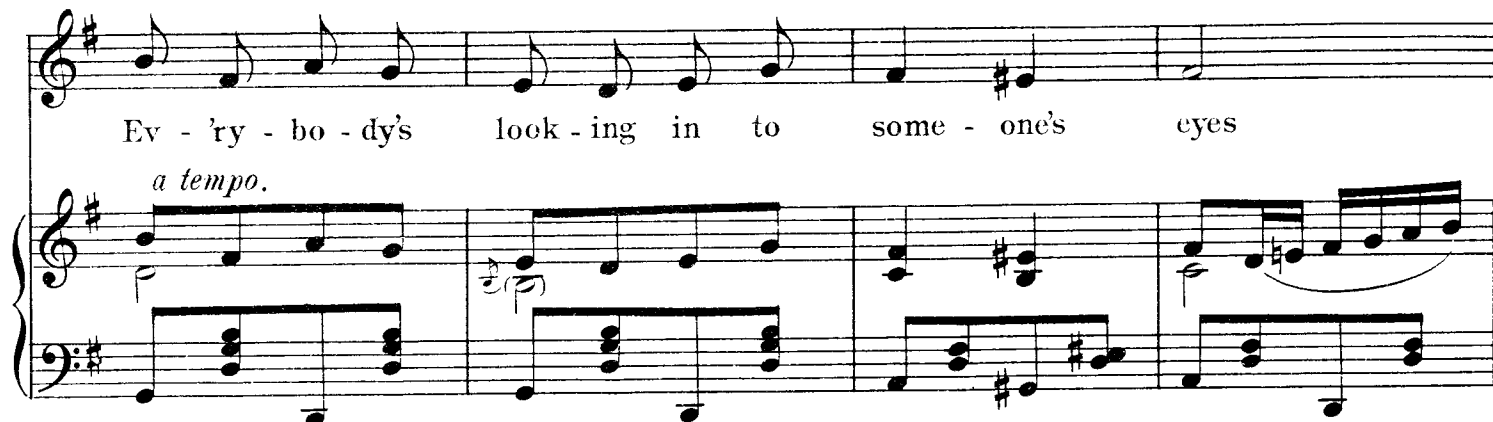
Ev - 'ry - bo - dy's vow - ing by the stars a - bove,

Swear - ing to be true, Just like me and you,

Ev - 'ry - bo - dy's cra - zy ov - er love. *poco rit.*

Ev - ry - bo - dy's look - ing in to some - one's eyes

*a tempo.*



Ev - ry - bo - dy's tell - ing just the same old lies,



Ev - ry - one's a he - ro or a tur - tle dove,



Ev - ry - bo - dy's cra - zy 'bout love, love, love. love.

1. 2.

