

Michael Bublé - Crazy Little Thing Called Love

Tom: D

Intro: D D D

This thing - called love
 I just - can't handle it.

This thing - called love
 I must - get round to it

I ain't ready. Crazy little thing called love.
 This thing (this thing) called love (called love)

It cries (like a baby) in a cradle at night

It swings (woo woo) - it jives (woo woo)

It shakes all over like a jelly fish.

I kinda like it
 Crazy little thing called love.

There goes my baby

She knows how to rock 'n roll.

She drives me crazy
 She give me hot and cold fever, then she leaves me in a cool,
 cool sweat.

I gotta be cool - relax,

Get hip - get on my tracks

Take a back seat - hitchhike,

And take a long ride on my motorbike.

Until I'm ready.

Crazy little thing called love.

There goes my baby

She knows how to rock 'n roll.

She drives me crazy

She give me hot and cold fever, then she leaves me in a cool,
 cool sweat.

I gotta be cool - relax,

Get hip - get on my tracks

Take a back seat - hitchhike,

And take a long ride on my motorbike.

Until I'm ready (ready Freddy)

Crazy little thing called love.

This thing - called love

I just - can't handle it.

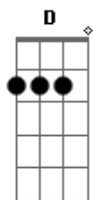
This thing - called love

I must - get round to it

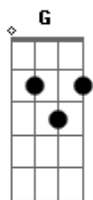
I ain't ready. Crazy little thing called love.

Crazy little thing called love.

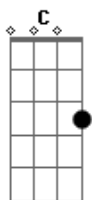
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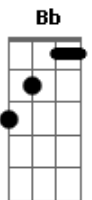
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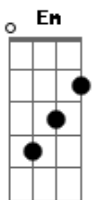
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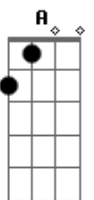
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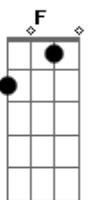
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