

(Spoken:) Come here, baby. You know you drive me up a wall with the way you make good on all the nasty tricks you pull. Seems like we're makin' up more than we're makin' love. And it always seems you got something on your mind other than me.

Slowly, with a steady beat

Chords: A, F#m7, D, Dm, A, F#m7, D, Dm, A, D, F#m7, D, A, D, F#m7, D, E, F#m

Lyrics:

Girl, you got to change your crazy ways, you hear me? Say you're leav-in' on a sev-en-thir-ty train and that you're You're pack-in' up your stuff and talk-in' like it's tough and tryin' to head-in' out to Hol-ly-wood. Girl, you been giv-in' me that line so man-y times it kind-a tell me that it's time to go, but I know you ain't wear-in' noth-in' un-der-neath that o-ver-gets like feel-in' bad looks good. That kind-a lov-in' turns a coat, and it's all a show. That kind-a lov-in' makes me wan-na

man _ to a slave. _ That kind-a lov - in' sends a
pull _ down the shade. _ That kind-a lov - in', now I'm

man _ right to his grave. } I go cra - zy, cra - zy.
nev - er gon-na be the same. }

1., 2. Ba - by, I go cra - zy. _ You turn it on, then you're
3. Cra - zy for you ba - by. _ I'm los - in' my mind, girl, 'cause

gone. Yeah, you drive me } cra - zy, cra - zy,
I'm go - in' cra zy, }

D Dm Bm E

To Coda

era - zy for you, ha - by, — What can I do? — Hon - ey,

C# F#m E D Dm A F#m

I feel like the col - or — blue. — I'm los - in' my mind, girl, 'cause

D E A F#m D Dm

I'm go - in' era zy.

(Vocal 1st time only)
(Guitar Solo-ad lib.)

A F#m 1 D E7b9 2 D E

Solo ends

F#m E D F#m E

I need your love. Hon-ey, yeah, I need your

D D.S. al Coda

love.

CODA A F#m

You turn it on, then you're

D E A F#m

gone. Yeah, you drive me... Ooh.

D Dm A F#m D E Repeat ad lib. and Fade

Ooh.