Doralice

Stan Getz

Doralice I well that I said to it Doralice, I told you well
To love is nonsense You love is foolishness
It is bobagem, illusion Nonsense Its, illusion
I prefer to live so alone I to prefer you live so alone
To the sound of the moan of my violÃ£o you the sound of the lament of my to guitar

Doralice I well that I said to it Doralice, I told you well
It looks at this wrapped up one Look this confusion
Where I go to put itself in which you put me
Now love, Doralice my good Now love, Doralice my sweet
How it is that we go to make? What ploughs we going you of?

A beautiful day you appeared me Pretty day you appeared you me
I wanted to run away but you he insitiu I wanted you run away but you insisted
Some thing well that it walked informing me Something good that will to wander advising me
Until it seems that I was advinhando Until it appears that I am advising

I well that I did not want to be married you I very much don't want you get married
Well that it did not want to face Very much don't want you confront
this Doralice danger this to danger Doralice
Now you have that to say me Now you have you tell me
How it is that we go to make?

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by DORIVAL CAYMMI, ANTONIO ALMEIDA
Lyrics Â© MEMORY LANE MUSIC GROUP

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/