

# 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 violão 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?

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