

Triste

Frank Sinatra

Writer(s): antonion carlos jobim
Sad is to live in solitude
Far from your tranquil altitude
Sad is to know that no one ever can live on a dream
That never can be, will never be
Dreamer awake, wake up and see. Your beauty is an aeroplane
So high my heart can't bear the strain
A heart that stops when you pass by
Only to cause me pain
Sad is to live in solitude

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