

Antonio Carlos Jobim, This Happy Madness

(by Tom Jobim & [[Vincius De Moraes]],
english lyrics by Gene Lees)

What should I call
This happy madness
That I feel inside of me?
Somekind of wild October gladness
That I never thought I'd see
What has become of all my sadness
All my endless lonely sighs?
Where are my sorrows now?
What happened to the frown?
And is that self contented clown standing there
Grining in the mirror really me?

I'd like to run through Central Park
Carve your initials in the bark of every tree
I pass for everyone to see
I feel that I've gone back to childhood
And I'm skipping through the wild wood
So excited that I don't know what to do
What do I care if I'm a juvenile?
I smile my secret smile
Because I know the change in me is you
What should I call

This happy madness all this unexpected joy
That turned the world into a baby's bouncing toy?
The gods are laughing far above
One of them gave a little shove
And I fell gaily, gladly madly into love