

# Astrud Gilberto, A Certain Sadness

Look out the window at that rainstorm!  
I've let the wind blow up a brainstorm.  
And now I'm wond'ring whether weather like this gets you, too.  
It may go on like this for hours.  
Too late in fall for April showers.  
So while we're caught here,  
Got a thought or two I need to share with you.  
Here goes...  
Darling, tell me now,  
Have I done wrong somehow  
That you won't look at me.  
Needn't point it out, Can't keep my wits about  
When you won't look at me.  
Is there something I oughta know  
You're finding hard to say?  
Well, there's just a trace hiding on your face,  
And I've learned it that way...  
Just one other soul that really knows my soul,  
And you won't look at me.  
Don't that take the prize, how much I love those eyes,  
And they won't look at me...  
Now the rain is gone, but something lingers on..  
A Certain Sadness here now that the sky is clear.  
And it's also clear,  
Yes, it's all so clear to me now.  
And I can't help but fear  
That Certain Sadness, here to stay.