

Carlos Lyra, A Certain Sadness

Look out the window at that rain storm.
I've let the wind blow up a brainstorm.
And now I'm wondering weather
Weather like this gets you to.

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 some how,
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 ought to know
You're finding hard to say?
Well, there's just a trace
Showing on your face
And I've learned it that way.

Just another 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 has gone
But something lingers on--
A certain sadness here
Now that the sky is clear.
And it's all so clear.
Yes, it's all so clear to me, now.

And I can't help but fear
That certain sadness's here to stay...