

# Frank Sinatra, Perdido

Perdido,  
I look for my heart  
It's perdido  
I lost it way down in Torito  
The day the fiesta started  
Bolero,  
I sway that they play the Bolero  
I kissed me the listing sombrero  
And that's when my heart departed  
High, was the sun when I held her close  
Low, was the moon when we said, "Adios"  
Perdido  
My heart ever since is Perdido  
I know I must go to Torito  
To find what I lost Perdido  
(scat)  
High, was the sun when I held her close  
Low, was the moon when we said, "Adios"