

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"