Astrud Gilberto, How Insensitive

How insensitive
I must have seemed
When he told me that he loved me
How unmoved and cold
I must have seemed
When he told me so sincerely

Why he must have asked
Did I just turn and stare in icy silence
What was I to say
What can you say
When a love affair is over

Now he's gone away
And I'm alone
With a memory of his last look
Vague and drawn and sad
I see it still
All his heartbreak in his last look
Why, he must have asked,
Could I just turn and stare in icy silence
What was I to do
What can one do
When a love affair is over