

# Frank Sinatra, Desafinado

(J. Hendricks, A.C. Joblim, N. Mendonca)

[Recorded February 12, 1969, Hollywood]

When I try to sing you say I'm off key  
Why can't you see how much this hurts me  
With your perfect beauty and your perfect pitch  
You're a perfect terror  
When I come around must you always put me down  
If you say my singing is off key my love  
You will hurt my feelings don't you see my love  
I wish I had an ear like yours  
A voice that would behave  
But all I have is feelings and a voice gone deaf  
You insist my music goes against the rules  
But rules were never meant for lovesick fools  
I wrote this little song for you but you don't care  
It's a crooked song oh but all my love is there  
The thing that you would see if you would play your part  
Is even if I'm out of tune I have a gentle heart  
I took your picture with my trusty Rollaflex  
And now all I have developed is a complex  
Possibly in vain I hope you weaken oh my love  
And forget these rigid rules that undermine my dream of  
A life of love and music with someone who'll understand  
That even though I may be out of tune  
When I attempt to say how much I love you  
All that matters is the message that I bring  
Which is my dear one I love you