

# Frank Sinatra, Dindi

(R. Gilbert, A.C. Jobim, A. de Oliveria)

[Recorded Januare 30, 1967, Hollywood]

Sky, so vast is the sky, with far away clouds just wandering by,  
Where do they go? Oh I don't know, don't know;  
Wind that speaks to the leaves, telling stories that no one believes,  
Stories of love belong to you and to me.

Oh, Dindi, if I only had words I would say all the beautiful  
things that I see when you're with me, Oh my Dindi.  
Oh Dindi, like the song of the wind in the trees, that's how my heart is  
singing Dindi, Happy Dindi, When you're with me.

I love you more each day, yes I do, yes I do;  
I'd let you go away, if you take me with you.

Don't you know, Dindi, I'd be running and searching for you like a river  
that  
can't find the sea, that would be me without you, my Dindi.  
can't find the sea that would be me without you Dindi.

Like a river that can't find the sea, that would be me without you, my  
Dindi.