

Frank Sinatra, This Happy Madness (Estrada Branca)

(A.C. Jobim, G. Lees, V. De Moraes)

[Recorded February 13, 1969, Hollywood]

What should I call this happy madness that I feel inside of me
Sometime of wild October gladness that I never thought I'd see
What has become of all my sadness all my endless lonely sighs
Where are my sorrows now
What happened to the frown and is that self contented clown
Standing grinning in the mirror really me
I'd like to run through Central Park carve your initials in the bark
Of every tree I pass for every one to see
I feel that I've gone back to childhood and I'm skipping through the wildwood
So excited that I don't know what to do
What do I care if I'm a juvenile I smile my secret little smile
Because I know the change in me is you
What should I call this happy madness all this unexpected joy
That turned the world into a baby's bouncing toy
The gods are laughing far above one of them gave a little shove
And I fell gaily gladly madly into love