

Frank Sinatra, Triste

(A.C. Jobim)

[Recorded February 13, 1969, Hollywood]

Sad is to live in solitude far from your tranquil altitude
Sad is to know that no one ever can live on a dream
That never can be, will never be dreamer awake, wake up and see.
Your beauty is an aeroplane so high my heart can't bear the strain
A heart that stops when you pass by, only to cause me pain
Sad is to live in solitude