

Triste

Frank Sinatra

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
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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