

## This Happy Madness (Estrada Branca)

Frank Sinatra

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