

Frank Sinatra

"This Happy Madness"

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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 there 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

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