

# Desafinado (Off key)

transposé un ton ↑

Musique de Antonio Carlos Jobim (1958) sur des paroles de Newton Mendonca. Créé par João Gilberto.  
Cette version est transcrite d'après l'original. Traduction en anglais de Gene Lees.

When I try to sing, you say I'm off key. —

FaM7 FaDim Solm7 Do7<sup>b9</sup> Do7 Fa/La La<sup>b</sup>Dim7 Solm7 Sol<sup>b</sup>7

5 Why can't you see how much this hurts me? — With your per - fect beau - ty and your per - fect pitch,

Fa/La La<sup>b</sup>Dim7 Do7/Sol SiM7/fa<sup>#</sup> Ré/Fa<sup>#</sup> FaDim7 Solm7 La7<sup>b9</sup>

10 You're a per - fect ter - ror. When I come a round, must you al - ways put me down?

Rém7 Mi7 LaM7 Sol<sup>#</sup>7<sup>#5</sup> Sol Sol<sup>b</sup>7<sup>b5</sup>

15

If you say my sing — ing is — off key, — my love, ————— you will hurt my feel -

Fa6 Sol7b5 Solm7

20

- ings, don't you see, — my love? ————— I wish — I had an ear — like yours, — a voice

Do7 LaDim Ré7 Solm7 La7

25

— that would. be · have. — All I have is feel - ing and . the voice — God gave. —

RéM7 Ré7b9 Sol7 SolDim

30

— You in · sist my mu - sic goes a - gainst — the rules —

Solb7b5 Fa6 Sol17b5

35

yes, but rules were nev - er made for love — sick fools; ————— I wrote.

Solm7 Do7 LaDim Ré7b9

— this lit - tle song — for you, - but you — don't care. —————

Solm7 La7#5 Ré7m/Fa Solm6

40

It's a crook - ed song, — ah, — but all — my heart . is there — The thing

LaM7 La#7b5 Sol Fa#7

45

— that you - would see — if you - would play — your part ————— is e -

LaM7 La#m7b5 Sim7 Mi7

50

- ven if — I'm out — of tune — I have — a gen - tle heart. — I took .

LaM7 Lam7 SiDim Si7b5

55

— your pic - ture with — my trust - y Rol - lei flex. — And now

DoM7 Do#Dim7 RéM7 Sol7

all I have . de - vel - oped is — a com - plex. —

Solm7 Mi7b6 Solm7 Do7b9

60

Pos - si - bly in vain, — I hope . you weak - en, oh — my love. —

Fa6 Sol7b5

65

And for - get those rig - id rules . that un - der - mine my dream — of — a

Solm7 Do7 Lam7b5 Ré7b9

70

life of love and mu - sic with . some - one — who'll un - der - stand — That e - ven

Si♭M7 Si♭m6 Lam7 Sol7

75

thought I may be out of tune — When I at - tempt to say how much I love — you — all that

Sol7 Sol♭M7

mat - ters is the mes - sage that I bring which is : — My dear — one, I love you.

Sol7 Solm7 Do7 Fa Do7b9 Fa6 FaM7

When I try to sing, you say I'm off key  
Why can't you see how much this hurts me  
With your perfect beauty and your perfect pitch  
You're a perfect terror  
When I come around must you always put me down

If you say my singing is off key, my love  
You will hurt my feelings don't you see, my love  
I wish I had an ear like yours  
A voice that would behave  
All I have is feeling and a voice gone deaf

You insist my music goes against the rules  
Yes, but rules were never meant for lovesick fools  
I wrote this little song for you, but you don't care  
It's a crooked song, oh but all my heart is there

The things that you would see if you would do your part  
Is even if I'm out of tune I have a gentle heart  
I took your picture with my trusty Rollaflex  
And now all I have developed is a complex

Possibly in vain, I hope you'll weaken, oh my love  
And forget those rigid rules that undermine my dream  
Of a life of love and music with someone  
Who'll understand

That even though I may be out of tune  
When I attempt to say how much I love you  
All that matters is the message that I bring  
Which is my dear, one, I love you

Quand j'essaie de chanter, tu dis que je suis faux  
Comment peux-tu ne pas voir combien cela me heurte  
Avec ta beauté parfaite et ta justesse parfaite  
Tu es une terreur parfaite  
Quand je m'approche dois-tu toujours me mettre à terre ?

Si tu dis que mon chant est faux, mon amour  
Tu heurteras mes sentiments ne vois-tu pas, mon amour  
J'espère avoir une oreille comme la tienne  
Une voix qui convient  
Tout ce que j'ai c'est le sentiment et une voix qui est sourde

Tu insistes, ma musique va contre les traditions  
Oui mais les traditions n'ont jamais été faites pour les fous  
d'amour  
J'ai écrit cette chanson pour toi, mais tu t'en fiches  
C'est une chanson tordue, mais j'y ai mis tout mon cœur

Les choses que tu verrais si tu en prenais ta part  
C'est que même si je chante faux j'ai un cœur doux  
Je prends une photo de toi avec mon fidèle Rolleiflex  
Et maintenant tout ce que j'ai construit c'est un complexe

Peut-être vainement, j'espère que tu vas t'attendrir, mon amour  
Et oublier ces traditions rigides qui minent mon rêve  
D'une vie d'amour et de musique avec quelqu'un  
Qui comprend

Et ceci même si je ne suis pas dans le ton  
Quand je tente de dire combien je t'aime  
Ce qui compte est le message que je porte  
Qui est mon amour uniquement que je t'aime