

Desafinado (Off key)

ton original

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. —

Mi \flat M7 Mi \flat Dim Fam7 Si \flat 7 \flat 9 Si \flat 7 Mi \flat /Sol Sol \flat Dim7 Fam7 Mi7

5

Whycan't you see howmuch this hurts me? — Withyour per·fect beau·ty andyour per·fect pitch,

Mi \flat /Sol Sol \flat Dim7 Si \flat 7/Fa LaM7/Mi Do/Mi Mi \flat Dim7 Fam7 Sol7 \flat 9

10

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

Dom7 Ré7 SolM7 Fa#7 \flat 5 Fa Mi7 \flat 5

15

If you say my singing is off key, my love, you will hurt my feel-

Mi^b6 Fa7^b5 Fa7

20

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

Si^b7 Sol Dim Do7 Fa7 Sol7

25

— that would be have. All I have is feeling and the voice God gave.

DoM7 Do7^b9 Fa7 FaDim

30

You insist my music goes against the rules

Mi7^b5 Mi^b6 Fa7^b5

35

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

Fam7 Si \flat 7 SolDim Do7 \flat 9

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

Fam7 Sol7 \sharp 5 Dom7/Mi \flat Fam6

40

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

SolM7 Sol \flat 7 \sharp 5 Fa Mi7

45

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

SolM7 La \flat m7 \sharp 5 Lam7 R \acute{e} 7

50

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

SolM7 Solm7 LaDim La \flat 7 \flat 5

55

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

Si \flat M7 SiDim7 Dom7 Fa7

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

Fam7 Ré \flat m6 Fam7 Si \flat 7 \flat 9

60

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

Mi \flat 6 Fa7 \flat 5

65

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

Fam7 Si♭7 Solm7♭5 Do7♭9

70

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

La♭M7 La♭m6 Solm7 Fa7

75

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

Fa7 MiM7

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

Fa7 Fam7 Si♭7 Mi♭ Si♭7♭9 Mi♭6 Mi♭M7

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