

Girl From Ipanema

Astrud Gilberto

Tall and tan and young and lovely,
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, each one she passes goes, "Aaah..."
When she walks, she's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gently
That when she passes, each one she passes goes, "Aaah..."
Oh, but he watches so sadly -
How can he tell her he loves her?
Yes, he would give his heart gladly,
But each day when she walks to the sea,
She looks straight ahead - not at he...
Tall and tan and young and lovely,
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, he smiles, but she doesn't see...

Oh, but he sees her so sadly -
How can he tell her he loves her?
Yes, he would give his heart gladly,
But each day when she walks to the sea,
She looks straight ahead - not at he...
Tall and tan and young and lovely,
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, he smiles, but she doesn't see...
She just doesn't see...
No, she doesn't see...
But she doesn't see...
She doesn't see...
No, she doesn't see...