

The Girl From Ipanema

Frank Sinatra

Tall and tan and young and lovely, the girl from Ipanema goes walking

And when she passes, each one she passes goes - ah

When she walks, she's like a samba that swings so cool and sways so gentle

That when she passes, each one she passes goes - ooh

(Ooh) But I watch her so sadly, how can I tell her I love her

Yes I would give my heart gladly,

But each day, when she walks to the sea

She looks straight ahead, not at me

Tall, (and) tan, (and) young, (and) lovely, the girl from Ipanema goes walking

And when she passes, I smile - but she doesn't see (doesn't see)

(She just doesn't see, she never sees me,...)