

The Girl From Ipanema

Lio

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, each one she passes goes, whoa.
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, whoa.

Oh, but he watches her so sadly, how can you 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 him.

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, he smiles but she doesn't see.

(Piano solo)

Ah, por que estou tro sozinho? Ah, por que tudo é tro triste?
Ah, a beleza que existe, a beleza que não é só minha
Que também passa sozinha.

(Trompette solo)

Oh, but he watches her so sadly, how can you 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 him.

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, he smiles, she just doesn't see.
No she doesn't see.