

The Girl From Ipanema

Lobo

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 gentle,
That when she passes, each one she passes goes aaah

Oh, 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 just doesn't see

She just doesn't see
She just doesn't see
She doesn't see me