

# The Girl from Ipanema

Nat King Cole

Tall and tan  
And young and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema  
Goes walking  
And when she passes  
Each one she passes goes  
Ooh  
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  
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 doesn't see

(Ooh)  
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 doesn't see  
And when she passes  
I smile  
But she doesn't see  
She doesn't  
She doesn't  
She doesn't see