

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