

The Boy From Ipanema

Crystal Waters

Oh, how I love him
But he just doesn't see

Tall and tan and young and handsome
The boy from Ipanema goes walking
And when he passes
Each girl he passes goes - ah

When he walks
He's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gentle
That when he passes each girl
He passes goes - ah

Ooh, but I watch him so sadly
How can I tell him I love him
Yes I would give my heart gladly
But each day
When he walks to the sea
He looks straight ahead, not at me

Tall, and tan, and young and handsome
The boy from Ipanema goes walking
And when he passes goes - ah

I smile - but he doesn't see (doesn't see)
He just doesn't see, he never sees me