

Girl from Ipanema

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Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, each one she passes goes - ah

When she walks, shes like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gentle
That when she passes, each one she passes goes - ooh

(ooh) 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 (doesn't see
)
(she just doesn't see, she never sees me,...)