

## The Girl From Ipanema

Amy Winehouse

Tall and tan and young and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema goes walking now  
When she passes each one she passes  
Goes daboo-du-daa  
When she walks, it's just like a samba  
That swings so cool and sways so gentle  
That when she passes, each one she passes  
Goes daboo-du-daa

Oh, how I watch her so sadly  
How can I tell her I love her  
Yes, I would give my heart gladly  
But instead, 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 go  
The girl, the girl, the girl  
From Ipanema, from Ipanema...

Oh. how I want her so badly  
How, how can I tell her I love her  
Yes, I would give my heart gladly  
But instead, 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.  
She ain't looking at me.