

The Girl from Ipanema

Astrud Gilberto

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes
Each one she passes goes a-a-h!

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 a-a-h!

Ooh but he watch her so sadly
How can he tell her he loves her
Yes he would give his heart gladly
But each day when she walks to the sea
She looks straight ahead not at him

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The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes
I smile but she doesn't see
She just doesn't see