

The Girl from Ipanema

Michael Bolton

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, she's like a samba that swings so cool and sways so gentle

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

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