

The Girl From Ipanema

Sammy Davis, Jr.

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking and
When she passes, each one she passes goes, aah
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

Oh, 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, tan, young, lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking and
When she passes I smile but she doesn't see

Oh, 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, young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking and
When she passes I smile
But she doesn't see, she ain't lookin' at me
It ain't me that she sees
She keeps walkin' and swingin', on the beach you see, oh
But she's walkin' down the beach
She swings like a samba