

Garota de Ipanema

Baden Powell

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
That when she passes
Each one she passes goes, ah

Oh, but he watches 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 he

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes he smiles
But she doesn't see

Olha que coisa mais linda mais cheia de graça
É ela, a menina que vem e que passa
Num doce balanço caminho do mar

Moço do corpo dourado do sol de Ipanema
O seu balançado é mais que um poema
É a coisa mais linda que eu já vi passar

Ah, porque estou tão sozinho
Ah, porque tudo é tão triste
Ah, a beleza que existe
A beleza que não é só minha
Que também passa sozinha

Ah, se ela soubesse que quando ela passa
O mundo sorrindo se enche de graça
E fica mais lindo por causa do amor

Oh, but he watches 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 he

And tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes
He smiles but she doesn't see

She just doesn't see
No, she doesn't see
But she doesn't see

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