The Girl From Ipanema

Pizzicato Five

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, each one she passes goes - ahWhen 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(Ooh) But he watch her so sadly
How can he tell her he loves her
Yes I would give my heart gladly
But each day, that she walks to the sea
She looks straight ahead, not at heTall, (and) tan, (and) young, (and) lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, he smile - but she doesn't see
(Doesn't see)
(She just doesn't see, she never sees him)

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