

The Girl From Ipanema

Pizzicato Five

Din din din
Din din din Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, each one she passes
Goes ahh When she walks she's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gently
That when she passes, each one she passes
Goes ahh 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, each one she passes
Goes ahh The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes he smiles
But she doesn't see
She just doesn't see

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