

# Girl From Ipanema

## Kings Of Swing

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

(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 he

Tall, (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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