

# The Girl From Ipanema

[Astrud Gilberto](#)

Tall and tan and young and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema goes walking  
And when she passes, each one she passes  
    Goes "A-a-a-h"  
When she walks she's like a samba  
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 "A-a-a-h"  
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 as she walks to the sea  
She looks straight ahead, not at me  
Tall and tan and young and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema goes walking  
And when she passes, I smile, but she  
    Doesn't see. She just doesn't see  
    No, she just doesn't

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