

# The Girl from Ipanema

Antonio Carlos Jobim

Olha que coisa mais linda  
Mais cheia de graça  
É ela menina  
Que vem e que passa  
Num doce balanço  
A caminho do mar  
Moço do corpo dourado  
Do sol de Ipanema  
O seu balanço é mais que um poema  
É a coisa mais linda que eu já vi passar  
Ah, por que estou tão sozinho?  
Ah, por que 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  
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 gently  
That when she passes, each one she passes  
Goes ah  
Oh, but he watches 'er so sadly  
How can he tell her that 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  
Oh, but he sees her 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  
She just doesn't see  
No, she doesn't see  
But she just doesn't see

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

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