

The Girl From Ipanema

Antônio Carlos Jobim

Tall and tan and young and yovely
the girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, each one she passes goes
 When she walks, it's just like a samba
 that swings so cool and sways so gentle
That when she passes, each one she passes goes
 Ooh how I watch her so sadly
 How can I tell her I love her
 Yes I would give my heart gladly,
but instead, when 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 go,
 The girl, the girl the girl
 from Ipanema, from Ipanema
 (Ooh) how I want her so badly
 how can I tell her I love her
 Yes I would give my heart gladly
But each day, when 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 ain't looking at me

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