The Girl from Ipanema

Billy Strange

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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