

The Girl From Ipanema

Stan Getz

Olha que coisa mais linda,
Mais cheia de graça
É ela menina
Que vem que passa
Num doce balanço
Caminho do mar

Mossa do corpo dourado
Do sol de Ipanema
O seu balançado
É mais que um poema
É a coisa mais linda
Que eu já vi passar

Ah, porque estou tão sozinho
Ah, porque 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, aaaaaah

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, aaaaaah

Ooh, but he watches 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 him

Tall, and tan, and young, and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes
He smiles, but she doesn't see

Ooh, 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 him

Tall, and tan, and young, and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes
He smiles, but she doesn't see

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by NORMAN GIMBEL, ANTONIO JOBIM, VINICIUS MORAES

Lyrics © SOCIEDAD GENERAL DE AUTORES DE ESPANA S G A E, EMI Music Publishing, Universal
Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>