

# The Girl From Ipanema

Walter Wanderley

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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