

Baden Powell, Garota De Ipanema

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 gentle
That when she passes
Each one she passes goes, ah
Oh, 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 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
Olha que coisa mais linda mais cheia de graa