

# 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