

# Diana Krall, Girl From 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, shes like a samba  
That swings so cool and sways so gentle  
That when she passes, each one she passes goes - ooh

(ooh) but I watch her so sadly  
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 doesnt see (doesnt see)  
(she just doesnt see, she never sees me,...)