

Astrud Gilberto, The Girl From Ipanema

[Foreign Content]

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 gently
That when she passes, each one she passes goes, ah
Oh but he watch her so sadly
How can he tell her he loves her
Yes it 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, his smile, but she doesn't see
Oh but he sees her so sadly
How can he tell her he loves her
Yes it 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, his smile, but she doesn't see
She just doesn't see, no she doesn't see
But she doesn't see, she doesn't see, no she doesn't see