

Michael Bolton, 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, she's 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 doesn't see (doesn't see)
(She just doesn't see, she never sees me,...)