

Michael Bolton, The 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
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

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