

Shirley Bassey, The Boy From Ipanema

Tall and tan and young and handsome
The boy from Ipanema goes walking
And when he passes, each girl he passes goes aah
When he walks, he's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gently
That when he passes, each girl he passes goes aah

Oh, but I watch him so sadly
How can I tell him I love him
Yes, I would give my heart gladly
But each day when he walks to the sea
He looks straight ahead, not at me

Tall and tan and young and handsome
The boy from Ipanema goes walking
And when he passes, I smile
But he doesn't see

And when he passes, each girl he passes goes aah
And when he passes, each girl he passes goes aah

Oh, but I watch him so sadly
How can I tell him I love him
Yes, I would give my heart gladly
But each day when he walks to the sea
He looks straight ahead, not at me

Tall and tan and young and handsome
The boy from Ipanema goes walking
And when he passes, I smile
But he doesn't see
No he doesn't see
Oh, poor little me
Why can't it be