

Derrick Stout Orchestra

"Girl From Ipanema"

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Tall an' tan an' young an' lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, each one she passes goes, aah!

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,
aah!

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 an' tan an' young an' lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, I smile but she doesn't see

Tall an' tan an' young an' lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, I smile but she doesn't see
She doesn't see, no, she doesn't see

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