

Frank Sinatra "The Girl From Ipanema"

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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...)
Olha que coisa mais linda mais cheia de graa
Ela, menina, que vem e que passa
Num doce balanço a caminho do mar
Moço do corpo dourado do sol de Ipanema
O seu balanço parece um poema
A coisa mais linda que eu já vi passar
(Ooh) But I watch her so sadly
(Aah) Por que tudo é tão triste?
Yes I would give my heart gladly,
But each day, when she walks to the sea
She looks straight ahead, not at me
Tall, tan, young, 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...)
Por causa do amor...
She just doesn't see...
Nem olha para mim...
She never sees me...
Por causa do amor

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