

Gilberto Astrud

"The Girl From Ipanema"

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Olha que coisa mais linda,
Mais cheia de graça.
É ela a menina que vem e que passa,
num doce balanço a caminho do mar.
Mostra do corpo dourado do sol de Ipanema,
O seu balançado é mais que um poema,
É a coisa mais linda que eu já vi passar.

Ah, por que estou tão sozinho?
Ah, por que tudo é tão triste?
Ah, a beleza que existe,
A beleza que não é só minha,
Que também passa sozinha.

Ah, se ela soubesse
Que, quando ela passa,
O mundo inteirinho se enche de graça
E fica mais lindo por causa do amor,

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
gently
That when she passes, each one she passes goes - aah
Ooh But he watches so sadly, How can he tell her he
loves her,
Yes he would give his heart gladly,
but instead when she walks to the sea,
she looks straight ahead not at him,
Tall, and tan, and young, and lovely, the girl from
Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, he smiles - but she doesn't see

(saxophone solo)

(Ooh) But he sees her so sadly, how can he tell her he
loves her
Yes he would give his heart gladly,
But each day, when she walks to the sea
She looks straight ahead, not at him

Tall, and tan, and young, and lovely, the girl from
Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, he smiles - but she doesn't see
(She just doesn't see)x6

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