

Herb Alpert

"The Girl From Ipanema"

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[Foreign content]

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, ah

Oh but he watch 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 he

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes he smiles
But she doesn't see

Oh 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 he

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
No she does not see, but she does not see
She does not see, no she does not see

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