

Lio

"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,
whoa.

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,
whoa.

Oh, but he watches her so sadly, how can you 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.

(Piano solo)

Ah, por que estou tãŁo sozinho? Ah, por que tudo  
tãŁo triste?

Ah, a beleza que existe, a beleza que nãŁo   sãŁ
minha
Que tamb m passa sozinha.

(Trompette solo)

Oh, but he watches her so sadly, how can you 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, she just doesn't see.
No she doesn't see.

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