

## **Michael Bolton**

### **"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, ahh

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, ahh

Ohh, 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

Ohh, 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  
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Tall and tan and young and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema goes walking  
And when she passes, I smile, but she doesn't see  
No, she doesn't see, she doesn't see

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