

Tom Jobim

"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
"a-a-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
"a-a-ah!"

Oh, 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
She just doesn't see
No she doesn't see

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