

Stan Getz**"The Girl From Ipanema"**

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Olha que coisa mais linda
mais cheia de graça
É ela menina que vem e que passa
nun doce balanço, caminho do mar...

Moça 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! Porque estou tão sozinho
Ah! Porque 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 sorrindo
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 it's like a samba
That swings so good and sways so gently
That when she passes
Each one she passes goes, ah

Ooh but he watches 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
She smiles but she doesn't see

Oh, but he watches 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
She smiles but she doesn't see

She just doesn't see
She just doesn't see
She just doesn't see

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