

Ive Mendes, The Girl From Ipanema / Garota De

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 it's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gently
That when she passes each one she passes goes ahh

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