

# The Girl from Ipanema – Astrud Gilberto

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, she's like a samba  
That swings so cool and sways so gentle  
That when she passes, each one  
She passes goes - ooh  
(Ooh) 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 (doesn't see)  
(She just doesn't see, she never sees me)



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych