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 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
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

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