

Frank Sinatra, Girl From Ipanema, The

Writer(s): Jobim/Gimbel/DeMoraes

(Sinatra:)

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)

(Tom Jobim:)

Olha que coisa mais linda mais cheia de graa

ela mais linda que vem e que passa

Num doce balanço a caminho do mar...

Moa do corpo dourado do sol de Ipanema

O seu balanço parece um poema

a coisa mais linda que eu j vi passar...

(Sinatra:)

Ooh) But I watch her so sadly

(Tom Jobim:)

(Ahh) porque tudo to triste

(Sinatra:)

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

(Tom Jobim:)

Por causa do Amor

(Sinatra:)

She just doesn't see

(Tom Jobim:)

Nem olha para mim

(Sinatra:)

She never seem me

(Tom Jobim:)

Por causa do Amor...