

The Girl From Ipanema

Amy Winehouse

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking now
When she passes each one she passes
Goes daboo-du-daa
When she walks, it's just like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gentle
That when she passes, each one she passes
Goes daboo-du-daa

Oh, how I watch her so sadly
How can I tell her I love her
Yes, I would give my heart gladly
But instead, 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 go
The girl, the girl, the girl
From Ipanema, from Ipanema...

Oh. how I want her so badly
How, how can I tell her I love her
Yes, I would give my heart gladly
But instead, 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 ain't looking at me.