

# Garota De Ipanema

Tom Jobim

Olha que coisa mais linda  
Mais cheia de graça  
É ela menina  
Que vem e que passa  
Num doce balanço  
A caminho do mar

Moça do corpo dourado  
Do sol de Ipanema  
O seu balançado é mais que um poema  
É a coisa mais linda que eu já vi passar

Ah, por que estou tão sozinho?  
Ah, por que tudo é tão triste?  
Ah, a beleza que existe  
A beleza que não é só minha  
Que também passa sozinha

Ah, se ela soubesse  
Que quando ela passa  
O mundo inteirinho se enche de graça  
E fica mais lindo  
Por causa do amor

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, ...)

But I watch her so sadly  
(Aah) Por que tudo é tão triste?  
Yes I would give my heart gladly,  
But each day, when she walks to the sea  
She looks straight ahead, not at me

Tall, tan, young, 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...  
But she doesn't see...  
She doesn't see...  
No, she doesn't see