



The Girl From Ipanema

by Amy Winehouse

Tall and tan and young and lovely. The girl from Ipanema goes walking and when she passes each one she passes goes laboo-du-di-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 laboo-du-di-daa. Oh, how 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 go di-di-di-di-di-du-di-di-du. Wa-di-di-di-di-di-du-down. The girl, the girl, the girl. From Ipanema, from Ipanema. Way-way-way-way-di-di. Wa-wa-buia-bu-di-di-dia-bua-di-down. La-la-la-la-la-da. Da-da-da-da-da-da. Shh-ba-bu-di-dia-hum-ah-oh-oh-oh-oh. Da-da-da-ba-du-da-dun-da-dun-da. Oh, how I want her so badly. How, how can I tell her I love her. Yeah, 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. But each she passes, I smile. But she doesn't see. She ain't looking at me, uh.

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