

Canto Livre - Juventude

Tom: F

Era um fogo nas ventas
 E a alma que incendiava
 E eu mergulhava nas águas
 E pela grama rolava.

E o fogo queimava
 E a sede matava
 E a chuva lambia
 Meu corpo e vestia
 De luas. . .

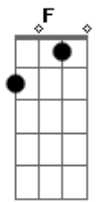
Clarão, clareia fogueira,
 No peito um escarcéu,
 No olhar, a luz do horizonte,
 Na boca, favos de mel.

E o riso a florava
 E a força brotava
 Sangrando energias
 Nas horas vadias
 Nas ruas. . .

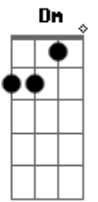
Na cachoeira da vida,
 Na repontada do amor,
 Jogava contra o destino,
 No laço apressava a dor.

Teus olhos, vigias
 Das noites e dias,
 Teu colo meu berço,
 As mãos eram terços
 Nas tuas. . . aaah, aaah...

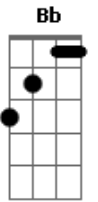
Acordes



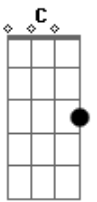
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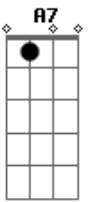
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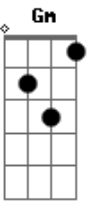
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