

Century - Gone With The Winner

Tom: A

Waiting for the noise to disappear
 The crying all the saint
 The pining of the fool
 I never had the time to pray
 Waiting for the sound to calm my way
 I'm tired of asking why
 I'm dying everyday
 You're leaving now your lips, are go..ne

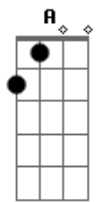
Gone with the winner,
 Go..ne, gone with the wind
 And now
 It's like a silent thing
 That's running in my hand

Gone, gone with the wind

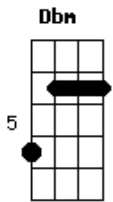
Coming with desolate state of mind
 You would've gone to war
 The slave to every tear
 I'm waiting for the smoke to fade
 I listen to this calling in your eyes
 Crying all the saint
 The pining of a fool
 You're leaving now your lips, are go..ne

Gone with the winner,
 Go..ne, gone with the wind
 And now
 It's like a silent thing
 That's running in my hand
 Gone, gone with the wind

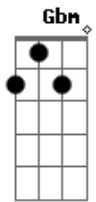
Acordes



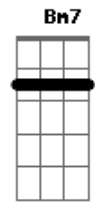
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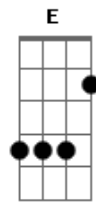
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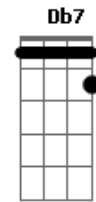
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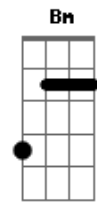
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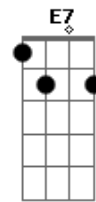
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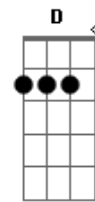
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