

Crianceiras - Sombra Boa

Tom: D

Sombra Boa não tinha e-mail.

Escreveu um bilhete:

Maria me espera debaixo do ingazeiro

quando a lua tiver arta.

Amarrou o bilhete no pescoço do cachorro

e atçou:

Vai, Ramela, passa!

Ramela alcançou a cozinha num átimo.

Maria leu e sorriu.

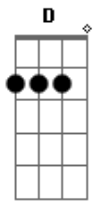
Quando a lua ficou arta

Maria estava.

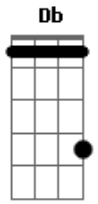
E o amor se fez

Sob um luar sem defeito de abril.

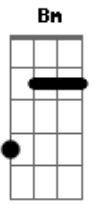
Acordes



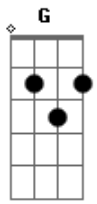
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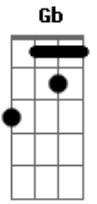
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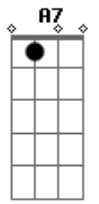
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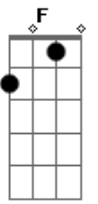
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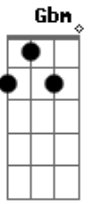
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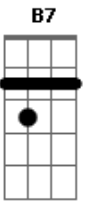
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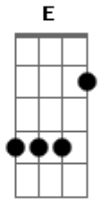
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