

Ellen Oléria - Posso Perguntar?

Tom: C

Então eu entro nessa prosa sem saudade
 E quando paro pra escutar vejo se é tarde
 Tarde pra sentir o aroma desses seus cabelos negros,
 Negros como o tempo em dia que te vi partir.
 Partir minha estrada vida, estrada de terra batida,

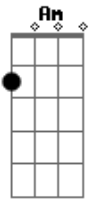
Em antes e depois do dia em que te conheci.

Era leve o vento que senti roçar a pele
 Me arrastando como ao pólen.
 Carregadas nuvens cobriam meu céu
 Choveu, choveu
 Molhando minha terra seca
 Instrumental: Am Am D F

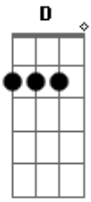
Acordes



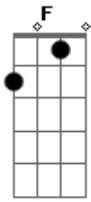
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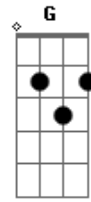
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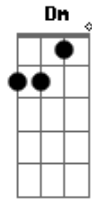
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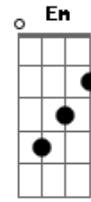
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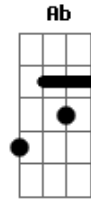
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