

Fred Martins - Poema Velho

tom:

D

Intro: Eb11 Db11 Bm E7 G C G

Eb11 D
Porque o carnaval é velho

Também é velha a folia

De quem nasce, vive, morre

Caminhando em romaria

E despindo velhos medos

Vestem velhas fantasias

Porque o carnaval é velho

Mais velha é a luz do dia

Eb11 D
Porque as nuvens são velhas

Como é velha a tempestade

Que emana do copo d'água

Encharca belas cidades

E apagando velhas brasas

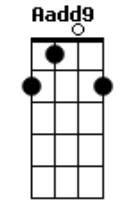
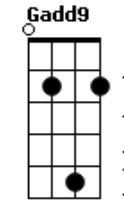
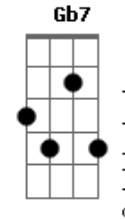
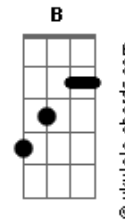
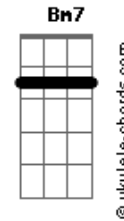
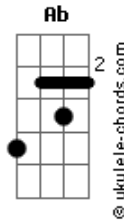
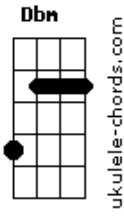
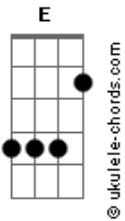
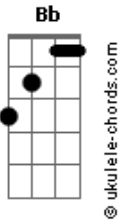
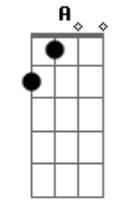
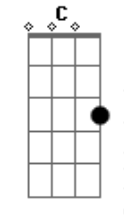
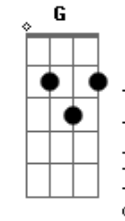
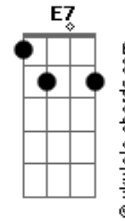
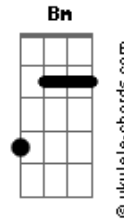
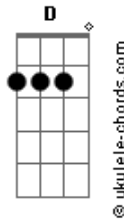
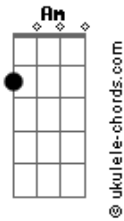
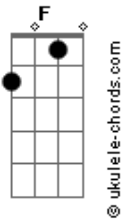
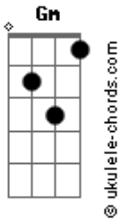
Velhos lagos nos invadem

Porque as nuvens são velhas

Mais velha é a cumplicidade

Eb11 D

Acordes



Porque o amor é tão velho

É velho que nem a ira

De quem calado consente

A voz que jamais saíra

E por crer em velhas falas

Ama ouvir velhas mentiras

Porque o amor é tão velho

Mais velho é o som da lira

(Bm E7 G C G D)

F E
Porque o vinho bom é velho

Mais velho do que esse vício

De beber no fim da festa

Procurando pelo início

E buscando velhos vãos

Surgem velhos precipícios

Porque o vinho bom é velho

Tão velho quanto difícil

E7 Aadd9
Porque o vinho bom é velho

Tão velho quanto difícil