

Guillemots - Trains To Brazil

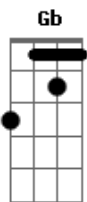
Tom: Gb

(com acordes na forma de F) Capotraste na 1ª casa

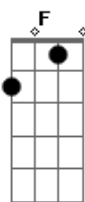
It's 1 o'clock on a Friday morning
 I'm trying to keep my back from the wall
 The prophets and their bombs have had another success
 And I'm wondering why we bother at all
 And I think of you on cold winter mornings
 Darling, they remind me of when we were at school
 Nothing really matter when you called out my name, in fact
 Nothing really mattered at all
 And I think about how long it will take them to blow us away
 But I won't get me down
 I'm just thankful to be facing the day

'Cause days don't get you far when you're gone
 It's five o'clock on a Friday morning
 One hundred telephones shake and ring
 And one of them is from someone who knew you
 And I still think of you on cold winter mornings
 Darling, they still remind me of when we were at school
 When they could never have persuaded me that lives like yours
 Were the hands of these erroneous fools
 And to those of you who moan your lives through one day to the next
 Well, let them take you next
 Can't you live and be thankful you're here?
 See, it could be you tomorrow, next year

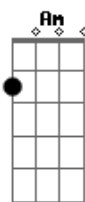
Acordes



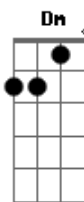
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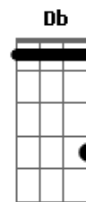
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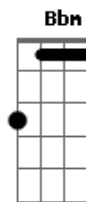
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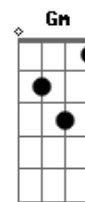
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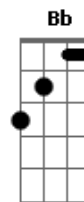
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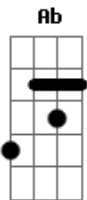
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