

Gustavo Bertoni - Unsheltered

Tom: A

finação: D G C F A D

As a kid
 The grandma told his folks
 This boy has something strange
 A mild dissarrange

He stares at window panes
 Keeps himself company
 For every simple task
 He shapes reality
 Oh, woe is he!

[Refrão]

On and on, there are places we go but never come back the same
 Unsheltered, where is the roof I used to know?
 Off we go, I'll send out the light I wish for I sing and I write

Some folklore, hoping for future brighter days

Raised with care
 Those worries silenced fast
 But how could they predict
 The voices wouldn't rest

Some said addiction
 Well, others just loneliness
 The astros said It's fine
 Anyway, who's to say what's right?

[Refrão]

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Acordes

