

Hamilton Ludovice - Íasy

tom:

Íasy, prazer
 Brotou
 A pétala-fruto que é sangue desse amor
 E faz crescer
 Alvor
 E come do prato que a onça não levou
 A lua que brilha no lago corriqueira
 Feliz em vê-la!
 Feliz em vê-la!

Barriga carrega a semente, pura, inteira
 Feliz em tê-la!
 Feliz em tê-la!

Embala, a alma alba
 Samba iê iô

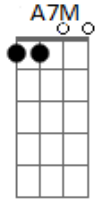
Embala, a alma alba
 Samba iê iô

Mabela, balaio
 Mabela, balaio
 Mabela, balaio
 Samba iê iô

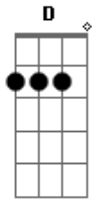
Acordes



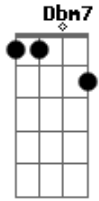
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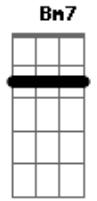
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