

Ivan Lins - Esses Garotos

tom:

Intro: F C F C
Ab Eb F C

No jardim, entre chorões e samambaias

Ela regava todas as flores

E gargalhava quando o vento em sua saia

Quase mostrava os seus pudores

E lá na rua, os garotos com olheiras

Ah! Eram todos vizinhos dela

E dia e noite eram como trepadeiras

Pra alcançar sua janela

Em casa, recebia convidados

Pessoas importantes, de carreira

Granfinos, trapaceiros e soldados

E que se deram bem a vida inteira

Na cama, entre abraços e agrados

Corria os mares em um veleiro

Solta nos braços do seu homem tatuado

Prá quem mostrava o corpo inteiro

Depois vestia e mexia em seus guardados

Botões de farda, água de cheiro

Cordões de ouro, um rosário, um par de dados

E o retrato de um marinheiro

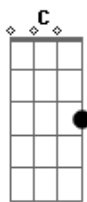
Na rua, os garotos comovidos

Brigavam pelos galhos da jaqueira

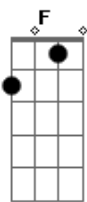
Calados, espremidos e traídos

E cresceram assim a vida inteira

Acordes



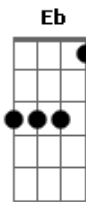
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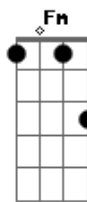
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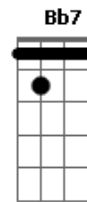
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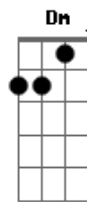
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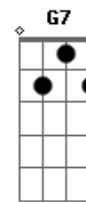
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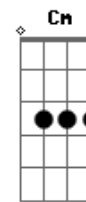
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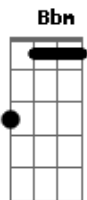
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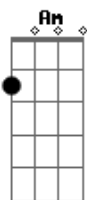
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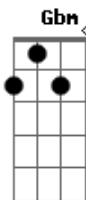
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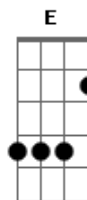
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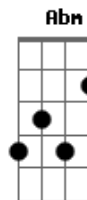
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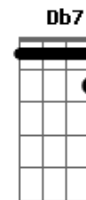
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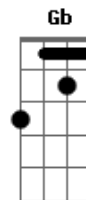
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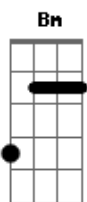
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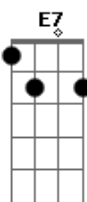
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