

João Bosco - O Bêbado e a Equilibrista

tom: A

Caía a tarde feito um viaduto
 E um bêbado trajando luto
 Me lembrou Carlitos

A lua, tal qual a dona de um bordel
 Pedia a cada estrela fria
 Um brilho de alu_____quel

E nuvens, lá no mata-borrão do céu
 Chupavam manchas torturadas
 Que su___foco

Louco, o bêbado com chapéu-coco
 Fazia irreverências mil
 Pra noite do Brasil, meu Brasil

Que sonha com a volta do irmão do Henfil
 Com tanta gente que partiu

Num rabo de foguete

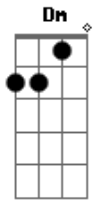
Chora a nossa pátria, mãe gentil
 Choram Marias e Clarices
 No solo do Brasil

Mas sei que uma dor assim pungente
 Não há de ser inutilmen___te
 Esperança

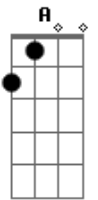
Dança na corda bamba de sombrinha
 E em cada passo dessa linha
 Pode se machucar

Azar, a esperança equilibrista
 Sabe que o show de todo artista
 Tem que continuar
 Tem que continuar
 Tem que continuar
 Tem que continuar

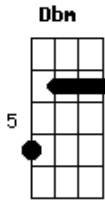
Acordes



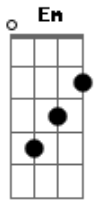
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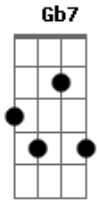
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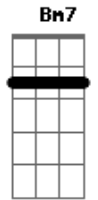
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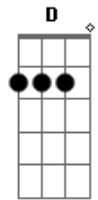
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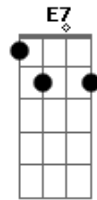
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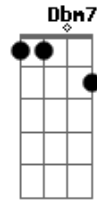
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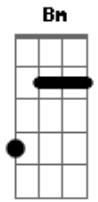
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