

João Chagas Leite - Cria Enjeitada

tom:

Am

Am

E7

Não tenho pressa e nem penso em ter mais pressa

G

C

Vou no meu tranco como boi na verga vai

B7

E7

Esse meu jeito meio rude falquejado

Herdei da vida e um pouco de meu pai

Trago lembranças das grandes matarias

G

C

Das águas puras e das sangas sossegadas

B7

E7

Dos vales férteis das serras e dos campos

Da natureza que era ainda respeitada

A

E sinto cheiro de terra após a chuva

D

Gb7

Bm

E tantas flores perfumando sem cobrar

Db7

Gbm

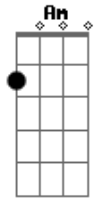
Do pão de forno, do apoio e da canjica

B7

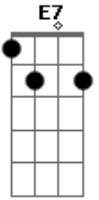
E

E7

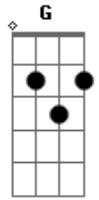
Acordes



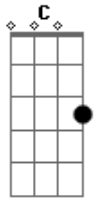
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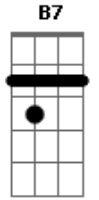
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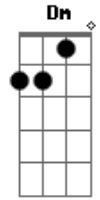
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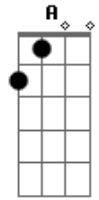
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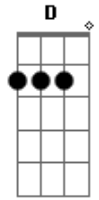
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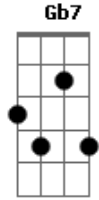
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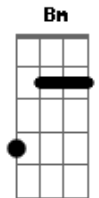
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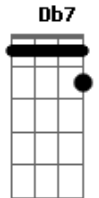
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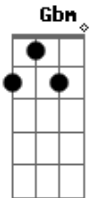
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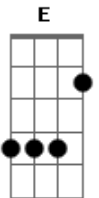
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Da pitanga, da tuna e do araçá

Am

E há em mim uma saudade latejando

Vozes de pássaros pedindo pra cantar

Gritos de bichos, sementes pequeninas

A espera de que possam germinar

Hoje a ambição fez pousada à minha volta

Plantou desertos em sementes traiçoeiras

Cria enjeitada do progresso que importamos

Batendo palmas a ganâncias estrangeiras

Só temos pressa, e mais pressa pra ter pressa

Receita louca que inventamos pra morrer

De neuroses e calmantes pesticidas

Matando a vida que esta doida pra viver