

Joe Silhueta - Hora Gagá

Tom: D

(Gb Eb Ab Db7)

Se eu fosse você iria pra lá,
 por aqui a vida é de matar.

Se der eu vou também, pode acreditar meu bem,
 por muito pouco estou pra me mandar.

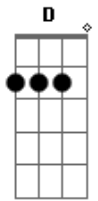
Você trabalha oito dias por semana
 e mesmo assim você vive sem grana:
 é meu caro, você se deu mal.

Enquanto isso outros dizem que você
 não pode mais cantar
 na hora da vovó ir se deitar.

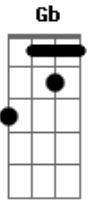
A lei é o silêncio, e ninguém

Ab Db7
 pode mais gritar se tem
 Gb Eb Ab Db7
 um orgasmo na hora gagá.
 B Bm Gb
 Não tem mais lugar pra fazer show,
 B Bm Gb Gb7
 Db7 ontem mais um café fechou,
 B C
 não dá mais para chamar um amigo
 Gb Eb
 pra sair, fazer um som contigo
 Ab Db7
 D7 que não seja permitido e previsto em lei.
 G E A
 D7 Mas tudo bem, deixe estar eu não vou mais calar,
 G E A D7
 a minha gaita vai desafinar,
 G E
 e enquanto eu não vazo da ilha
 A D7 G
 E logo mais, Brasília, eu vou aumentar o som para tocar!

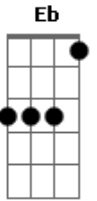
Acordes



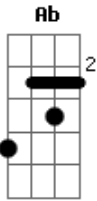
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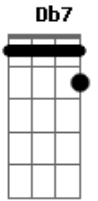
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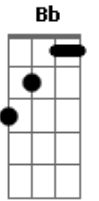
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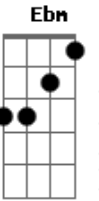
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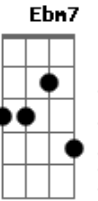
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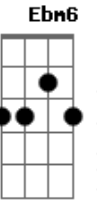
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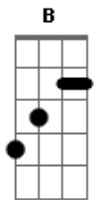
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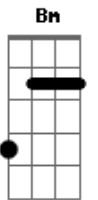
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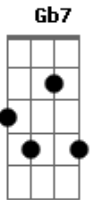
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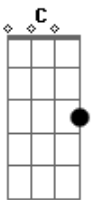
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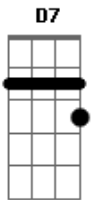
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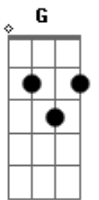
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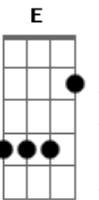
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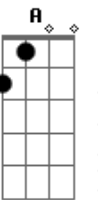
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