

Leonardo Quadros - Ao Fim da Lida

tom:

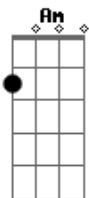
Am

Sempre ao fim da tarde quando o sol vai indo embora
 Refletem na aguada lua e estrela de espora
 Na água do açude mata a sede e lava o lombo
 E ao chegar nas casas o campeiro faz o fogo
 Mate e prosa boa no galpão da velha estância
 Descansam arreios, já surrados das distâncias
 E ao pé do fogo onde pinga o costilhar
 Nasce um verso novo na guitarra a bordonear

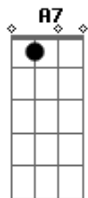
Um mate cevado recostado na cambona
 E7 A A7

Um cusco do lado, e silenciar de choronas
 Descanso dos tauras, campeiros das sesmarias
 Galponeando a vida no final de mais um dia
 Camas de pelego forram o chão desparelho
 Calam-se as basteiras e o estouro dos relhos
 Então o silêncio toma conta do lugar
 Só se ouve um grilo sua toada cantar
 Descansam os tauras campeiros das sesmarias
 Esperando aurora pra despertar mais um dia
 E empezar a lida na clarinada dos galos
 Sovando os arreios no lombo de seus cavalos

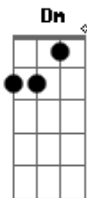
Acordes



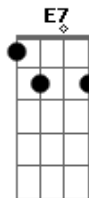
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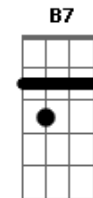
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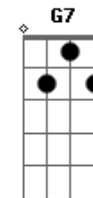
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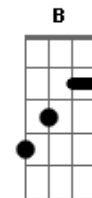
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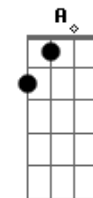
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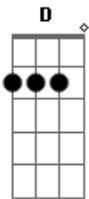
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