

Lucas Mota Freitas - Sweatpant

tom:
 Capotraste na 5ª casa
 Intro: Am G Am G

It's Sunday, sun doesn't rising yet
 It's cold but I'm ready
 Alone I walk to beach
 My thoughts hold hands to sea
 My breath dances the song of tide
 The breeze clear up my mind
 Already back home with my soul
 Deeply washed, the salt in my body
 Tempers the hot water, so I wear
 A sweatshirt and a black sweatpant my
 Love is waiting for me for our breakfast
 Sweet red fruits flavor the soft air
 The day is just a part of this morning

We're having
 [Solo] Am G Am G

It's monday, sun still sleeps
 And again I'm on way to beach
 This time I'm not alone
 My board'll give me a lot of fun
 My body dances the song of tide
 And about my thoughts? I don't mind
 Already showered and seasoned by
 Sand in my body, I'm much more
 Smelling than a Eau de Toilette
 Today will be a white sweatpant
 We decided to change the vibe
 This time we will enjoy the flow
 And what about a "breakslow"?
 [Final]

Acordes

