

# 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

