

Marcos Sattler Tuim - Só

Tom: G

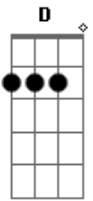
A solidão fio de navalha...
 É lâmina cortante num coração vazio
 Invade a alma feito as tardes frias nos velhos casarios
 vida... frágil folha... que o outono leva enfim
 Nos Cataventos... Nos cataventos
 Pois vejo em cada rosto um medo cego
 Um olhar indiferente... uma esperança redimida
 Como se a sorte fosse vara de condão
 Mas sempre haverá em cada mão
 A verdadeira e são magia
 Que, embora acorrentada tece um novo dia
 E faz a gente desejar cada momento... cada momento

Se a solidão ... desavisada
 Invade e fere o peito do poeta
 O sentimento... em subita alquimia
 Transforma essa tristeza em com... em alegria
 Então vem cantar
 Trazer à luz a nossa santa rebeldia
 Cantar comigo o amor que a tanto se escondia
 Reaprender, num verso, a arte de sonhar
 então vem cantar
 Já não devemos a ninguém a nossa sorte
 Mesmo que a única certeza viva seja a morte
 Só nos resta o alento... enfim
 De jamais estar... só

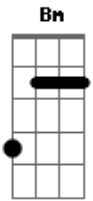
Acordes



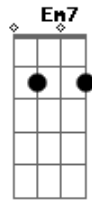
© ukulele-chords.com



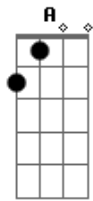
© ukulele-chords.com



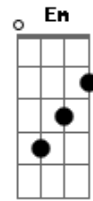
© ukulele-chords.com



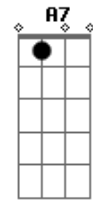
© ukulele-chords.com



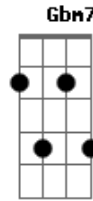
© ukulele-chords.com



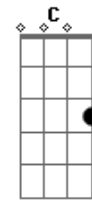
© ukulele-chords.com



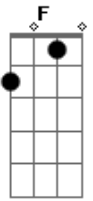
© ukulele-chords.com



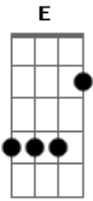
© ukulele-chords.com



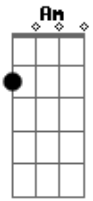
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com