

Maria Gadú - Filosofia

Tom: F

O mundo me condena,
 e ninguém tem pena
 Falando sempre mal do meu nome
 Deixando de saber
 se eu vou morrer de sede
 Ou se eu vou morrer de fome
 Mas a filosofia hoje me auxilia
 a viver indiferente assim
 Nessa prontidão sem fim
 Vou fingindo que sou rico
 pra ninguém zombar de mim.

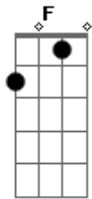
(Intro)

Não me incomodo que você me diga
 que a sociedade é minha inimiga
 Pois, vivendo nesse mundo,
 vivo escrava do meu samba.
 Muito embora vagabundo.
 Quanto a você da aristocracia
 que tem dinheiro, mas não compra alegria
 Há de viver eternamente
 sendo escravo dessa gente
 que cultiva hipocrisia.

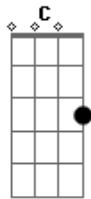
(Intro)

I told you I was trouble
 You know that I'm no good

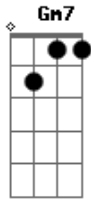
Acordes



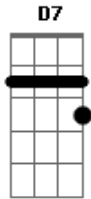
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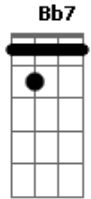
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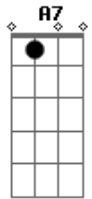
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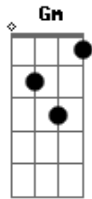
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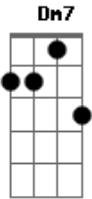
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