

O Lado B. - Fome Nordestina

Tom: D

Tom: Gb

m

Libre, confesso

Por isso estou aqui

Arbitrio, ou então

Que seja tão pesada quanto a mão que educa o filho

Acordar

Junto das hienas espreitando

E esperando sua carne apodrecer
Aos poucos

Esperando o cansaço te vencer

Acordado num estado de coragem

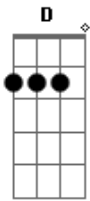
Com a vida cansada dessa vista

Processando inquieto o oculto

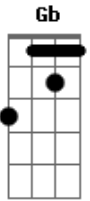
Do seu eu tão ilusório

Aos poucos

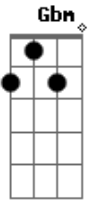
Acordes



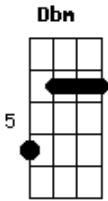
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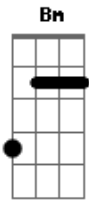
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