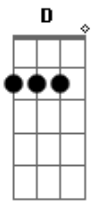


Pierre Simões - Skyline Pigeon

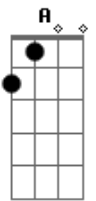
tom:
 Turn me loose from your hands
 Let me fly to distant lands
 Over green fields, trees and mountains
 Flowers and forest fountains
 Home along the lanes of the skyway
 For this dark and lonely room
 Projects a shadow cast in gloom
 And my eyes are mirrors
 Of the world outside
 Thinking of the way
 That the wind can turn the tide
 And these shadows turn
 From purple into grey
 For just a Skyline Pigeon
 Dreaming of the open

D
 Waiting for the day
 He can spread his wings
 And fly away again
 Fly away skyline pigeon fly
 Towards the dreams
 You've left so very far behind
 Just let me wake up in the morning
 To the smell of new mown hay
 To laugh and cry, to live and die
 In the brightness of my day
 I want to hear the pealing bells
 Of distant churches sing
 But most of all please free me
 From this aching metal ring
 And open out this cage
 Towards the sun

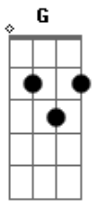
Acordes



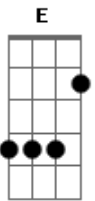
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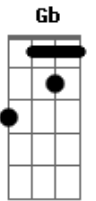
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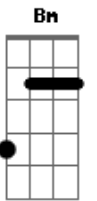
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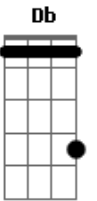
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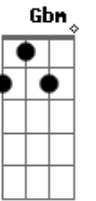
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