

Rebanhão - Salas de Jantar - Pout Pourri

Tom: C

AS SALAS DE JANTAR ESTÃO VAZIAS OS QUARTOS COLORIDOS ESTÃO DESERTOS

AS POESIAS QUE FALAM QUE AS FLORES IAM NASCER

ESTÃO ABANDONADAS, AMARROTADAS NO BOLSO DOS POETAS

AS NOTÍCIAS DOS JORNAIS SÓ FALAM EM MORTE MORTE, MORTE,

AS POESIAS QUE FALAM QUE AS FLORES IAM CRESCER

ESTÃO ABANDONADAS, AMARROTADAS NO BOLSO DOS POETAS

MAS COMO JÁ ENSINAVA O VELHO JANIRES :

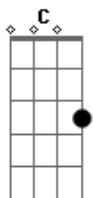
" SE A TRISTEZA TENTAR PEGAR O SEU CORAÇÃO - PEGUE A GUITARRA

E CANTE UM ROCK PRÁ LOUVAR JESUS PRÁ LOUVAR JESUS "

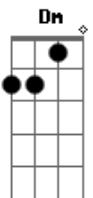
[Bm A G] 2x Bm A G

COM O MESTRE JESUS EU APRENDI
 TANTA COISA BONITA QUERO TE DIZER QUANTO SOU FELIZ
 O VALE, MONTANHA, O MAR, TÃO BONITOS DE SE OLHAR
 FICAM MUITO MAIS AINDA, QUANDO POSSO VER O TEU AMOR
 TE CONTEMPLAR TE CONTEMPLAR
 POSSO VER SUA LUZ EM TODO LUGAR
 POSSO ATÉ FLUTUAR COMO A BRISA QUE VEM QUE VEM DO MAR
 A TUA PALAVRA ESTÁ PARA SEMPRE EM MEU CORAÇÃO
 POR ISSO EU SOU FELIZ, PORQUE POSSO VER O TEU AMOR
 TE CONTEMPLAR TE CONTEMPLAR

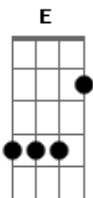
Acordes



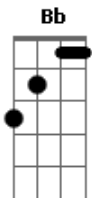
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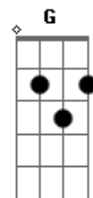
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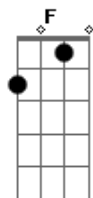
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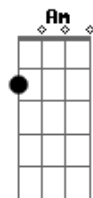
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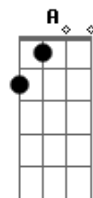
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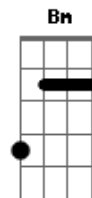
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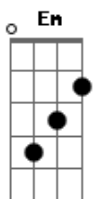
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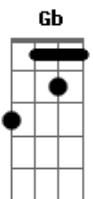
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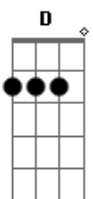
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