

# Silvestre Kuhlmann - Novo?

tom: G

Correndo passa ano, entra ano  
 É sempre a mesma mirrada vida  
 Mesma luta renhida, mesma lida  
 Só sobe outro repetido pano

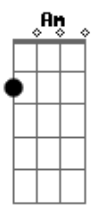
É sempre o mesmo velho retrato  
 Que se mostra, no repetido palco

Haverá quem possa tentar salto?  
 Temos de caminhar, comer do prato?

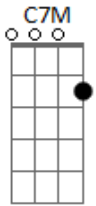
Talvez, a nossa requentada peça  
 Tenha, perpetuamente, de ser essa  
 Mas seja possível mudar o ator

Talvez, nessa modorrenta mesmice  
 Que já vige, desde a meninice  
 A gente possa injetar amor!

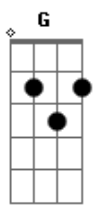
## Acordes



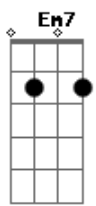
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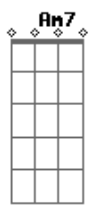
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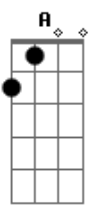
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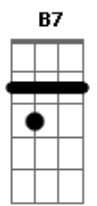
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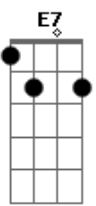
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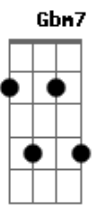
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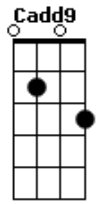
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