

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

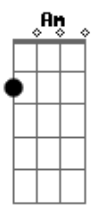
É sempre o mesmo velho retrato
 Que se mostra, no repetido palco

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

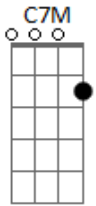
Talvez, a nossa requentada peça
 Tenha, perpetuamente, de ser essa
 Mas seja possível mudar o ator

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

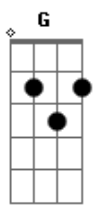
Acordes



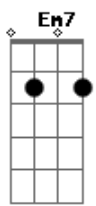
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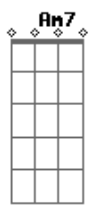
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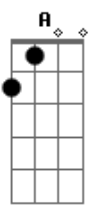
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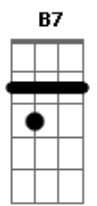
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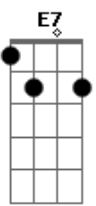
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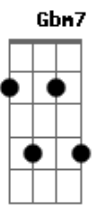
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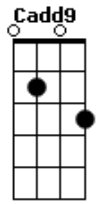
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