

Simplus - Os Campos

tom: G

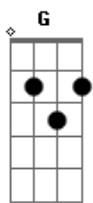
Não sei escrever os campos
 Molhados e extensos
 Guardados dentro dos meus olhos
 Estão rasos e brilhantes
 Porque a chuva passou
 Para voltar a dar a cor ao horizonte

Eu queria escrever os campos
 Descrevendo cada pormenor

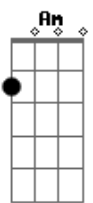
Com a nota certa o timbre exacto
 E mostrar ao mundo
 O encanto dum verde mais
 Presente

Não sei dizer os campos
 Gloriosos e mansos
 Reflexo dum bem que não previ
 Quando olho os campos
 Floresce cá dentro
 A certeza de alguém
 Que os fez por mim

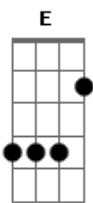
Acordes



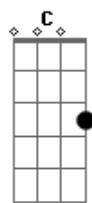
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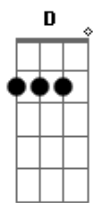
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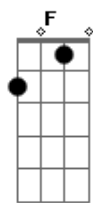
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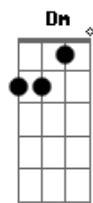
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