

Terence Martinelli - 78

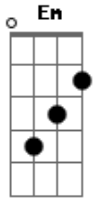
tom:

Em

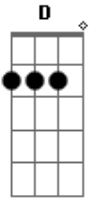
Esse olhar distante e lento é você aqui
 Não se responde, não se zangue, não reclame assim
 O frio que corta a alma fere sem saber
 A navalha tem dois lados puros sem as mãos

Lave a Áurea e sinta o vento com essa canção
 Abdicar do fruto que não tem mais sabor
 O tempo vai passar com o tempo
 Alentando teu tormento
 Já nasceram horizontes
 E lá de tras do monte ha um campo pra correr

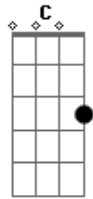
Acordes



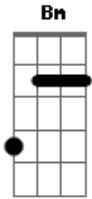
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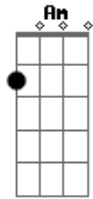
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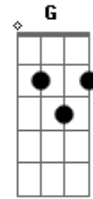
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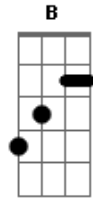
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