

Tino Gomes - Montesclareou

tom: G

Montes Claros, montesclareou

Meus olhos cegos de poeira e dor

Tudo é previsto pelos livros santos

Que só nao falam que o sonho acabou

A marujada vem subindo a rua

Suores brilham nos rostos molhados

Agosto chega com a ventania

Cálice bento e abençoado

A dor do povo de São Benedito

No mastro existe para ser louvado

Meus olhos cegos de poeira e dor

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A marujada vem subindo a rua

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Agosto chega com a ventania

Cálice bento e abençoado

A dor do povo de São Benedito

No mastro existe para ser louvado

Louvado seja o Santo Rosário

Louvado seja poeira e dor

Louvado seja o sonho infinito

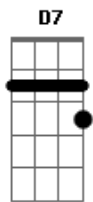
E mestre Zanza que é cantador

Montes Claros, montesclareou

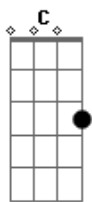
Acordes



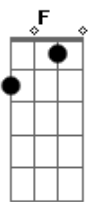
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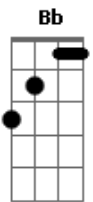
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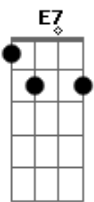
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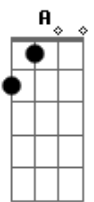
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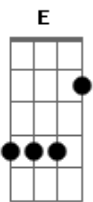
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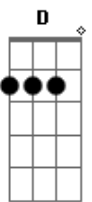
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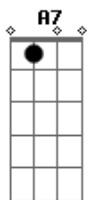
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