

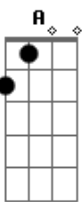
# Toquinho e Vinícius - Valsa do Bordel

tom: A

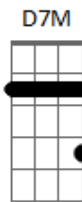
Longas piteiras  
 Perfumes no ar  
 Roxas olheiras  
 Em torno do olhar  
 Que brincadeira  
 Fazer profissão  
 Da mais antiga e  
 Mais sem solução  
 Discos franceses  
 Tão sentimentais  
 Velhos fregueses  
 Com taras iguais

Gb7

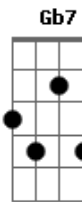
## Acordes



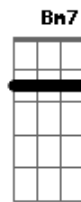
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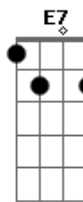
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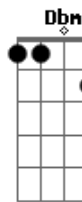
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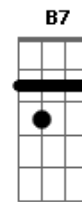
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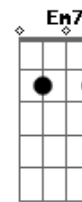
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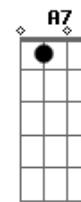
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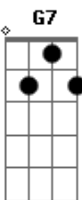
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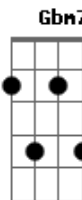
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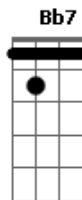
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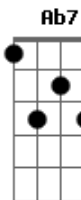
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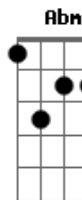
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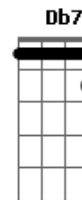
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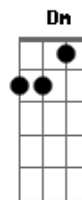
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Em7 A7 D7M G7  
 Ah, quem me dera voltar para tras  
 Dbm7 Gbm7 B7 Bb7 A Ab7  
 Sem sentir mais tanta so-----li-----dão

Dbm7 Ab7 Dbm7 Ab7  
 E, de repente, entre tanto cliente  
 Dbm7 Eb7 Abm7 Db7  
 Lá chega o gos--to--são  
 Gbm7 Db7 Gbm7 Ab7  
 E, incontínente, abre conta corrente  
 Dbm7 Gbm7 Bm7 E7  
 Em nosso co--ração  
 A Gb7  
 A gente apanha  
 Bm7 E7  
 Mas sente prazer  
 Dbm7 Gb7  
 Dá o que ganha

B7 E7  
 E o que se vai fazer?  
 Em7 A7 D7M G7  
 Ele é a paixão, todo resto é saber  
 Dbm7 Gbm7 B7 Bb7 A Dm A  
 Vender um pouco de i-----lu-----são