

Wilson Paim - Uma Canção Para a Minha Prenda

Tom: G

Sangrou meu peito e encharcou meu olhar de tristeza e dor

Em Am B7 Em Gb7 B7 Em Em Gb7 B7 Em A B7

Tentei fazer uma canção bonita dessas que se vão

De pago em pago, saudade que eu trago no meu coração

Ah! Quando eu me lembro prenda tão vistosa assim nunca se viu

Como um relâmpago veio e sumiu

Am Em E7 Am

E dor e é a estrada velha que eu conheço como a própria mão

Que leva a gente, queira ou não queira, rumo a solidão

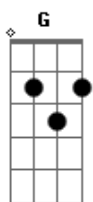
Ah! Prenda bonita nunca fui poeta e pouco sei cantar

Fiz esses versos tortos pra lembrar

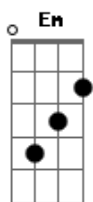
Pinte o rancho e lavei os lençóis pra te esperar

Int. Em Am Em Gb7 B7 Em C7 Fm

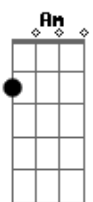
Acordes



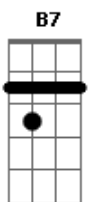
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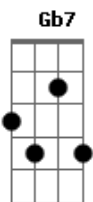
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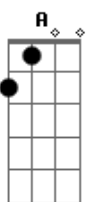
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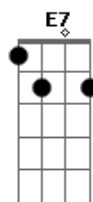
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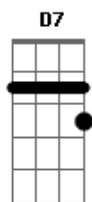
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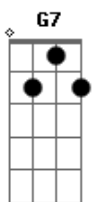
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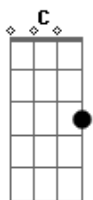
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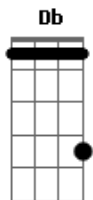
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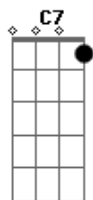
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