

# Zezé Motta - Crioula

tom:

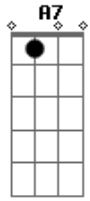
Quando eu penso nela em forma de canção  
 Imagino um som que revele, que revele o tom  
 Que revele o tom, o tom da cor da sua pele  
 Crioula, crioula, crioula

Crioula, crioula, crioula  
 Mas quando eu penso nela, o meu coração bate num swing  
 Que se passa da cabeça aos pés  
 Que corre no sangue, swing que é natural da raça  
 Crioula, crioula, crioula  
 Crioula, crioula, crioula

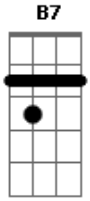
## Acordes



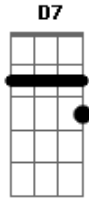
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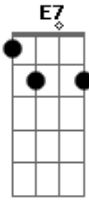
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