

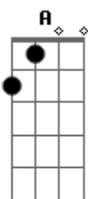
# Bebeto Alves - Mandando Lenha

Tom: A

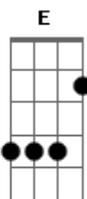
Olha aqui, seu moço,  
 Faz tempo que eu torço pra não chover.  
 Remendando um cabresto  
 Eu faço meu tempo e tento viver.  
 O charque que eu tinha  
 Atado no arame pra ressecar  
 Se empapou de porqueira  
 Com a lã das ovelhas que estavam por lá.  
 A égua bragada  
 Tem cismas d'água até pra beber.  
 E a terneirada guacha,  
 Em vez de apoiar as vacas, berra até encher.

O gado se atola,  
 Tudo me amola, o troço é peleia!  
 Eu só acredito em doma  
 Com o freio na boca de quem não corcoveia.  
 Não fosse a cuscada esculhambando no galpão,  
 Eu enchia a barriga de rapadura e chimarrão.  
 Não fosse a cuscada esculhambando no galpão,  
 Eu enchia a barriga de rapadura e chimarrão.  
 Volteando uma canga,  
 Traçando um par de rédeas,  
 Consertando um buçal,  
 Entalhando um canzil,  
 O coração mata a pau.

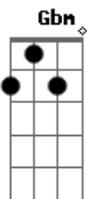
## Acordes



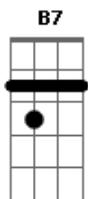
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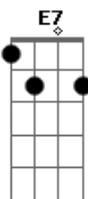
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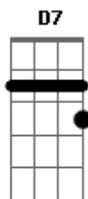
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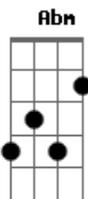
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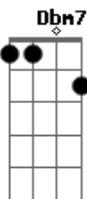
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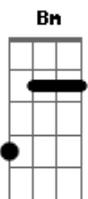
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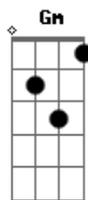
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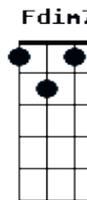
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