

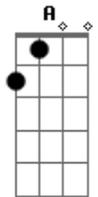
# Carlos Silva - Cantiga Pro Morro

Tom: A

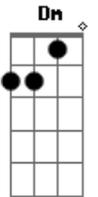
m La no morro  
 Entre lama e ladeiras <sup>Dm</sup>  
 Desenhos da enxurrada <sup>Em</sup>  
 Que cortava todo chão <sup>Am ( Em )</sup>  
 Os meninos <sup>Am</sup>  
 Bem juntinho ali brincavam <sup>Dm</sup>  
 E como a chuva <sup>Em</sup>  
 Os seus sonhos transbordavam <sup>Am ( A7 )</sup>  
 Nas enchentes da ilusão <sup>Am</sup>  
 Num simples teto <sup>Dm</sup>  
 Seu abrigo favorável <sup>Em Am</sup>  
 Um cantinho confortável <sup>B7</sup>  
 Tendo a luz no cotoco de uma <sup>Em</sup>  
 vela <sup>Am ( A7 )</sup>  
 Entre lamentos <sup>Dm</sup>  
 E samba <sup>E</sup>  
 Assim era o morro <sup>Am</sup>  
 No alto a pedir socorro <sup>B7</sup>  
<sup>Em Am</sup>

Batizado de favela  
 Em risos largos <sup>Am</sup>  
 As crianças fabulavam <sup>Dm</sup>  
 Suas historias contavam <sup>G</sup>  
 Onde o barraco era o abrigo <sup>C</sup>  
 Era o retrato <sup>Em</sup>  
 Da miséria em crueldade <sup>Am</sup>  
 Admirando la de cima a cidade <sup>B7</sup>  
 Onde o sonhar era seu maior castigo <sup>Em Am</sup>  
 Mas no meu sangue <sup>Am</sup>  
 Trago da ancestralidade <sup>Dm</sup>  
 Toda essa dificuldade <sup>G</sup>  
 Desde tempos tão passados <sup>C</sup>  
 Onde o começo <sup>Em</sup>  
 Se parece com o presente <sup>Am</sup>  
 Sendo que o morro a favela e nossa gente <sup>B7</sup>  
 Ainda são por aqui discriminados <sup>Em Am</sup>

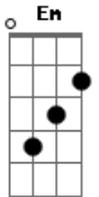
## Acordes



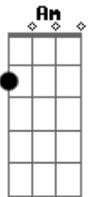
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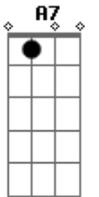
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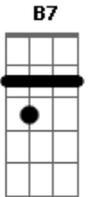
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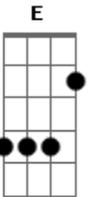
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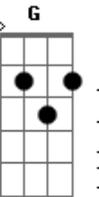
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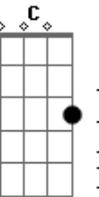
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