

# Century - Gone With The Winner

Tom: A

Waiting for the noise to disappear  
 The crying all the saint  
 The pining of the fool  
 I never had the time to pray  
 Waiting for the sound to calm my way  
 I'm tired of asking why  
 I'm dying everyday  
 You're leaving now your lips, are go..ne

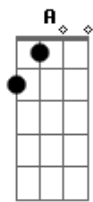
Gone with the winner,  
 Go..ne, gone with the wind  
 And now  
 It's like a silent thing  
 That's running in my hand

Gone, gone with the wind

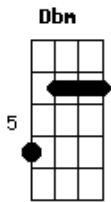
Coming with desolate state of mind  
 You would've gone to war  
 The slave to every tear  
 I'm waiting for the smoke to fade  
 I listen to this calling in your eyes  
 Crying all the saint  
 The pining of a fool  
 You're leaving now your lips, are go..ne

Gone with the winner,  
 Go..ne, gone with the wind  
 And now  
 It's like a silent thing  
 That's running in my hand  
 Gone, gone with the wind

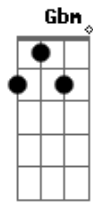
## Acordes



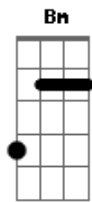
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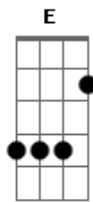
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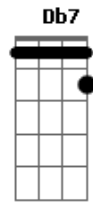
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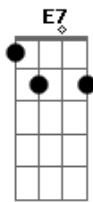
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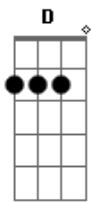
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