

Chico Buarque - A Noiva da Cidade

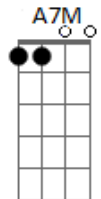
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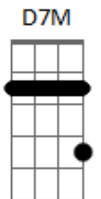
Ai, como essa moça é descuidada
Com a janela escancarada
Quer dormir impunemen__te
Ou será que a moça lá no alto
Não escuta o sobressalto
Do coração da gen__te

Ai, quanto descuido o dessa mo__ça
Que papai tá lá na ro__ça
E mamãe foi pas__sear
E todo marman__jo da cida__de
Quer entrar
Nos versos da cantiga de ninar

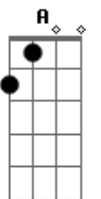
Acordes



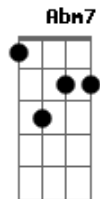
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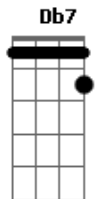
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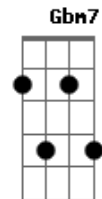
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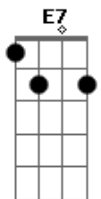
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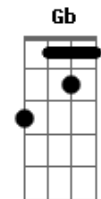
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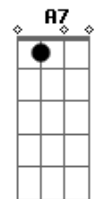
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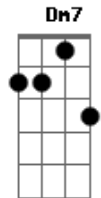
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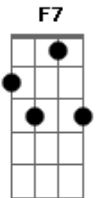
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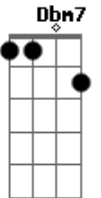
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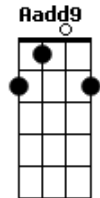
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Pra ser um Tutu-Ma__ram__bá

Ai, como essa moça é distraída
Sabe lá se está vestida
Ou se dor__me transparen__te
Ela sabe muito bem que quando adormece
Está roubando
O sono de outra gen__te

Ai, quanta maldade a dessa moça
E, que aqui ninguém nos ouça
Ela sabe enfeitiçar
Pois todo marmanjo da cidade
Quer entrar
Nos sonhos que ela gosta de sonhar
E ser um Tutu-Ma__ram__bá