

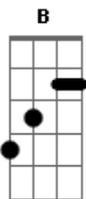
Clara Nunes - Jogo de Angola

Tom: B

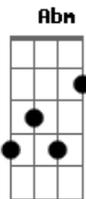
No tempo em que o negro chegava fechado em gaiola,
 Nasceu no Brasil, Quilombo e quilombola, E todo dia, negro fugia, juntando a corriola.
 De estalo de açoite de ponta de faca, E zunido de bala,
 Negro voltava pra argola, No meio da semzala.
 E ao som do tambor primitivo Berimbau maraca e viola,
 Negro gritava Abre ala Vai ter jogo de Angola.
 Perna de briga, (Camara...) Perna de briga, Olê...
 Ferro de fura, (Camara...) Ferro de fura, Olê...

Arma de atira, (Camara...) Arma de atira, Olê.....
 Dança guerreira, Corpo do negro é de mola,
 Na capoeira. Negro embola e disembola
 E a dança que era uma dança para o dono da terra,
 Virou a principal defesa do negro na guerra, Pelo que se chamou libertação,
 E por toda força coragem, rebeldia, Louvado será tudo dia
 Esse povo cantar e lembrar o Jogo de Angola, Na escravidão do Brasil

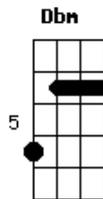
Acordes



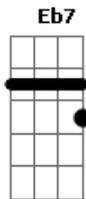
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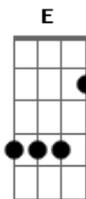
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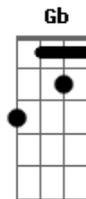
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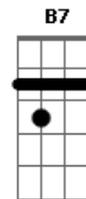
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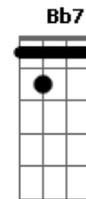
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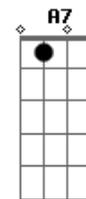
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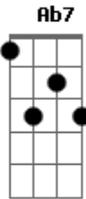
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