

Fátima Guedes - Condenados

tom:

Intro: A D

Ah, meu amor, estamos condenados

Nós já podemos dizer que somos um

Nós somos um

E nessa fase do amor em que se é um

É que perdemos a metade cada um

Ah, meu amor, estamos mais safados

Hoje tiramos mais proveito do prazer

E somos um

Quando dormimos juntos, sonhos separados

Que nós não vamos confessar de modo algum

Ah, meu amor, ah, meu amor

Quantas pequenas traições

Pobres mentiras diplomáticas de puras intenções

Estamos condenados

Ah, meu amor, de discretos pecados

Formamos esse ser tão uno divisível

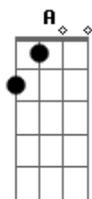
Parece incrível

Que nós tentemos que ele dure eternamente

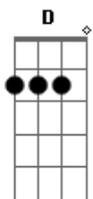
Nessas metades incompletas

Mas decentes

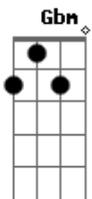
Acordes



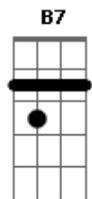
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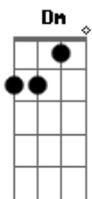
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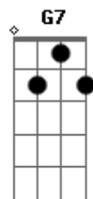
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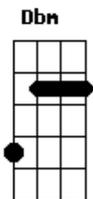
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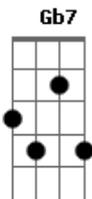
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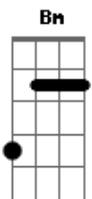
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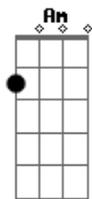
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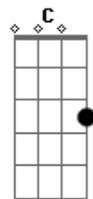
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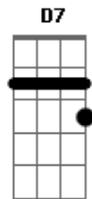
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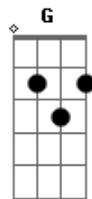
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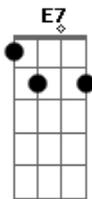
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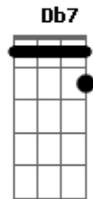
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