

Fundo de Quintal - A Batucada dos Nossos Tantãs

Tom: F

Samba, a gente não perde o prazer de cantar

E fazem de tudo pra silenciar

A batucada dos nossos tantãs

No seu ecoar, o samba se refez

Seu canto se faz reluzir

Podemos sorrir outra vez

Samba, eterno delírio do compositor

Que nasce da alma, sem pele, sem cor

Com simplicidade, não sendo vulgar

Fazendo da nossa alegria, seu habitat natural
 0 samba floresce do fundo do nosso quintal

Este samba é pra você

Que vive a falar, a criticar

Querendo esnoabar, querendo acabar

Com a nossa cultura popular

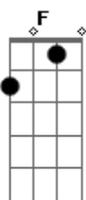
É bonito de se ver

0 samba correr, pro lado de lá

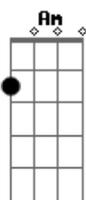
Fronteira não há, pra nos impedir

você não samba, mas tem que aplaudir

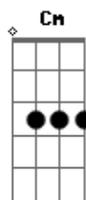
Acordes



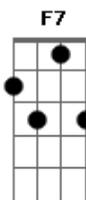
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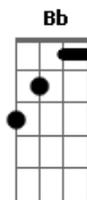
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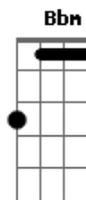
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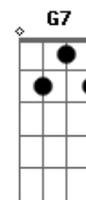
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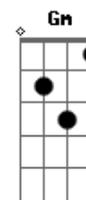
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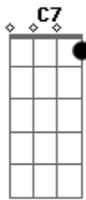
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