

Gérri Rodrian - Aos Mutantes

tom:

Intro: F Am F C

O mar ainda é o mesmo
As ondas

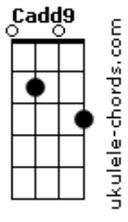
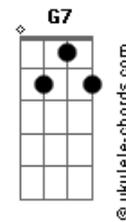
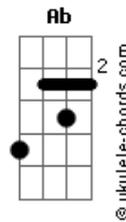
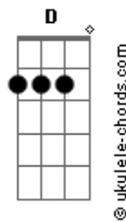
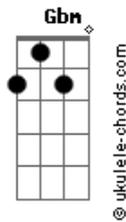
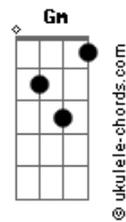
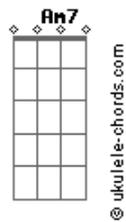
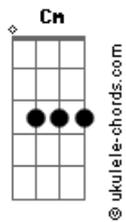
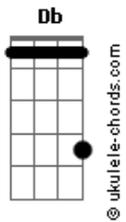
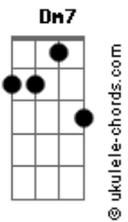
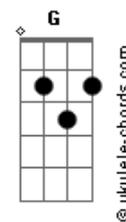
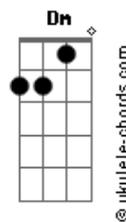
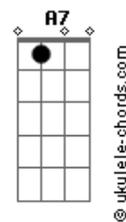
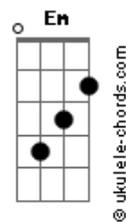
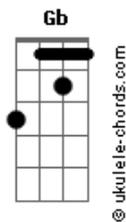
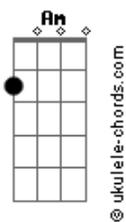
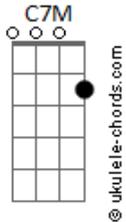
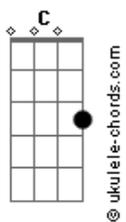
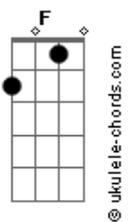
Com seus gritos insaciáveis
Destruíram aos poucos a minha paz

Eu como profeta do universo
Revelo que o silêncio é provocante
E na ânsia por ruídos fui me tornando um escravo
Que se amou por ser real

Comecei a ouvir
O contraste nas cores
Um borrão na obra-prima
Que deveria se calar

Mesmo o sonho faz barulho
E toda filosofia traz tumulto
E agora com o silêncio
Fui me tornando um ator
Em teatro de terceira ensaio

Acordes



Comecei a ouvir
O contraste nas cores
Um borrão na obra-prima
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[Solo] F Am F C Cadd9 F
Am Gb Em A7
Dm Dm Dm Dm F
C C Am F Am F C

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