

Gustavo Bertoni - Unsheltered

Tom: A

finação: D G C F A D

As a kid
The grandma told his folks
This boy has something strange
A mild dissarrange
He stares at window panes
Keeps himself company
For every simple task
He shapes reality
Oh, woe is he!
[Refrão]

On and on, there are places we go but never come back the same
Unsheltered, where is the roof I used to know?
Off we go, I'll send out the light I wish for I sing and I write

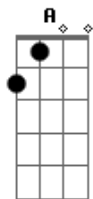
Some folklore, hoping for future brighter days

Raised with care
Those worries silenced fast
But how could they predict
The voices wouldn't rest

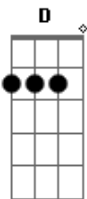
Some said addiction
Well, others just loneliness
The astros said It's fine
Anyway, who's to say what's right?
[Refrão]

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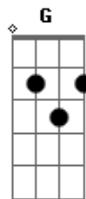
Acordes



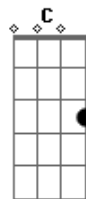
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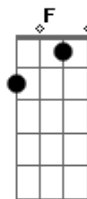
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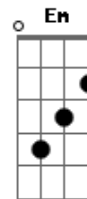
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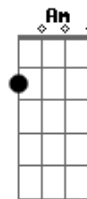
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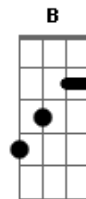
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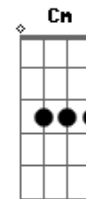
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