

Ivan Lins - Três Apitos

Tom: C

[Noel Rosa]

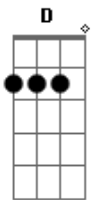
Quando o apito da fábrica de tecidos
Vem ferir os meus ouvidos, eu me lembro de você
Mas você anda sem dúvida bem zangada
E está interessada em fingir que não me vê
Você que atende ao apito de uma chaminé de barro
Por que não atende ao grito tão aflito
Da buzina do meu carro?
Você no inverno sem meias vai pro trabalho

Fm Am Ab7 G7 E7 A7 D C#7(#9)
Não faz fé com agasalho nem no frio você crê
Mas você é mesmo artigo que não se imita
Quando a fábrica apita faz reclame de você

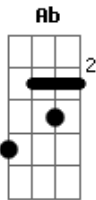
Nos meus olhos você vê que eu sofro cruelmente
Com ciúmes do gerente impertinente
Que dá ordens à você

Sou do sereno, poeta muito soturno
Vou virar guarda-noturno e você sabe por quê
Mas você não sabe que enquanto você faz pano
Faço junto do piano esses versos pra você

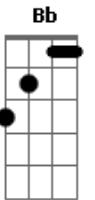
Acordes



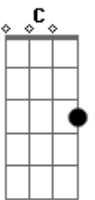
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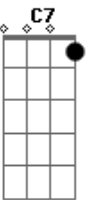
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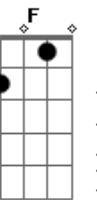
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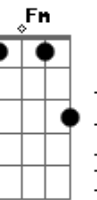
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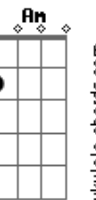
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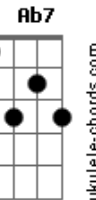
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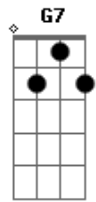
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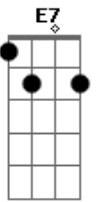
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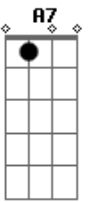
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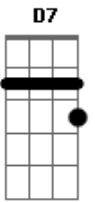
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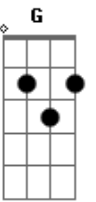
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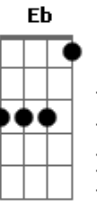
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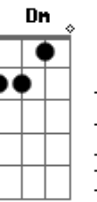
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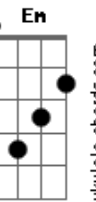
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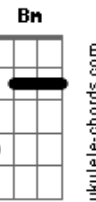
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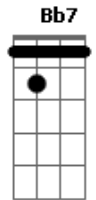
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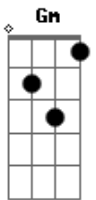
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