

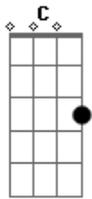
João Bosco - Cabaré

Tom: C

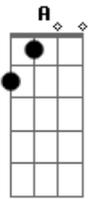
Na porta lentas luzes de neon
 Na mesa flores murchas de crepon
 E a luz grená filtrada entre conversas
 Inventa um novo amor, loucas promessas
 De tomara-que-caia surge a crooner do norte
 Nem aplausos, nem vaias: um silêncio de morte
 Ah, quem sabe de si nesses bares escuros
 Quem sabe dos outros, das grades, dos muros

No drama sufocado em cada rosto
 A lama de não ser o que se quis
 A chama quase morta de um sol posto
 A dama de um passado mais feliz
 Um cuba-libre treme na mão fria
 Ao triste strip-tease da agonia
 De cada um que deixa o cabaré
 Lá fora a luz do dia fere os olhos
 Ah, quem sabe de si nesses bares escuros
 Quem sabe dos outros

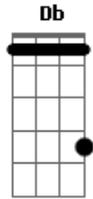
Acordes



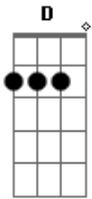
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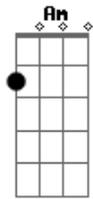
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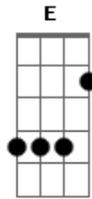
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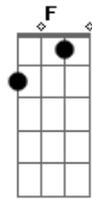
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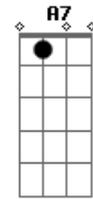
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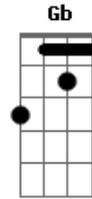
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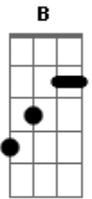
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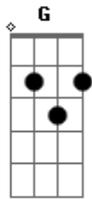
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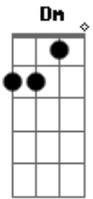
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