

Lucas Mota Freitas - Sweatpant

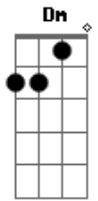
tom:
Capostrate na 5ª casa
Intro: Am G Am G

It's Sunday, sun doesn't rising yet
It's cold but I'm ready
Alone I walk to beach
My thoughts hold hands to sea
My breath dances the song of tide
The breeze clear up my mind
Already back home with my soul
Deeply washed, the salt in my body
Tempers the hot water, so I wear
A sweatshirt and a black sweatpant my
Love is waiting for me for our breakfast
Sweet red fruits flavor the soft air
The day is just a part of this morning

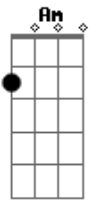
We're having
[Solo] Am G Am G

It's monday, sun still sleeps
And again I'm on way to beach
This time I'm not alone
My board'll give me a lot of fun
My body dances the song of tide
And about my thoughts? I don't mind
Already showered and seasoned by
Sand in my body, I'm much more
Smelling than a Eau de Toilette
Today will be a white sweatpant
We decided to change the vibe
This time we will enjoy the flow
And what about a "breakslow"?
[Final]

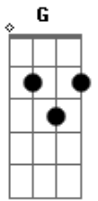
Acordes



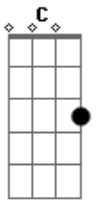
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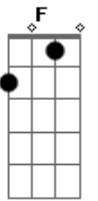
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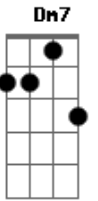
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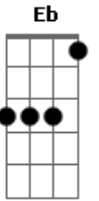
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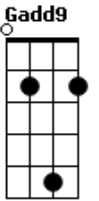
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