

Luis Trigacheiro - O Meu Alentejo

tom:

E

Intro: E A Dbm B A

E B
Meio dia, o Sol a prumo cai ardente

E
Doirando tudo, ondeiam nos trigais

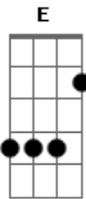
Dbm B
Der o fovo de leve docemente

E
As papoilas sangrentas, sensuais

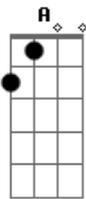
A B E Dbm
Andam asas no ar e raparigas

Gbm B7 E
Flores desabrochadas, em canteiros

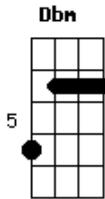
Acordes



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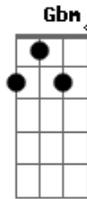
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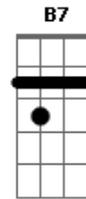
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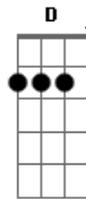
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A B E Dbm
Mostram por entre o oiro das espigas
Gbm B7 E
Os perfis delicados e trigueiros

A B E
Tudo é tranquilo e casto, e sonhador
A B Dbm B A
Olhando esta paisagem que é uma tela de Deus

B Dbm
Eu penso, então, onde há pintor
D Dbm
Onde há artista de saber profundo
A B
Que possa imaginar coisa mais bela
E
Mais delicada e linda neste mundo?