

Luiz Marengo - De Pouca Prosa

tom:
Intro: Am E7 Am E7 Am F E7 Am

Verso

Que tal a doma, na mangueira se negando

Coiceando o vento, com a paleta na investida

Amanhã mesmo quando o sol bater no lombo

Embucalo a cara dele, firmo os basto e finco espora

Coisa bem linda, Deus permita que a saudade

Não me separe, desta vida de peão campeão

Com a bagualada retoçando no potreiro

Bochinchando o tempo inteiro, com a potrada campo-fora

[Refrão]

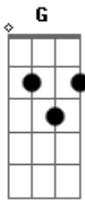
(De pouca prosa, tenho ganas gitarreiras

Mandando lenha nos fogões de acampamento

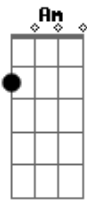
Com esta peonada, que de resto, se garante

Campereando o meu Rio Grande quando a gaita ronca mimosa)

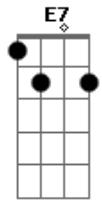
Acordes



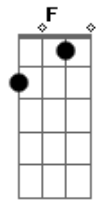
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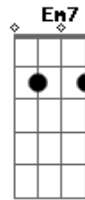
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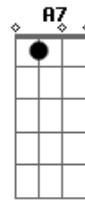
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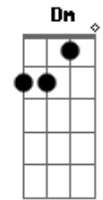
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