

Mallu Magalhães - Ricardo

Tom: **D**

A
Richard came inside a gas-truck's gear
Gbm
Hiding from officers
Bm
Crossing the limits of the country's fears
D
And lying as gossipers
A
As he decided to leave the hiding place
Gbm
To take a walk in the American dream
Bm
Felt so scared but he needed some sun on the face
D
And in the street officers took him

A
Those were hard days for a gambler
Gbm
Those were hard days for a man
Bm
But too hard to remember
D
As he hard to leave again

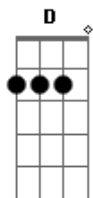
A
Richard got rid of Miami low
Gbm
By deportation and some injuries
Bm
When te moreno man
With a punch on the law
D

Got in love so tenderly
A
Because in the flight he heard a voice
Gbm
Which latin accent swung his soul
Bm
So when they landed, love left no choice
D
Had to go with her to Mexico

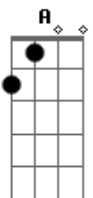
A
Those were good days for a gambler
Gbm
Those were good days for a man
Bm
But too good to remember
D
As he hard to leave again

A
Richard waited the night
To leave the house of cheer
Gbm
When she was sleeping safe
Bm
Kissed her belly with a guilty tear
D
But must get lonely to be rave
A
And hit the road looking for something else
Gbm
But for the first time felt alone
Bm
Wanted a place to rest in peace
D **A**
But there's no way back home

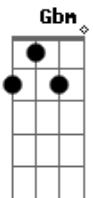
Acordes



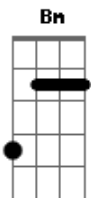
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