

Tom: D

## Mallu Magalhães - Ricardo

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

Those were hard days for a gambles

Gbm

Those were hard days for a man

Bm

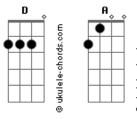
But too hard to remember

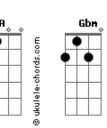
D

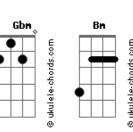
As he hard to leave again

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

## **Acordes**







Got in love so tenderly Because in the flight he heard a voice Which latin accent swung his soul So when they landed, love left no choice Had to go with her to Mexico Those were good days for a gambler Gbm Those were good days for a man But too good to remember As he hard to leave again Richard waited the night To leave the house of cheer When she was sleeping safe Kissed her belly with a guilty tear But must get lonely to be rave And hit the road looking for something else But for the first time felt alone Wanted a place to rest in peace

But there's no way back home