

Martinho da Vila - Piquinique

tom: C

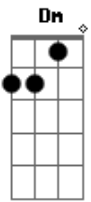
Num ambiente de animação
Do cais se distanciava
Uma embarcação
Cortando as ondas fortes da baía
A Paquetá ela se dirigia
Lararara... lararara
Era um domingo cheio de sol
E um poeta cantava como um rouxinol
Um samba quente
Batido na mão
Com o balanço da embarcação
Do outro lado do cais
Uma charrete transportava casais

Já ia alta a manhãzinha
Todos se destinavam
À Praia da Moreninha
No clube, num bar
Muita bebida
Samba na batida
Animada palestra
Casais apertados ao som
De uma grande orquestra
Na volta
Uma gaivota voando
Todo mundo cantando
A maresia
E eu apertava nos braços
Meu bem que dormia

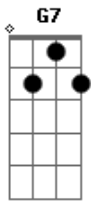
Acordes



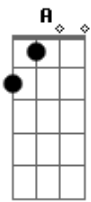
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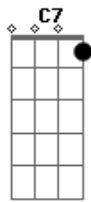
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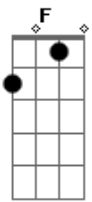
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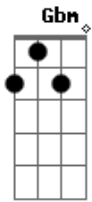
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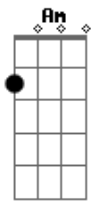
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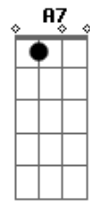
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