

Mococa e Paraíso - Atalho

tom:

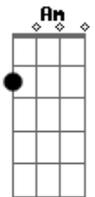
Havia um bosque no sertão de minha terra
 Entre a estrada e a fazenda onde eu morava
 Para tomar a jardineira do outro lado
 Por dentro dele muitas vezes atalhava
 O sol varando a copa verde da floresta
 Pingos de ouro no atalho derramava
 Eu espantava borboletas pequeninas
 Com o barulho do cipó que arrebentava
 Quando eu corria prá tomar a jardineira
 Que erguendo pó lá do morro buzina

[Refrão]

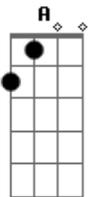
Hoje no atalho de meu peito abandonado

O meu destino a pisar folhas caídas
 Cruza a floresta do outro lado de meu tempo
 Prá ver os anos carregando minha vida
 Admirava as flores brancas que se abriam
 Pelo atalho com o calor do sol da tarde
 Naquela idade cor-de-rosa eu também era
 Como um botão a se abrir na flor da idade
 O sol menino derramava lá do alto
 Sobre meus rastros pingos de felicidade
 Até que um dia o vendaval dos desenganos
 Em pedacinhos fez a minha mocidade
 Desesperado hoje eu grito e não encontro
 O meu atalho na floresta da saudade

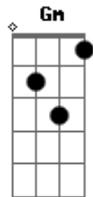
Acordes



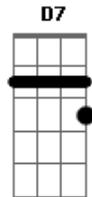
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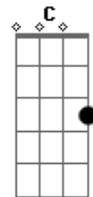
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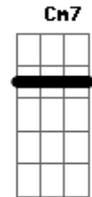
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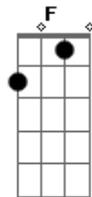
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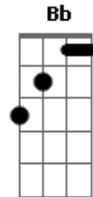
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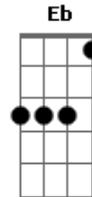
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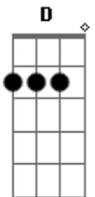
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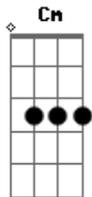
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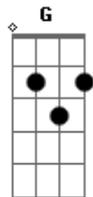
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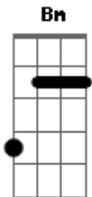
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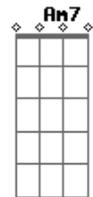
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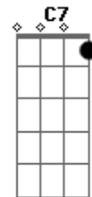
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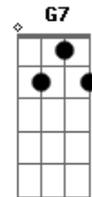
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