

# Os Monarcas - Só No Sábado Que Vem

tom:

Intro: D Eb A  
 Gb7 Bb7  
 A Bm7 E7  
 A D Eb  
 A Gb7 Bm7  
 E7 A

A chamarra solta a chincha no corcôveo  
 Rabonado

E o lampião acende a chama clareando os  
 Quatro costados

Bem sestrosa a cozinha igual mulita da  
 Toca

Com tope de fita e tudo um exemplar  
 De chinoca

E hoje ,penso ligeiro e gasto um eito  
 De prosa

E levo pros meus pelegos essa prendinha  
 Dengosa

E hoje ,penso ligeiro e gasto um eito  
 De prosa

E levo pros meus pelegos essa  
 Prendinha dengosa

(Uma cordeona castiga Lua a lua, sol a

Sol

Começa no lusco fusco e só cala no  
 Arrebol

Uma cordeona castiga Lua a lua, sol a  
 Sol

Começa no lusco fusco e só cala no  
 Arrebol

Entre poeira e brilhantina se foi meu  
 Taco de bota

Surrando o lombo do chão montando nota  
 Por nota

Saudando a barra do dia lá no fundo do  
 Quintal

O galo despertador sola um canto matinal

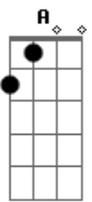
ala-se a velha cordeona dorme um  
 Lampião sonolento

E a prosa que não gastei levo de volta  
 Nos tentos

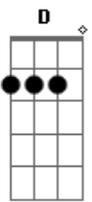
Retorno como cheguei eu, o pingo e mais  
 Ninguém

Porque a resposta da prenda só no  
 Sábado que vem

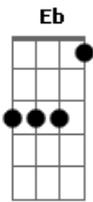
## Acordes



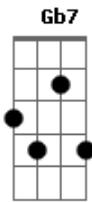
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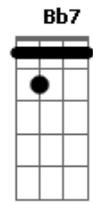
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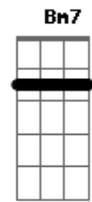
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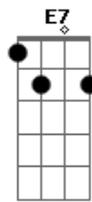
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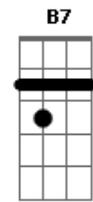
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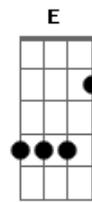
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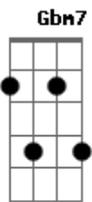
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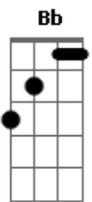
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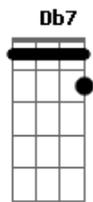
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