

Os Monarcas - Só No Sábado Que Vem

tom:

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

A chamarra solta a chinchá 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

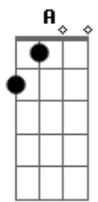
E levo pros meus pelegos essa prendinha
Dengosa

E hoje ,penso ligeiro e gasto um eito
De prosa

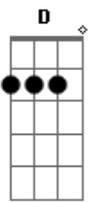
E levo pros meus pelegos essa
Prendinha dengosa

(Uma cordeona castiga Lua a lua, sol a

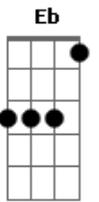
Acordes



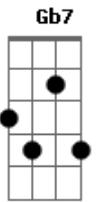
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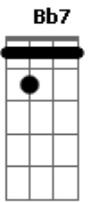
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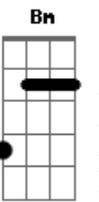
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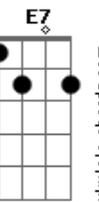
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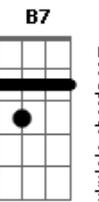
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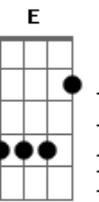
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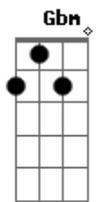
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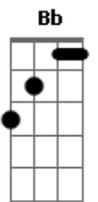
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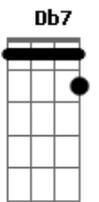
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Sol

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