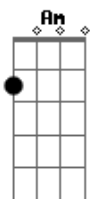


Osvaldir e Carlos Magrão - A Trote

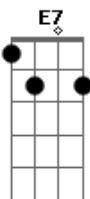
tom:
 Am
 Braseiros no pensamento
 E7
 Escarcéus no coração
 Têm a inconstância do vento
 Am
 E as rédeas soltas na mão
 São potros em reboldosa
 E7
 Em penca desenfreada
 Dm Am B7
 Têm o mundo cor de rosa
 F E7
 E têm a paixão da estrada
 Dm Am
 Não há quem lhes ponha arreio
 Dm Am
 Trazem cismas de bagual
 Dm Am
 São moços, não usam freio
 B7 E7 A
 Maneia, canga ou buçal
 A
 (Mas a vida em seu galope
 Bm
 Não dá alça e corcoveia

E7
 E ensina que andando a trote
 A E7
 A rodada é menos feia)
 Am
 E então qual fruto maduro
 E7
 Que não cai longe do pé
 Vão desfraldando futuro
 Am
 Mesclando razão e fé
 A7
 É a vez de plantar raízes
 Dm
 Ser semente E germinar
 G7
 Ir pincelando matizes
 C E7
 Por onde quer que se andar
 Am
 Tomara que o frio do inverno
 A7 Dm
 Não me pegue distraído
 Am
 E não me apodreça o cerno
 B7 E7
 Morrendo sem ter vivido

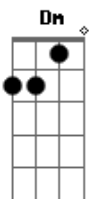
Acordes



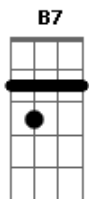
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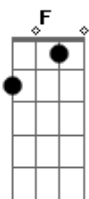
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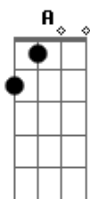
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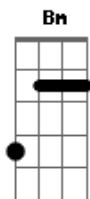
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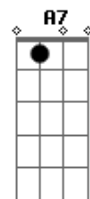
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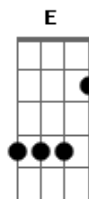
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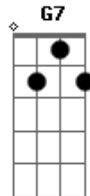
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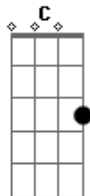
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