

# Terence Martinelli - 78

tom:

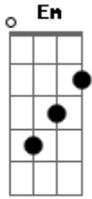
Em

Esse olhar distante e lento é você aqui  
 Não se responde, não se zangue, não reclame assim  
 O frio que corta a alma fere sem saber  
 A navalha tem dois lados puros sem as mãos

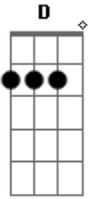
Lave a Áurea e sinta o vento com essa canção

Abdicar do fruto que não tem mais sabor  
 O tempo vai passar com o tempo  
 Alentando teu tormento  
 Já nasceram horizontes  
 E lá de tras do monte ha um campo pra correr

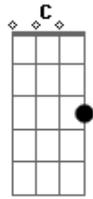
## Acordes



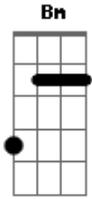
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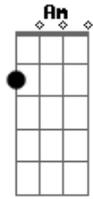
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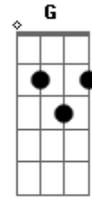
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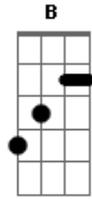
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