

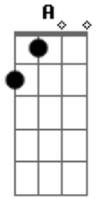
Zezé Motta - Crioula

tom:

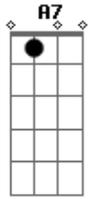
Quando eu penso nela em forma de canção
 Imagino um som que revele, que revele o tom
 Que revele o tom, o tom da cor da sua pele
 Crioula, crioula, crioula

Crioula, crioula, crioula
 Mas quando eu penso nela, o meu coração bate num swing
 Que se passa da cabeça aos pés
 Que corre no sangue, swing que é natural da raça
 Crioula, crioula, crioula
 Crioula, crioula, crioula

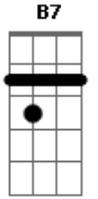
Acordes



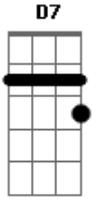
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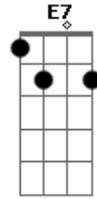
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