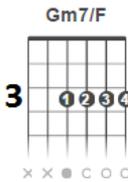
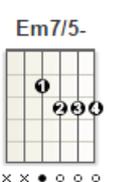
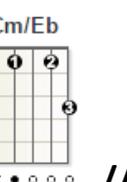
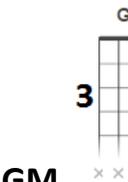
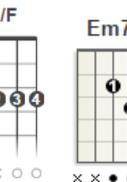
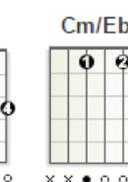


OSWALDO MONTENEGRO

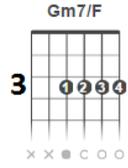
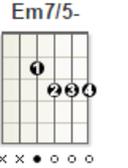
ERGUE O BRACO

GM  **GM**  **GM**  // **GM**  **GM**  **GM** 

GM

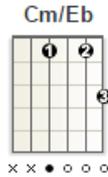
COMO FOSSE UM PAR

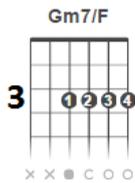
QUE NESSA VALSA TRISTE

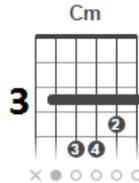
GM  **GM** 

SE DESENVOLVESSE

AO SOM DOS BANDOLINS

GM 

GM 

GM 

E COMO NÃO,

E PORQUE NÃO DIZER

QUE O MUNDO RESPIRAVA MAIS

SE ELA APERTAVA ASSIM

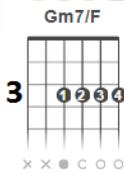
SEU COLO

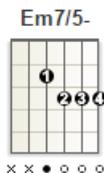
DM
E COMO
D7

EB
SE NÃO FOSSE UM TEMPO
GM

EM QUE JÁ FOSSE IMPRÓPRIO

SE DANÇAR ASSIM

GM 

GM 

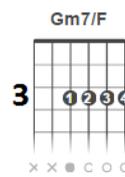
ELA TEIMOU

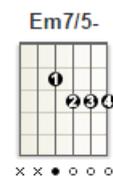
E ENFRETOU O MUNDO

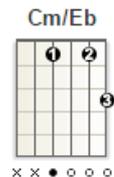
SE RODOPIANDO

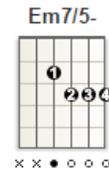
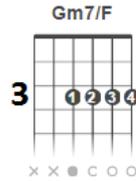
AO SOM DOS BANDOLINS

GM 

GM 

GM 

GM 



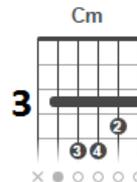
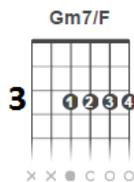
GM

COMO FOSSE UM LAR SEU CORPO À VALSA TRISTE ILUMINAVA



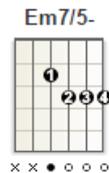
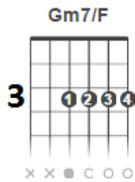
GM

E A NOITE CAMINHAVA ASSIM

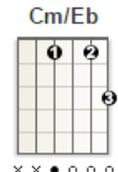
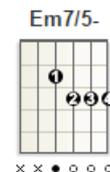
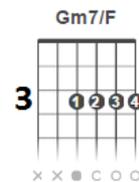
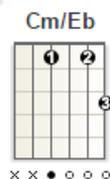


E COMO UM PAR O VENTO E A MADRUGADA ILUMINAVAM
 F Bb
 A FADA DO MEU BOTEQUIM

VALSANDO DM EB
 COMO VALSA UMA CRIANÇA
 D7 GM
 QUE ENTRA NA RODA A NOITE TÁ NO FIM

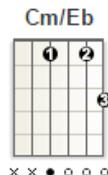
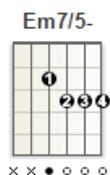
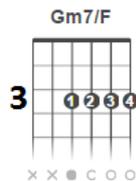


ELA VALSANDO SÓ NA MADRUGADA



GM

SE JULGANDO AMADA AO SOM DOS BANDOLINS



GM

GM

