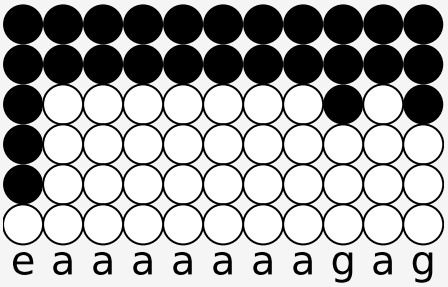
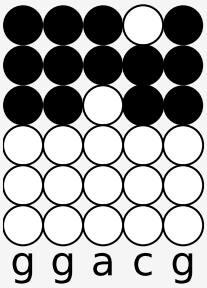
Tin whistle tabs for: Agosto

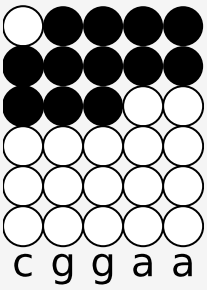
Author/Performer: Heroes del silencio



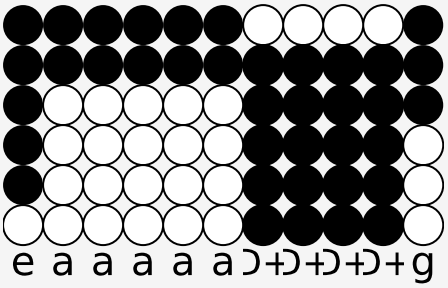
La sangre gitana que llevo dentro



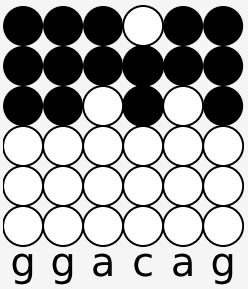
se mezcla en cóctel



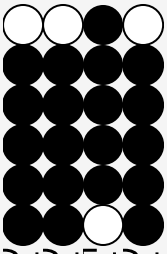
de dulce sabor.



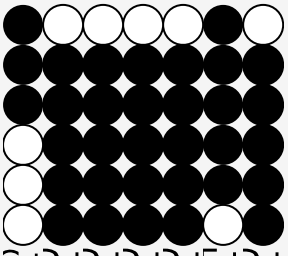
En la sangre gitana que llevo dentro



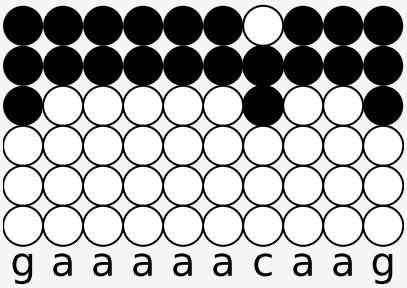
me arde fuego,



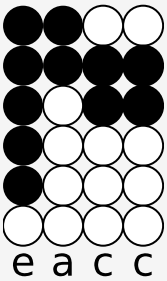
de mis manos,



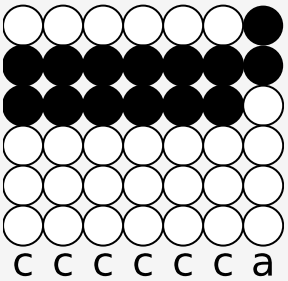
directa al corazón.



Y de madrugada, alma de alhelí,



sobrevuela,



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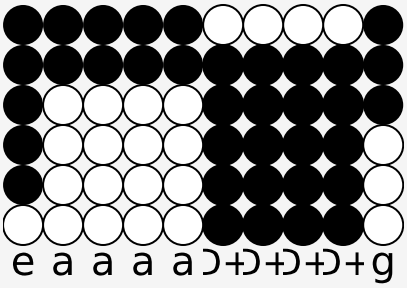

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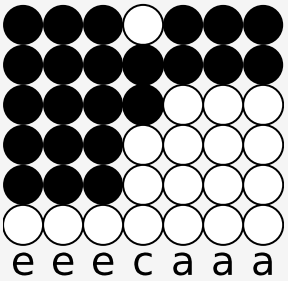
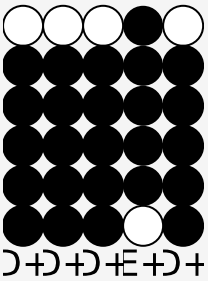
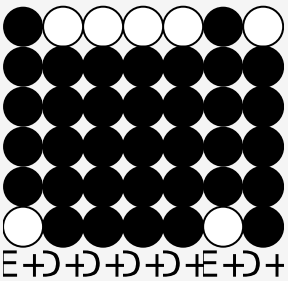


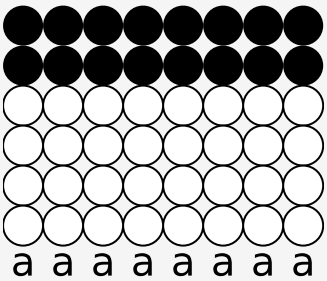
y no lo siento por mí.



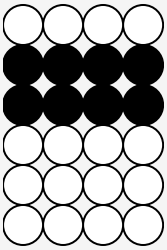
Tarde o temprano



me perderé en cadenas.

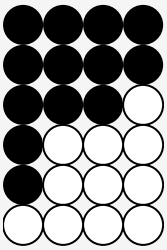


Una vez en la vida



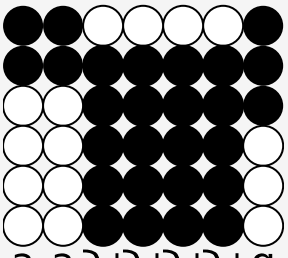
c c c c

debo encontrar



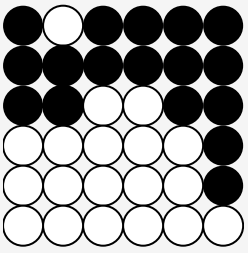
e g g a

dentro de mí



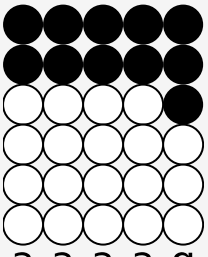
a a Ɔ+Ɔ+Ɔ+Ɔ+g

una noche de agosto



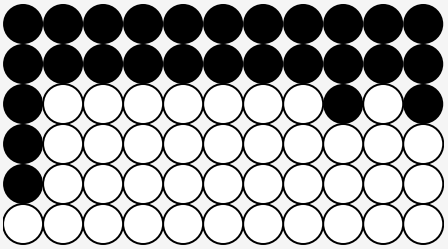
g c a a g e

mi alma perdida



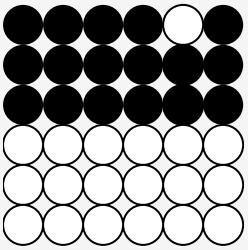
a a a a g

que arrojé al mar.



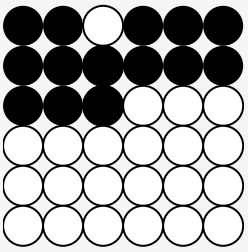
e a a a a a a a g a g

Tierra prometida que nos pertenece



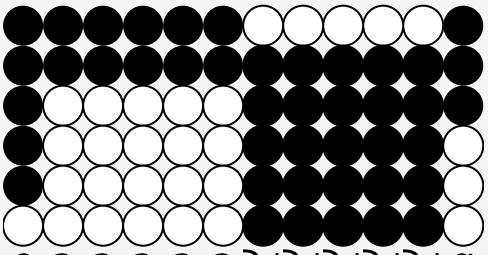
g g g g c g

por obra, por arte,



g g c a a a

y por gracia de dios.



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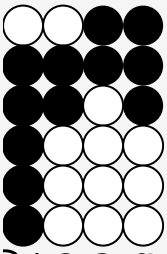
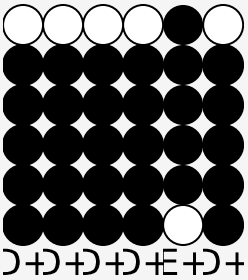
Tierra prometida que nos pertenece,

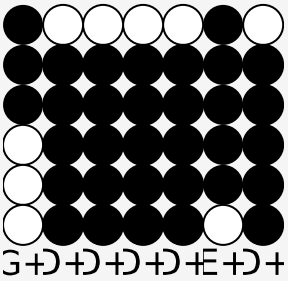


Ɔ+c a g

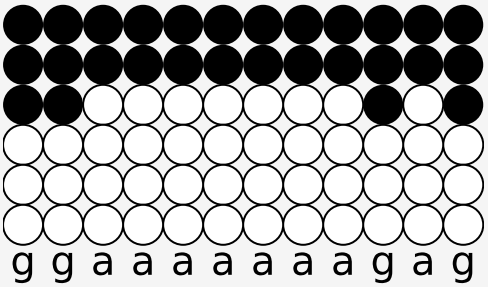
¿qué más nos da



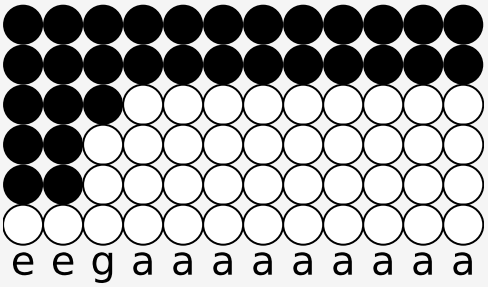
ser moro o cristiano,



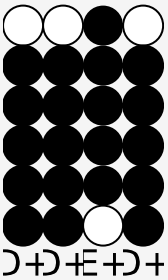
si hay para los dos?



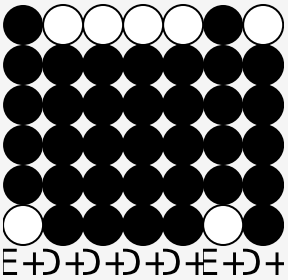
en la sangre gitana que llevo dentro



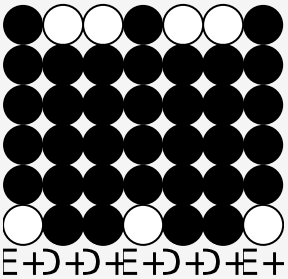
me arde fuego,oooooo



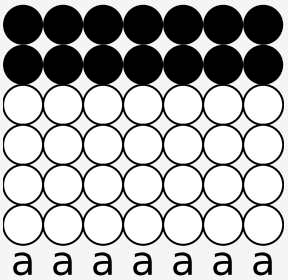
de mis manos,



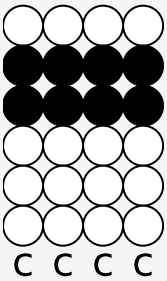
directa al corazón,



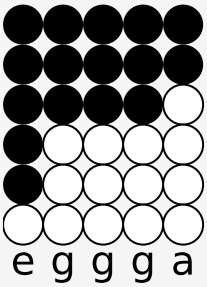
al corazón ...oo



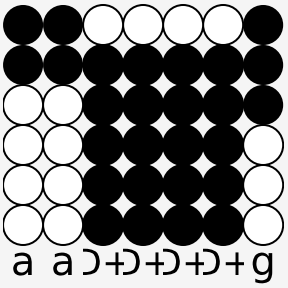
una vez en la vida



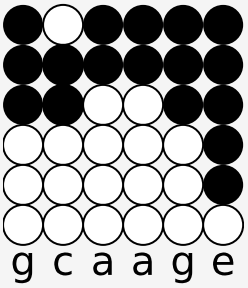
debo encontrar



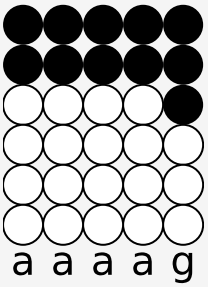
dentro de mí



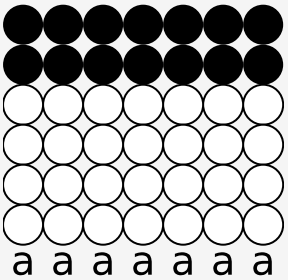
una noche de agosto



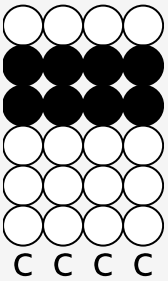
mi alma perdida



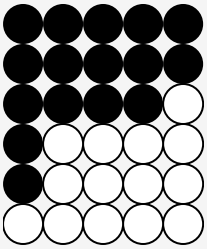
que arrojé al mar.



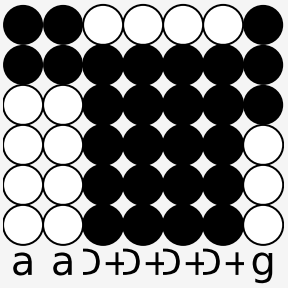
una vez en la vida



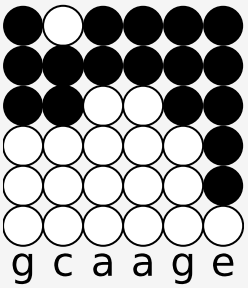
debo encontrar



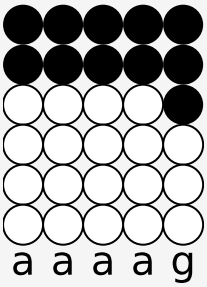
dentro de mí



una noche de agosto



mi alma perdida



que arrojé al mar.