

Ricardo

Mallu Magalhães

**A**

Richard came inside a gas-truck s gear

**F#m**

Hiding from officers

**Bm**

Crossing the limits of the country s fears

**D**

And lying as gossipers

**A**

As he decided to leave the hiding place

**F#m**

To take a walk in the American dream

**Bm**

Felt so scared but he needed some sun on the face

**D**

And in the street officers took him

**A**

Those were hard days for a gambler

**F#m**

Those were hard days for a man

**Bm**

But too hard to remember

**D**

As he hard to leave again

**A**

Richard got rid of Miami low

**F#m**

By deportation and some injuries

**Bm**

When te moreno man

With a punch on the law

**D**

Got in love so tenderly

**A**

Because in the flight he heard a voice

**F#m**

Which latin accent swung his soul

**Bm**

So when they landed, love left no choice

**D**

Had to go with her to Mexico

**A**

Those were good days for a gambler

**F#m**

Those were good days for a man

**Bm**

But too good to remember

**D**

As he hard to leave again

**A**

Richard waited the night

To leave the house of cheer

**F#m**

When she was sleeping safe

**Bm**

Kissed her belly with a guilty tear

**D**

But must get lonely to be rave

**A**

And hit the road looking for something else

**F#m**

But for the first time felt alone

**Bm**

Wanted a place to rest in peace

**D**

**A**

But there s no way back home