

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