

The Ink In The Well

詩人の血

Words and Music by David Sylvian

A Em6/B Em7 Em6/B G6/E Em

Vocal, Chorus & Flügelhorn

Guitar

Keyboard

Bass

Drums

(Brash)

Em6/B Em7 Em6/B Em7

8va Harm

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B Em6/B Em7 Em6/B Em7

The lights of the ash - es smoul - der through hills and vales
 The an - i - mals run through har - vest - ed fields of fire

IX 休み →

Em6/B Em7 Em6/B Em7

Nos - talgi - a burns in the hearts of the strong - est
 The bit - ter - ness shown on the face of the home - less

B Em6/B Em7 Em6/B Em7

Pi - cas - so is paint - ing the ships in the har - bour the wind and
 Pi - cas - so is paint - ing the flames from the hous - es the sud - den

Em6/B Em7 Em6/B Em7

— sails —
— rain — } These are years with a geni- us —

Em6/B Em7 [C] D Em

— for liv - ing — { The rope is cut, the rab-bit is
The rope has been cut, the rab-bit is

IX 休み

Bm C D Em Its

Fire at will in this o - pen sea - son The blood of a po - et, the ink in the

loose }
loose }

Bm all writ - ten down in this **C** age of rea - **G** son

well

Harm.

F#m7 | **1.Em**

Harm.

Harm.

g

D **Em6/B** **Em7** **Em6/B** **Em7**

Em6/B Em7 Em6/B Em7

2.Em (Flügelhorn)

E B Em7 B Em7 B

Em7 6 Em7/B Em7₃ Em7/B

Em7 B/D# Em7 B Em7

B Em7 (Scat) F Em6/B Em7

Em6/B Em7 Em6/B Em7

Em6/B Em7 Em6/B Em7

Fire _____ at will _____

Em6/B Em7 Em6/B (Flügelhorn) Em7

Fire _____ at will _____

Em6/B Em7 Em6/B Em7

Em6/B Em7

Fire _____ at will _____

Em6/B Em7 Em6/D#

rit.



THE INK IN THE WELL

The lights of the ashes smoulder through hills and vales
Nostalgia burns in the hearts of the strongest
Picasso is painting the ships in the harbour
The wind and sails
These are years with a genius for living

Chorus

The rope is cut, the rabbit is loose
(Fire at will in this open season)
The blood of a poet, the ink in the well
(Its all written down in this age of reason)

The animals run through harvested fields of fire
The bitterness shown on the face of the homeless
Picasso is painting the flames from the houses
The sudden rain
These are years with a genius for living

Chorus

The rope has been cut, the rabbit is loose
(Fire at will in this open season)
The blood of a poet, the ink in the well
(Its all written down in this age of reason)

Fire at will

NOSTALGIA

Voices heard in fields of green
Their joy their calm and luxury
Are lost within the wanderings of my mind
I'm cutting branches from the trees
Shaped by years of memories
To exorcise their ghosts from inside of me

The sound of waves in a pool of water
I'm drowning in my nostalgia