

Spellsinger

by Ari

Spell-singer-er sits in the morn - - ing air,___ Sun glints cop-per on long flow-ing hair,___
Fing-ers dance mag-ic on sil - ver strings, Ev-ery-one list-ens when a true bard sings.
Make me a mel-o - dy, sing me a song,___ Make it as sweet as the day is long,___
Make it as fresh as the morn-ing dew, and ea-sy e-nough that a fool like me can
learn to sing like you. I'll give you a mem-ory of flesh on fire and the
dance of my heart-beat as the flames grow higher in trade for the mu-sic just out of my reach,___ for
e-ven a fool has some-thing to teach.___ Make me a mel-o - dy, sing me a song,___
Make it as sweet as the day is long,___ Make it as fresh as the morn-ing dew, and
ea-sy e-nough that a fool like me can learn to play like you. Feel the sun beat-ing down,
feel the heat,___ Feel the earth turn-ing be-neath your feet,___ Feel the wheel spin on which
all life turns, For e-ven a wise man has some-thing to learn.___ Spell-sing-er, please write a song
for me, as high as a moun-tain, as deep as the sea, with a
spell to make this old world seem new, and ea - sy e - nough that a
fool like me can be mag - ic just like you.