PENT-UP EMOTIONS

(Instruments on recording)

♩ = 180

LATIN
Words and music
by Paul Busby
PRS

Flute

Intro. *Bass flute*

Bass

Piano

Em9 F#m7/E

Violins

8va

Em9 F#m7/B

A–pa–thy! Days in a daze without end as I ha–zi–ly

Em9 F#m7/B

Bass simile

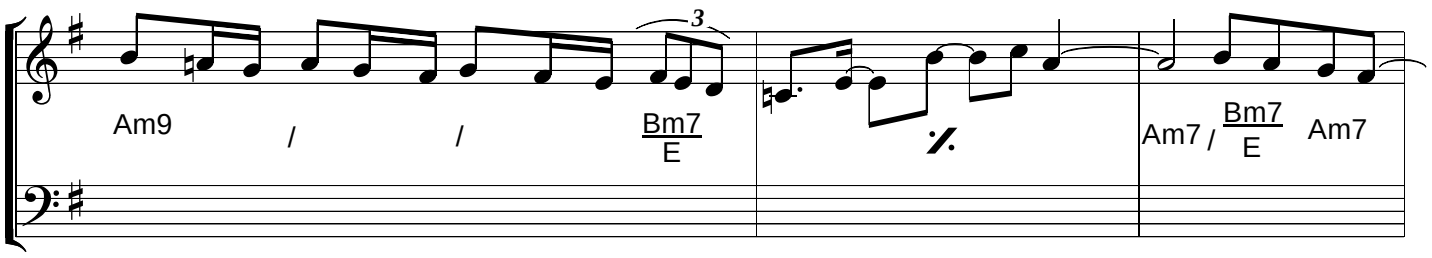
drift on my way. All that is real is the feel of my lips which are

sealed till I can say. Is it me?

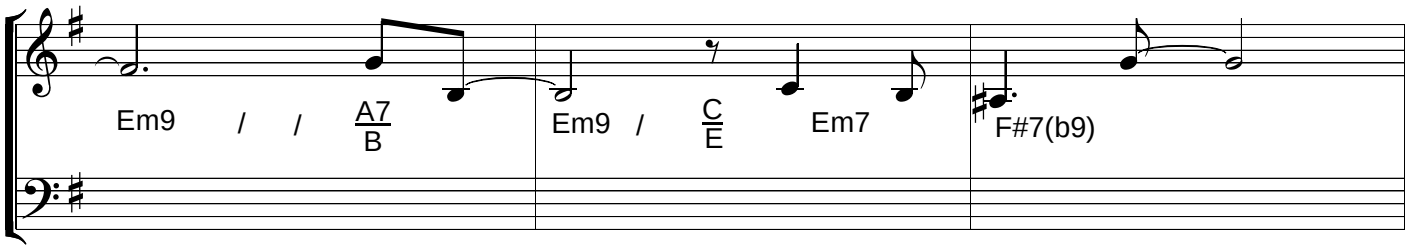
Em9 / F#m7/B Em9

Am9 / / Bm7/E

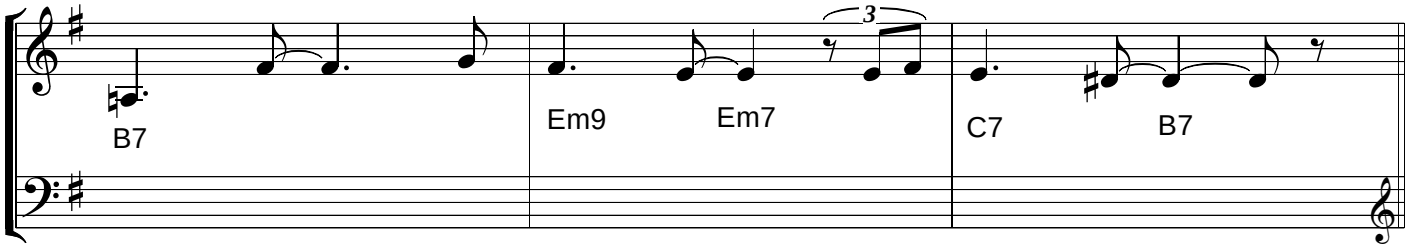
Where is the man with the plans that have finally va—nished clean a—way? Or have they gone



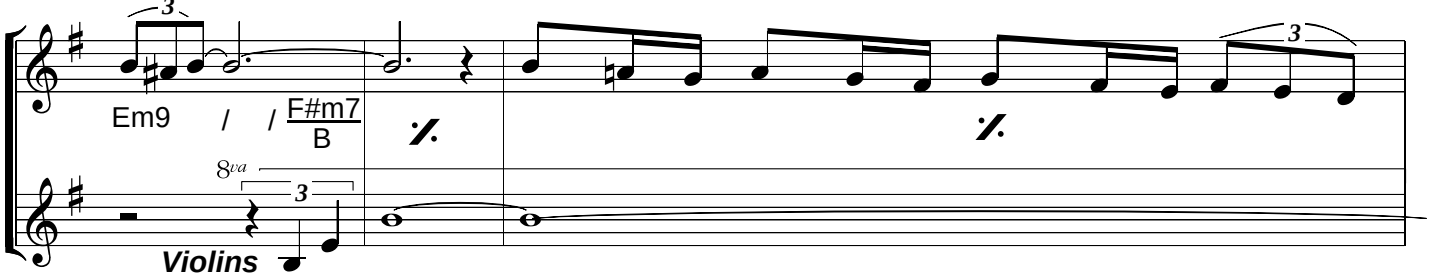
to rest in a—— no———ther



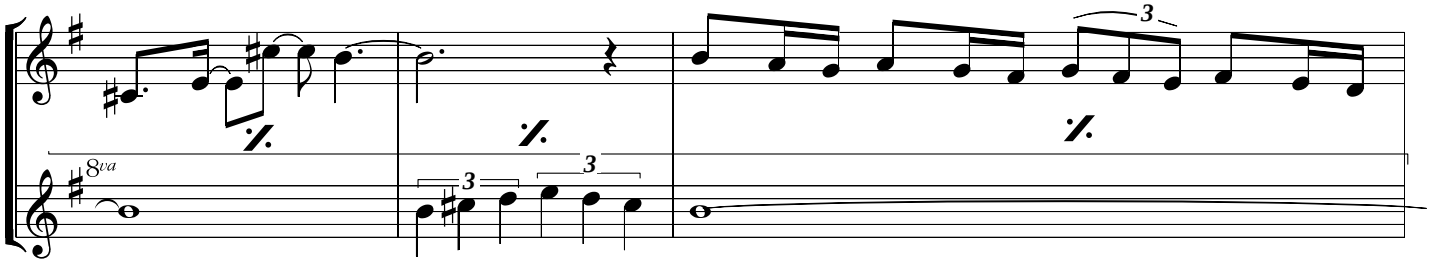
space — time di——men——sion of dis——sen———sion?



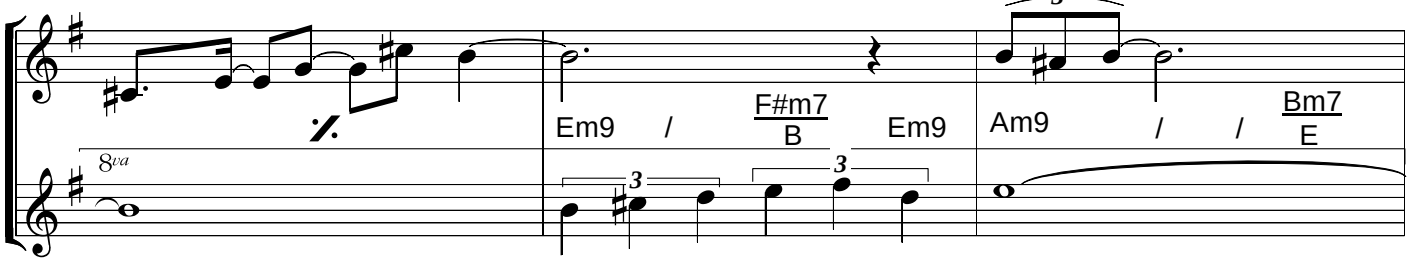
Fan– ta–sy: when I was young all my thoughts lay a–mong the i–



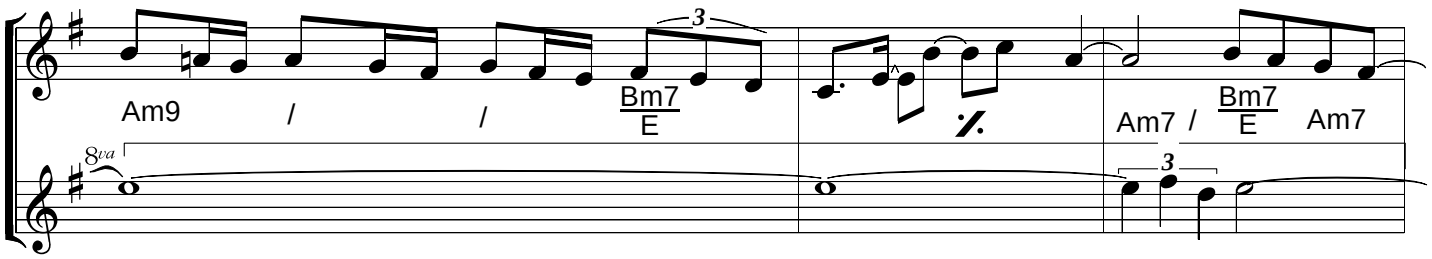
-deals I held tight. Far from the world with a ban ner un–furled I would



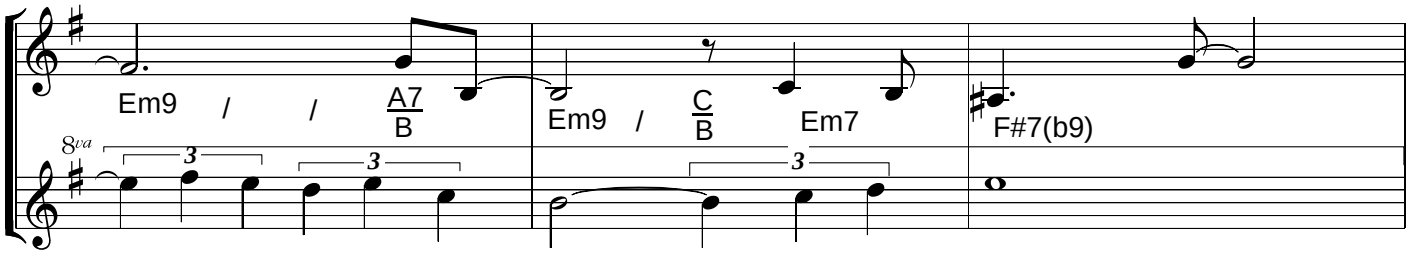
preach in—— to the night. Cer– tain–ty:



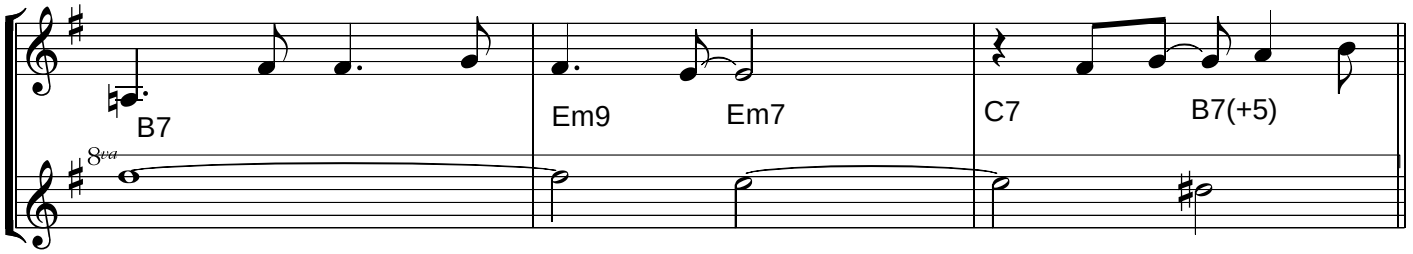
how ev'ry—thing was so ea—sy to put right if on—ly we would fight. But it was not



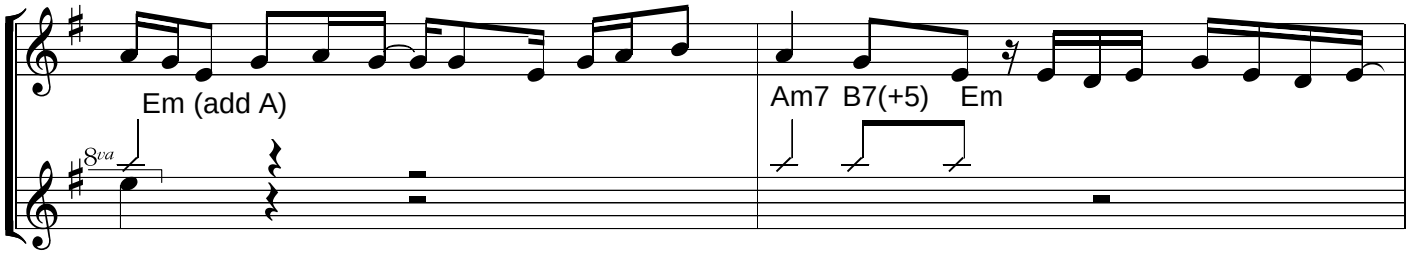
to be: for the years out———



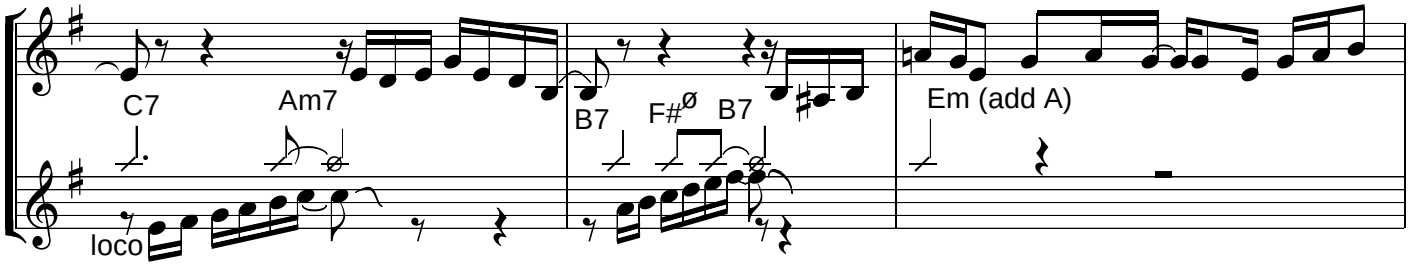
-lived my re———vo——lu———tion. They said that my



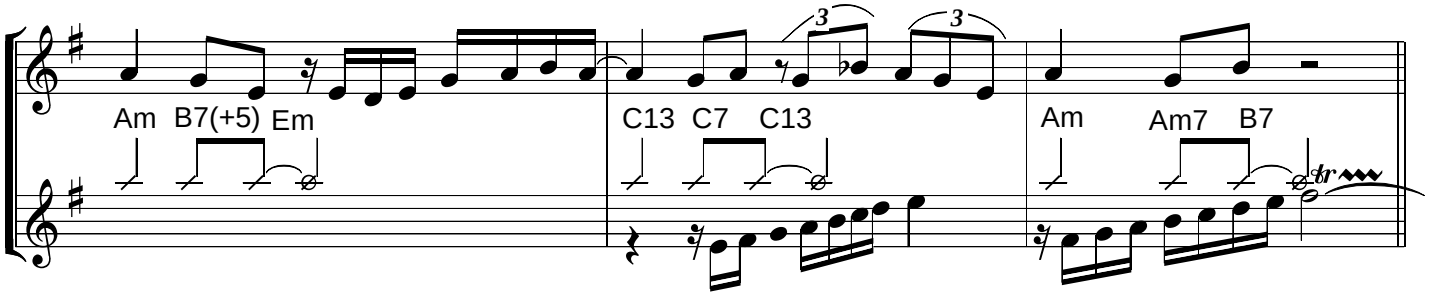
i—de—a—lis—tic na—ture was on ly a pas—sing phase; that I would come to see sense,

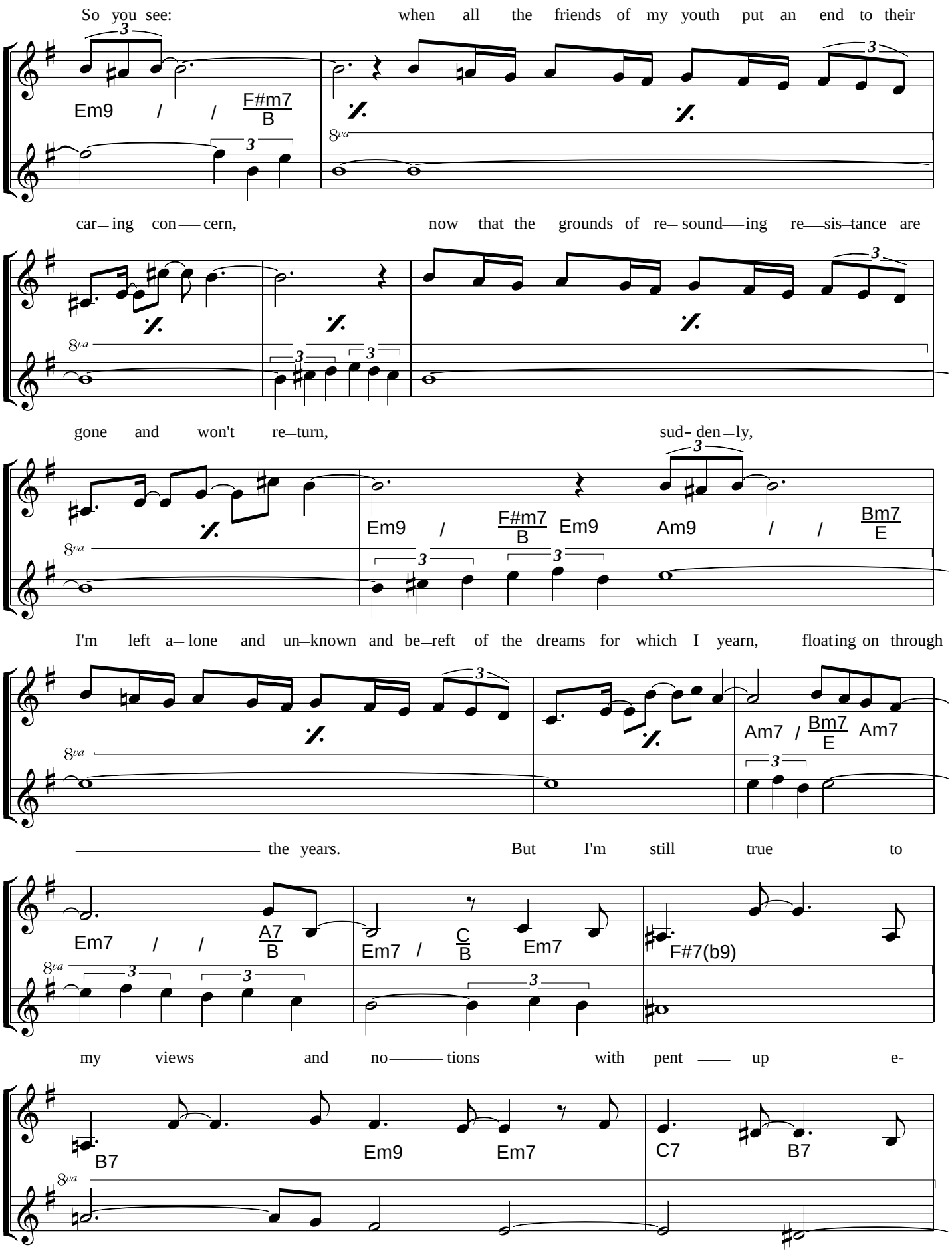


prefer to sit on the fence; that I would rea lise soon there's so much I ne ver would

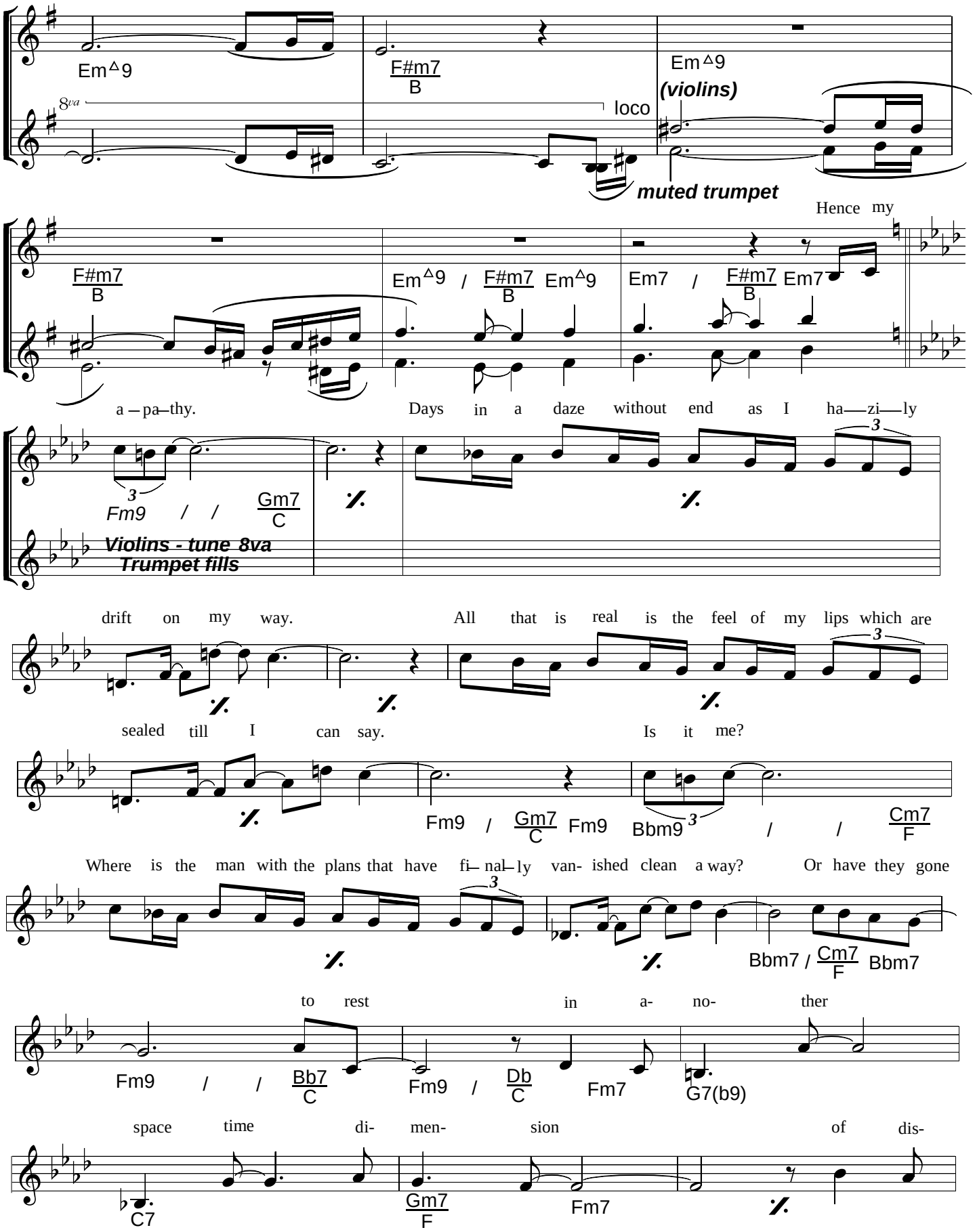


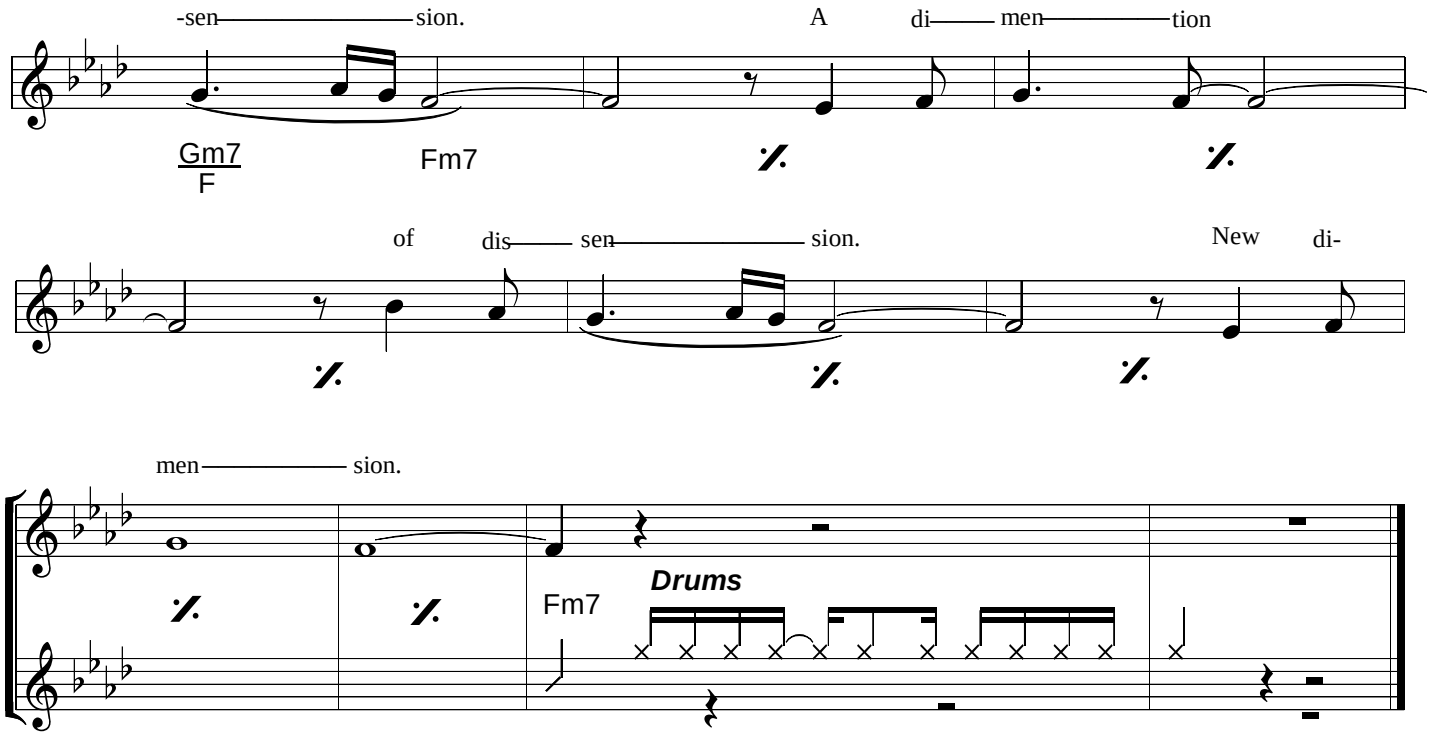
un—der—stand, so many things in our lives demand compro mises and sleighs of hand.




So you see: when all the friends of my youth put an end to their
Em9 / / F#m7 B
car– ing con — cern, now that the grounds of re– sound — ing re — sis–tance are
gone and won't re–turn, sud– den –ly,
Em9 / F#m7 B Em9
Am9 / / Bm7 E
I'm left a– lone and un–known and be–reft of the dreams for which I yearn, floating on through
Am7 / Bm7 E Am7
— the years. But I'm still true to
Em7 / / A7 B
Em7 / C B Em7
F#7(b9)
my views and no — tions with pent — up e-
B7
Em9 Em7
C7 B7

-mo——————————————tions.


Em△9
F#m7
B
Em△9
(violins)
8va
loco
muted trumpet
Hence my
F#m7
B
Em△9 / F#m7 Em△9
Em7 / F#m7 Em7
B
a — pa—thy.
Days in a daze without end as I ha—zi—ly
3
Fm9 / / Gm7
C
Violins - tune 8va
Trumpet fills
drift on my way.
All that is real is the feel of my lips which are
sealed till I can say.
Is it me?
Fm9 / Gm7 Fm9 Bbm9 / / Cm7
C
F
Where is the man with the plans that have fi— nal—ly van- ished clean a way?
Or have they gone
Bbm7 / Cm7 Bbm7
F
to rest
in a- no- ther
Fm9 / / Bb7
C
Fm9 / Db
C
Fm7
G7(b9)
space time di- men- sion
of dis-
C7
Gm7
F
Fm7


-sen sion.
A di men tion
Gm7
F
Fm7
of dis sen sion.
New di-
men sion.
Fm7
Drums

PENT-UP EMOTIONS

Apathy.
Days in a daze without end
As I hazily drift on my way.
All that is left if the feel of my lips
Which are sealed till I can say.
Is it me?
Where is the man with the plans
That have finally vanished clean away,
Or have they gone to rest
In another space-time dimension of dissension?

Fantasy.
When I was young all my thought
Lay among the ideals I held tight.
Far from the world with a banner unfurled
I would preach into the night.
Certainty.
How everything was so easy to put right
If only we would fight,
But it was not to be,
For the years outlived my revolution.

They said that my idealistic nature was only a passing phase,
That I would come to see sense,
Prefer to sit on the fence,
That I would realise soon
There's so much I would never understand.
So many things in our lives
Demand compromises and sleighs of hand.

So you see,
When all the friends of my youth
Put an end to their caring concern,
Now that the grounds of resistance
Are gone and won't return,
Suddenly,
I'm left alone and unknown
And bereft of the dreams
For which I yearn,
Floating on through the years,
But I'm still true to my views and notions
With pent-up emotions.

Hence my apathy.
Days in a daze without end
As I hazily drift on my way.
All that is real is the feel of my lips
Which are sealed till I can say.
Is it me?
Where is the man with the plans
That have finally vanished clean away,
Or have they gone to rest
In another space-time dimension,
A dimension
Of dissention,
New dimension.