

Come On Feel The Illinoise
Sufjan Stevens

Album: Illinoise

Note: Obviously the song is performed on a myriad of instruments, with not a guitar in (or well down in the mix). What I am aiming for here is a simple arrangement of the song that it can be played in its entirety by one person using a guitar. Unlike the piano might want to let some of the notes ring just to create a more sustained sound, it might sound a bit bare.

Feedback is appreciated by sending an email to david dot reen at gmail dot com

Intro: follows the piano line.

C

e	-----	
B	-----0---0-----0---0---	
G	-----1---1---1-----1---1---	x2
D	-----	
A	---3-----3-----	
E	-----	

Verse and prechorus: These are just slight variations on the intro, based around the of Cmaj7 and C. Just keep repeating

Cmaj7	C	
e	-----	-----
B	-----0---0-----0---0p1---	-----0---0-----0---0---
G	-----0---0---0-----0---0---	-----0---0---0-----0---0---
D	-----	-----
A	---3-----3-----	---3-----3-----
E	-----	-----
	x3	x1

Oh great intentions
I ve got the best of interventions
But when the ads come
I think about it now

In my infliction
Entrepreneurial conditions
Take us to glory
I think about it now

Cannot conversations cull united nations?
If you got the patience, celebrate the ancients
Cannot all creation call it celebration?
Or united nation. Put it to your head.

Oh great white city
I ve got the adequate committee
Where have your walls gone?
I think about it now

Chorus: The timing for the chorus is quite strange. If anyone know what the signature is
me know and I ll add it in here. Using downstrokes follow the vocals and use
your left
to mute the chords (I am sure there are lessons online on how to mute the
strings using
left hand)

F Am C E
Chicago, in fashion, the soft drinks, expansion

F C
Oh Columbi-a!

F Am C E
From Paris, incentive, like Cream of Wheat invented,

F C
The Ferris Wheel!

Oh great intentions
Covenant with the imitation
Have you no conscience?
I think about it now

Oh God of Progress
Have you degraded or forgot us?
Where have your laws gone?
I think about it now

Ancient hieroglyphic or the South Pacific
Typically terrific, busy and prolific

Classical devotion, architect promotion
Lacking in emotion. Think about it now.

Chicago, the New Age, but what would Frank Lloyd Wright say?
Oh Columbia!
Amusement or treasure, these optimistic pleasures
Like the Ferris Wheel!

Cannot conversations cull united nations?
If you got the patience, celebrate the ancients

F D
Columbi-a!

The majority of the rest of the song is based around the chords D Bm F#m A.
There is a
of instrmental stuff here that can be left out if playing this song on a guitar
because
will not work with a single guitar. With reference to the D Bm F#m A series of
chords
are two ways to play them. One is just the regular chords and the second is with
the
line added in on top of it. It s pretty obvious which goes where (trumpet goes
mainly
Sufjan singing, chords only version goes with backing singers)

With Trumpet Line

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e|-----5-3-2-2222---5-3-2-2222---5-3-2-2222--5-3-2-2222-----|
B|-----3-3-3-3333---3-3-3-3333---2-2-2-2222--2-2-2-2222-----|
G|-----2-2-2-2222---4-4-4-4444---2-2-2-2222--2-2-2-2222-----|
D|-----0-0-0-0000---4-4-4-4444---4-4-4-4444--2-2-2-2222-----|
A|-----x-x-x-xxxx---2-2-2-2222---4-4-4-4444--0-0-0-0000-----|
E|-----x-x-x-xxxx---2-2-2-2222---2-2-2-2222--0-0-0-0000-----|
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D Bm F#m A
I cried myself to sleep last night
D Bm F#m A
And the ghost of Carl, he approached my window

D Bm F#m A
I was hypnotized, I was asked, To im-pro-vice
D Bm
On the attitude, the regret
F#m A
Of a thousand centuries of death

D Bm
Even with the heart of terror and the superstitious wearer
F#m
I am riding all alone
A
I am writing all alone

Even in my best condition, counting all the superstition
I am riding all alone
I am running all alone

And we laughed at the beatitudes of a thousand lines

We were asked at the attitudes
They reminded us of death

Even with the rest belated, everything is antiquated
Are you writing from the heart?
Are you writing from the heart?

Even in his heart the Devil has to know the water level
Are you writing from the heart?
Are you writing from the heart?

And I cried myself to sleep last night
For the Earth, and materials, they may sound just right to me

Even with the rest belated, everything is antiquated
Are you writing from the heart?
Are you writing from the heart?

Even in his heart the Devil has to know the water level
Are you writing from the heart?
Are you writing from the heart?