

## Language

Suzanne Vega

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
 #This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
 #song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
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LANGUAGE (Suzanne Vega)

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 [I learned this from the book The Authentic Guitar Style of Suzanne Vega, published by Cherry Lane Music. No guitar-playing Suzanne Vega fan should be without it. Buy it; it s only \$12.95, and it has very good transcriptions of eleven songs from Suzanne s first two albums. If your local music store doesn t have it, do a special order or call Hal Leonard (Cherry Lane s distributor) directly; that s how I got it.]

Every chord in this song has exactly four strings in it. Play each chord as an arpeggio of six sixteenth notes (each chord is half of a 12/16 measure.) Here s an example:

A(9)/E	G#/D	C#maj7	Cm7
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-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----
---6---6-----4---4---	---9---9-----7---7---	---9---9-----7---7---	---9---9-----7---7---
--7-----7---5-----5-	--9-----9---7-----7-	--9-----9---7-----7-	--9-----9---7-----7-
7-----5-----	-----	-----	-----
-----	8-----7-----	-----	-----

A(9)/E: x7760x	G#/D: x5540x	C#maj7: 8x990x	Cm7: 7x770x
Bbm9: 5x550x	G#: 3x000x	G#/F: 1x000x	Fsus4: 0x220x
Fsus4/C: x2220x	Gm7(4): 2x220x	G#6(9): 3x220x	Asus9: x0220x
Dm9: x4x440	B(4)/F#: 2xx440	Fmaj7/A: 4xx440	Asus9(#4): x0x440
Eb6(9): x5x400	A(9)/C#: x4x200		

A(9)/E G#/D C#maj7 Cm7 Bbm9 G# G#/F G#  
 [intro]

A(9)/E	G#/D	C#maj7	Cm7	Bbm9	G#	G#/F	G#
If language were liquid, it would be rushing in							
A(9)/E	G#/D	C#maj7	Cm7	Bbm9	G#		G#/F
G#							

Instead here we are, in a silence more eloquent than any word could ever be  
A(9)/E G#/D C#maj7 Cm7 Bbm9 G# G#/F G#

These words are too solid, they don't move fast enough

A(9)/E G#/D C#maj7 Cm7 Bbm9 G# G#/F G#/F

To catch the blur in the brain that flies by and is gone

Fsus4 F#sus4/C F#sus4 F#sus4/C Gm7(4) Gm7(4) G#6(9) G#6(9)

And is gone, and is gone, gone,

Gm7(4) Gm7(4) G#6(9) G#6(9) Asus9 Asus9 Asus9 Asus9

Gone, gone, and is gone

I'd like to meet you in a timeless, placeless place

Somewhere out of context and beyond all consequences

Let's go back to the building on Little West 12th; it is not far away and

the river is there (Words are too solid, they don't move fast enough)

And the sun and the spaces are all laying low, and we'll sit in the silence

that comes rushing in (To catch the blur in the brain that flies by...)

And is gone, and is gone, gone,

Gone, gone, and is gone

Dm9 Dm9 C(4)/G C(4)/F# Fmaj7/A Fmaj7/A Asus9(#4) Asus9(#4)

[instrumental]

Dm9 Dm9 C(4)/G C(4)/F# Fmaj7/A Fmaj7/A Asus9(#4) Asus9(#4)

[instrumental]

Dm9 Dm9 Eb6(9) Eb6(9) Bb(9)/D Bb(9)/C# Eb6(9) Eb6(9)

[instrumental]

A(9)/E G#/D C#maj7 Cm7

[instrumental]

I won't use words again, they don't mean that I meant, they don't say  
what I said

It's just the crust of the meaning with realms underneath, never touched,  
never stirred, never even moved through

If language were liquid, it would be rushing in

A(9)/E G#/D C#maj7 Cm7 Bbm9 G# G#/F

G#/F

Instead here we are in a silence more eloquent than any word could ever be

Fsus4 F#sus4/C F#sus4 F#sus4/C Gm7(4) Gm7(4) G#6(9) G#6(9)

And is gone, gone,

Gm7(4) Gm7(4) G#6(9) G#6(9) Asus9 Asus9 Asus9 Asus9

Gone, gone, and is gone [repeat and fade]