

Language

Suzanne Vega

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
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#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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LANGUAGE (Suzanne Vega)

[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:

Table with 4 columns: A(9)/E, A/D, Dmaj7, C#m7. Each column shows a 6-string guitar fretboard diagram with fingerings for the respective chord.

- A(9)/E: x7760x
Bm9: 5x550x
F#sus4/C#: x2220x
Ebm9: x4x440
E6(9): x5x400
A/D: x5540x
A: 3x000x
G#m7(4): 2x220x
B(4)/F#: 2xx440
A(9)/C#: x4x200
Dmaj7: 8x990x
A/F: 1x000x
A6(9): 3x220x
F#maj7/Bb: 4xx440
C#m7: 7x770x
F#sus4: 0x220x
Asus9: x0220x
Asus9(#4): x0x440

A(9)/E A/D Dmaj7 C#m7 Bm9 A A/F A
[intro]

A(9)/E A/D Dmaj7 C#m7 Bm9 A A/F A
If language were liquid, it would be rushing in
A(9)/E A/D Dmaj7 C#m7 Bm9 A A/F A
Instead here we are, in a silence more eloquent than any word could ever be

A(9)/E A/D Dmaj7 C#m7 Bm9 A A/F A
 These words are too solid, they don't move fast enough
 A(9)/E A/D Dmaj7 C#m7 Bm9 A A/F A/F
 To catch the blur in the brain that flies by and is gone
 F#sus4 F#sus4/C# F#sus4 F#sus4/C# G#m7(4) G#m7(4) A6(9) A6(9)
 And is gone, and is gone, gone,
 G#m7(4) G#m7(4) A6(9) A6(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

Ebm9 Ebm9 C#(4)/G# C#(4)/F# F#maj7/Bb F#maj7/Bb Asus9(#4) Asus9(#4)
 [instrumental]
 Ebm9 Ebm9 C#(4)/G# C#(4)/F# F#maj7/Bb F#maj7/Bb Asus9(#4) Asus9(#4)
 [instrumental]
 Ebm9 Ebm9 E6(9) E6(9) B(9)/Eb B(9)/C# E6(9) E6(9)
 [instrumental]
 A(9)/E A/D Dmaj7 C#m7
 [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 A/D Dmaj7 C#m7 Bm9 A A/F A/F
 Instead here we are in a silence more eloquent than any word could ever be
 F#sus4 F#sus4/C# F#sus4 F#sus4/C# G#m7(4) G#m7(4) A6(9) A6(9)
 And is gone, gone,
 G#m7(4) G#m7(4) A6(9) A6(9) Asus9 Asus9 Asus9 Asus9
 Gone, gone, and is gone [repeat and fade]