

Language

Suzanne Vega

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#-----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)

[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	A/D	Dmaj7	C#m7
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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-----	8-----7-----	8-----7-----

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

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]