



Suzanna Vega

solitude
standing

Edited by Milton Okun

SPECIAL FOLD-OUT
INSIDE



Gary Green

CONTENTS

3 SUZANNE VEGA by Billy Altman

5 Luka

10 Solitude Standing

15 Night Vision

21 In the Eye

26 Language

33 Calypso

40 Gypsy

48 Wooden Horse (Caspar Hauser's Song)

56 Ironbound/Fancy Poultry

62 Tom's Diner

64 Tom's Diner (Reprise)



SUZANNE VEGA

"I suppose that the things that interest me most are character and place," says Suzanne Vega, the New York-based recording artist whose distinctive songwriting talent and eclectic musical approach have brought her both national and international acclaim in the two short years since the release of her stunning debut A&M album in April of 1985.

"I'm always curious about the atmosphere that people come from, and not so much what they do but why they do it," she stresses. If striving for getting beneath the surface and uncovering those private feelings and secret thoughts that all people harbor within themselves is a theme that seems to recur throughout many of her songs, that's only understandable, since she is someone who knows all too well that our perception of things can often be quite different than what they actually are.

To be sure, there has been, since virtually the beginning of her professional career, much more to Suzanne Vega than meets the eye. Watching her performing alone on the small stages of various Greenwich Village clubs several years ago, with nothing but her own acoustic guitar serving as musical accompaniment, her earliest supporters could certainly be forgiven if, in their enthusiasm, they mistook her for the kind of *traditional* folk singer she never really claimed, nor sought, to be.

"When I first started playing in clubs in the early Eighties," she recalls, "my perspective must have seemed very strange. At the time, I wasn't quite sure where I fit in, with music, with the world. I knew that I was aiming for something, but I wasn't really sure what it was. I knew it wasn't folk, necessarily, although there were a lot of things that I liked about early folk—Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston, for instance—because it was real and you could tell it was real. It wasn't real for me personally—I certainly didn't know anything about freight trains—but you could tell from listening that these people had been there, and that there was no pretentiousness about them. But after I started performing regularly, suddenly there was all this press calling me a folk singer, even though I didn't think that a

song like, say "Cracking," could really be construed as a folk song. After all, it wasn't exactly 'Wild Mountain Thyme.' "

Suzanne's "perspective" ("I think it's probably my favorite word right now," she says) at the time was that of a young woman barely into her twenties, a woman who, though she hardly looked it, had been raised in the tough neighborhoods of New York City, who'd been a serious dance student for almost a decade, and who was working in theatre while majoring in English at Barnard College. Although Suzanne grew up in a home where the tastes in music leaned heavily towards folk ("When I was young, the whole aura around singer/songwriters like Dylan, Paul Simon and Leonard Cohen was very strong") and jazz ("I remember listening to a lot of Astrud Gilberto and Brazilian music"), and as a teenager had done some performing at church basement-type coffeehouses where "they'd give you a plate of brownies and a cup of juice after you played," she is quick to point out that her philosophy in regard to songwriting was profoundly influenced by a rock 'n' roll concert by former Velvet Underground leader Lou Reed that she witnessed in late 1979.

"At the time," she notes, "everybody around me was into punk and new wave, but I just wasn't paying much attention to it. I barely even knew who Lou Reed was—I remember asking the guy who wanted to take me if he had any hits, and he said, "Walk on the Wild Side," and I think I went because I at least knew that one song. He was being really aggressive and hostile towards the audience, and I just thought, 'What is going on here?' But there were a few songs that he did that night that really got to me, songs like "Heroin" and "Caroline Says Part II" that I found I just couldn't stop thinking about. And the concert really wound up having a great effect on me, because afterwards I didn't see songs, or songwriting, in the same light. For the first time it occurred to me that you could write a song using only one chord and say anything you wanted to over it, and someone just might listen to it. Before that, I always felt that songs had to make sense, have some kind of narrative, be some-

how traditional in structure. But Lou Reed was writing in a very different way, and about things that I knew about. So it was a shock of recognition and realization at the same time—that you could not only write a song any way you felt like, but that you could also write about anything you felt like."

As both her writing style and self-confidence developed and grew, Suzanne began to regularly venture down to Greenwich Village, and at clubs like the Speakeasy and the legendary Folk City she found a sympathetic and nurturing environment made up of musicians and listeners who shared her belief in the integrity of "intelligent music that takes risks." She quickly began to draw sizeable audiences and rave notices for her shows in New York and Boston and, as the breadth of her songwriting skills became increasingly apparent and her musical horizons expanded, the simple tag of "folk singer" ceased to fit. "One of the most distinctively original performers in the entire pop realm" was the way one local critic put it—a description that seemed much better suited for the author of such far afield compositions as the rap-like "Cracking," the jazz-tinged "Freeze Tag," and the ballad-styled "The Queen and the Soldier."

These songs, as well as such stellar works as the reflective "Marlene on the Wall," the atmospheric and dusky "Small Blue Thing," and the graceful, free-falling "Some Journey," can all be found on Suzanne's self-titled first album, which was carefully and sympathetically produced by engineer (and, along with Ron Fierstein, co-manager) Steve Addabbo and former Patti Smith Group guitarist Lenny Kaye. On it, Suzanne's voice and guitar were sensitively complemented by the elements of a full-scale electric band, and the experience ultimately led to her decision to tour with a complete backup group. "You get a sense of energy with a band that I never quite understood until I was playing inside of one," she says, "There's a rough edge that I simply couldn't get on my own that I think comes through now, and I'm happy for that."

While the *Suzanne Vega* LP received uniformly excellent reviews and a significant commercial response in the United States—given the strict formats of most American radio stations, and the general climate for music that may initially seem to be somewhat, er, left of center, Suzanne feels that "it's actually done much better than I thought it ever would"—the album was an overwhelming and unqualified success in Europe. "In some ways, I wasn't all that surprised about doing well over there," she admits. "Many of the people I like—Leonard Cohen, Laurie Anderson—have always tended to do better in Europe, so it kind of makes sense to me." In England, in fact, Suzanne has become quite a major star, to the extent that a British tour last fall included two sold-out performances at London's fabled

Albert Hall, and a half-hour BBC television show culled from footage of the concerts drew an estimated audience of over two and a half million viewers. "I spent a summer in England in 1979," she says, "and I was really very inspired by the country's style. I remember wishing that I could somehow make an impact there. So in many ways, the response I've gotten in England has been very, very gratifying."

Still, becoming a star—and, inevitably, a celebrity—is not something that Suzanne is sure she's necessarily comfortable with, at least not yet. And in an age of big stars possessing even bigger egos, Suzanne Vega's impressive talents as a singer, songwriter, and performer are perhaps matched only by her equally impressive

perspective on the trappings of fame. While her brand new album, *Solitude Standing*, featuring such stand-out tracks as the provocative "Luka," the playful "Tom's Diner," the sinewy "Night Vision," and the foreboding "In the Eye," is certain to bring her not only more critical support but also a more expansive popularity than ever before, Suzanne Vega remains a refreshingly unassuming artist whose dedication is first and foremost, to the work at hand.

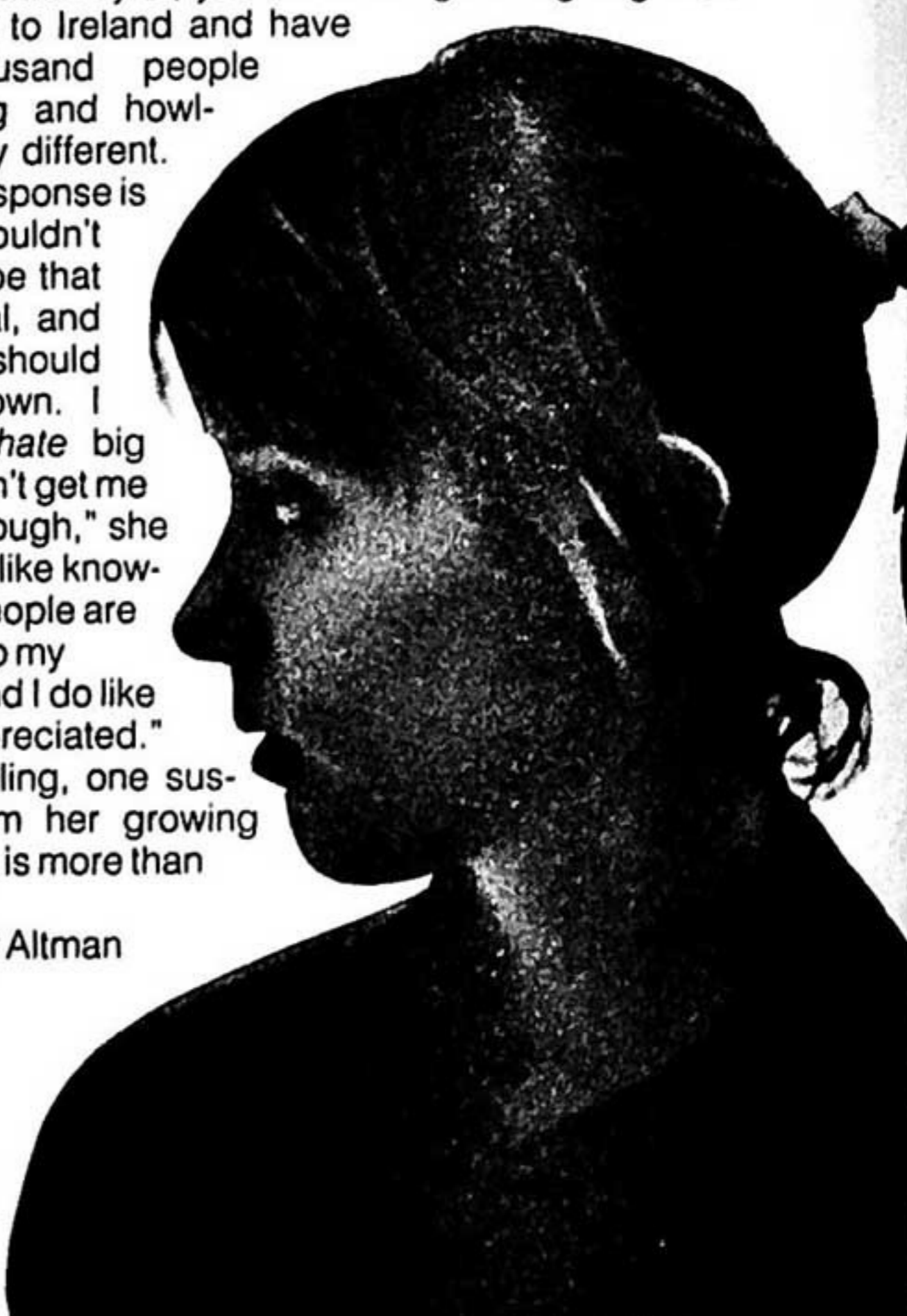
"When I'm performing at a concert and I finish my set and I see people getting all excited, I always feel a bit ambivalent," she confesses. "There's a part of me that

says, 'Be happy for this,' and another part that just feels distracted, that wants to say to the audience, 'Hey, calm down, alright?' In New York, if you stand up and they just look at you, you know things are going well. But to go to Ireland and have two thousand people screaming and howling is very different. My first response is that I couldn't possibly be that big a deal, and that they should all sit down. I mean, I hate big deals. Don't get me wrong, though," she laughs. "I like knowing that people are listening to my songs. And I do like being appreciated."

The feeling, one suspects from her growing audience, is more than mutual.

—Billy Altman

"For the first time it occurred to me that you could write a song using only one chord and say anything you wanted to over it, and someone just might listen. Before that, I always felt that songs had to make sense, have some kind of narrative, be somehow traditional in structure."



LUKA

Music and Lyrics by Suzanne Vega

Moderately bright

mf

Guitar (capo 1st fret) → E

Piano → F

Bsus4
Csus4

Asus2
Bbsus2

Bsus4
Csus4

C#m7
Dm7

Bsus4
Csus4

C#m7
Dm7

Bsus4
Csus4

Asus2
Bbsus2

Bsus4
Csus4

Asus2
Bbsus2

Bsus4
Csus4

*Recorded a half step higher.

E
F

Bsus4
Csus4

Asus2
Bb sus2

1.4. My name is
2. I think it's
3. Yes, I

Lu - ka.
'cause I'm
think I'm

clum - sy.
o - kay.

I live on the
I try not to
I walked in - to the

Bsus4
Csus4

E
F

Bsus4
Csus4

sec - ond floor.
talk too loud.
door a - gain.

I live up - stairs from you.—
May - be it's be - cause I'm cra - zy.—
If you ask, that's what I'll say.

Asus2
Bb sus2

Bsus4
Csus4

C#m7
Dm7 4fr.

Yes, I think you've
I try not to
And it's not your

seen me be - fore.—
act too proud.
bus'-ness an - y - way.

If you hear
They on - ly
I guess I'd

Bsus4
Csus4

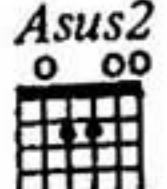
C#m7
Dm7 4fr.

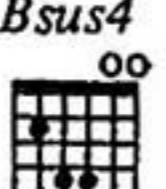
Bsus4
Csus4

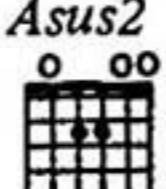
some - thing late — at night,
hit un - til — you cry.
like to be — a - lone,


some kind of
Af - ter
with noth - ing

trou - ble, some kind of fight,—
that you don't ask why.—
bro - ken, noth - ing thrown.

Asus2

Bb sus2

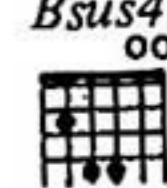
Bsus4

Csus4

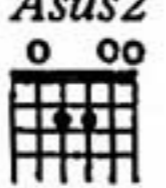
Asus2

Bb sus2

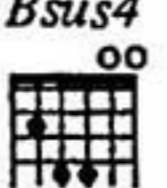


just don't ask me what it was,
 You just don't ar gue an - y - more,
 Just don't ask me how I am,


just don't ask
 you just don't ar -
 just don't ask

Bsus4

Csus4

Asus2

Bb sus2


Bsus4

Csus4

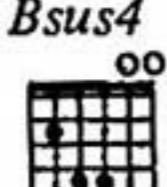
4th time to Coda

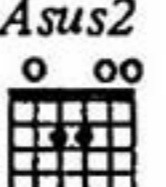


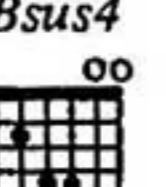
me what it was,
 gue an - y - more,
 me how I am,


just don't ask me what it was.
 you just don't ar - gue an - y - more.
 just don't ask me how I am.

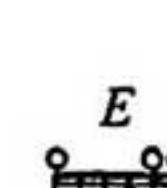
E

F

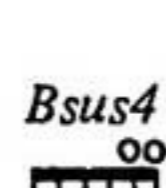
Bsus4

Csus4

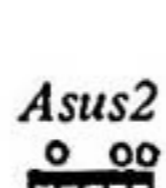
Asus2

Bb sus2

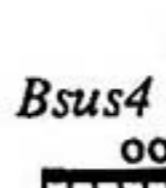
Bsus4

Csus4





E

F

Bsus4

Csus4

Asus2

Bb sus2

Bsus4

Csus4

D.S. (with repeat) al Coda 



Coda
 Asus2
 Bb sus2

Bsus4
 Csus4

C#m7
 Dm7

just don't ask me what it was. And they on - ly — hit —

Bsus4
 Csus4

C#m7
 Dm7

Bsus4
 Csus4

un - til you cry. Af - ter that you don't — ask —

Asus2
 Bb sus2

Bsus4
 Csus4

Asus2
 Bb sus2

why. You just don't ar - gue — an - y - more, — you just don't ar -

Bsus4
 Csus4

Asus2
 Bb sus2

Bsus4
 Csus4

gue an - y - more, — you just don't ar - gue an - y - more..

E

F

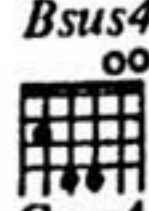
Bsus4


Csus4

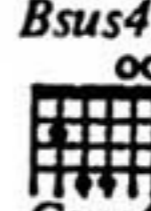
Asus2


Bbsus2



Bsus4

Csus4

E

F

Bsus4

Csus4



Asus2

Bbsus2

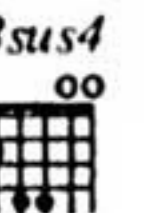
Bsus4

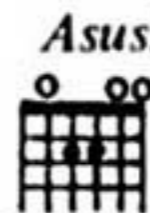
Csus4

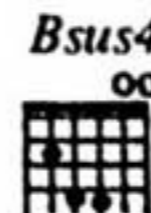
C#m7

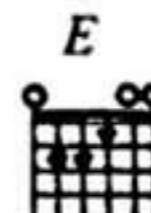
Dm7 4fr.




Bsus4

Csus4

Asus2

Bbsus2

Bsus4

Csus4

E

F

rit.



SOLITUDE STANDING

Lyrics by Suzanne Vega
 Music by Suzanne Vega, Michael Visceglia,
 Anton Sanko, Marc Shulman
 and Stephen Ferrera

Moderately bright

N.C.

Amsus2

Am9

B(no3rd)/A

Amsus2

1. Sol - i - tude stands by the win - dow. She turns her head as I
 2.4. Sol - i - tude stands in the door - way. I'm struck once a - gain by her
 3. turn to the crowd as they're watch - ing. They're sit - ting all to - geth - er in the

walk in the room. I can see by her eyes she's been wait - ing,
 black sil - hou - ette, by her long, cool stare and her si - lence. I
 dark, in the warm. I want - ed to be in there a - mong them. I

Am9
 xo oo 5fr.

stand - ing in the slant of the late af - ter - noon, and she
 sud - den - ly re - mem - ber are each time we've met, and she
 see how their eyes are gath - ered in - to one. Then she } turns to me with her

B(no3rd)/A
 xo ox

hand ex - tend - ed. Her palm is split with a flow - er with a flame.

Amsus2
 xo oo

Am9
 4th time to Coda II xo oo 5fr.

B(no3rd)/A
xo ox

Am9
xo oo 5fr.

B(no3rd)/A
xo ox

Amsus2
xo oo

R.H.

Amsus2
xo oo

And she says, "I've

Amsus2/G
o oo

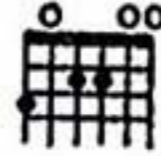
Am(no3rd)/F
o xxx

Amsus2
xo oo

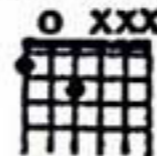
come to set a twist - ed thing straight."

And she says, "I've

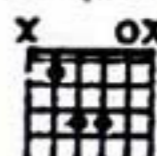
Amsus2/G



Am(no3rd)/F

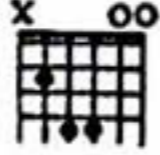


C#m7(no3rd)

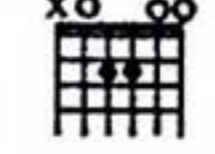


come to light - en this dark heart." And she takes my

Bsus4

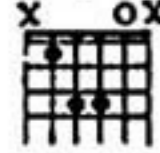


Amsus2

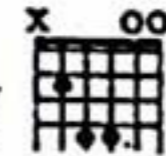


wrist. I feel her im - print - of - fear.

C#m7(no3rd)



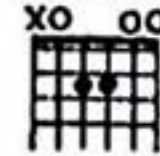
Bsus4



2nd time to Coda I

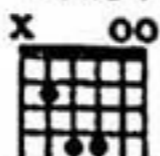
And I said, "I nev - er thought of find - ing you

Amsus2



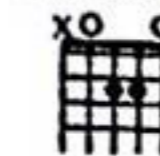
D.S.(no repeat) al Coda I

Bsus4



Coda I

Amsus2



D.S. al Coda II

here." And I

find - ing you here."

Coda II Am9
xo oo 5fr.

B(no3rd)/A
xo ox

Am9
xo oo 5fr.

B(no3rd)/A
xo ox

Am9
xo oo 5fr.

B(no3rd)/A
xo ox

Repeat and fade

NIGHT VISION

Lyrics by Suzanne Vega
 Music by Suzanne Vega
 and Anton Sanko

Moderately bright

Guitar → *Am add2*
 (capo 2nd fret)

Em7(no 3rd)

Am add2

Piano → *Bm add2*

F#m7(no 3rd)

Bm add2

mp legato
sim.
 sustain notes in L.H.

Em7(no 3rd)

Fadd#4

G6

F#m7(no 3rd)

Gadd#4

A6

Fadd#4

E7sus4

E7

Am add2

Gadd#4

F#7sus4

F#7

Bm add2

By day give

Em7(no 3rd)

Am add2

Em7(no 3rd)

F#m7(no 3rd)

Bm add2

F#m7(no 3rd)

thanks, by night be - ware.

Fadd#4
 x o x
 Gadd#4

G6
 o o x
 A6

Fadd#4
 x o x
 Gadd#4

Half the world in sweet - ness, the oth - er in

E7sus4
 o o o o
 F#7sus4

E7
 o o o o
 F#7

Am add2
 x o x
 5fr
 Bm add2

Em7(no 3rd)
 x o o x
 7fr
 F#m7(no 3rd)

fear. When the dark - ness The ta - ble, takes you with her the gui - tar,

Am add2
 x o x
 5fr
 Bm add2

Em7(no 3rd)
 x o o x
 7fr
 F#m7(no 3rd)

Fadd#4
 x o x
 Gadd#4

hand a - cross your face, don't give in too - the emp - ty glass, all will blend to -

G6
 o o x
 A6

Fadd#4
 x o x
 Gadd#4

E7sus4
 o o o o
 F#7sus4

E7
 o o o o
 F#7

quick - ly. Find the thing she's e - rased. geth - er when the day - light has passed.

Fmaj9-5

Gmaj9-5

G6

A6

Fmaj9-5

Gmaj9-5

Find the line, find the shape through the grain.

E7sus4

F#7sus4

E7

F#7

Fmaj9-5

Gmaj9-5

G6

A6

Find the out-line and things will

Fmaj9-5

Gmaj9-5

1.
E7sus4

F#7sus4

E7

F#7

2.
E7sus4

F#7sus4

E7

F#7

tell you their name.

E7sus4

F#7sus4

E7

F#7

Cmaj7add#4

Dmaj7add#4

Now I watch you fall-ing in-to

C#m7
x 00 4fr
D#m7

Cmaj7add#4
x 000
Dmaj7add#4

sleep, _____ watch your fist un -

C#m7
x 00 4fr
D#m7

curl a - gainst the sheet, _____

Cmaj7add#4
x 000
Dmaj7add#4

Gmaj7
x 0x
Amaj7

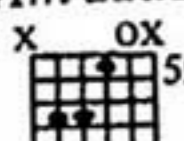
watch your lips fall o - pen and your eyes

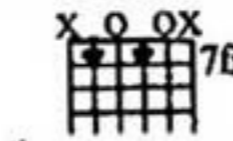
Fmaj7
x x0
Gmaj7

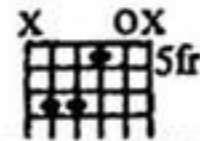
E7sus4
0 0 00
F#7sus4

E7
0 0 00
F#7


dim in blind faith.

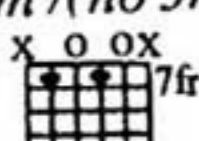
Am add2

Bm add2

Em7(no 3rd)

F#m7(no 3rd)

Am add2

Bm add2

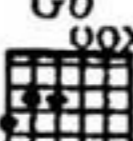
I would shel - ter you and keep you _____ in



Em7(no 3rd)

F#m7(no 3rd)

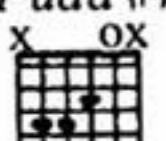
Fadd#4

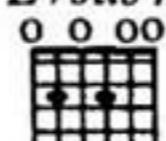
Gadd#4

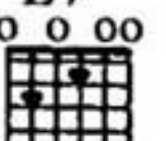
G6

A6

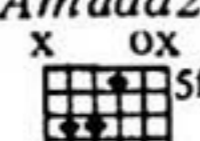
light, but I can on - ly teach _ you _____



Fadd#4

Gadd#4

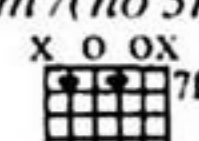
E7sus4

F#7sus4

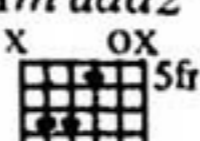
E7

F#7

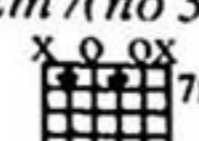
Am add2

Bm add2

_____ night vi - sion, _____



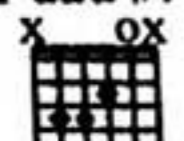
Em7(no 3rd)

F#m7(no 3rd)

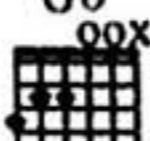
Am add2

Bm add2

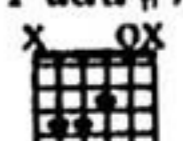
Em7(no 3rd)

F#m7(no 3rd)

night vi - sion, _____ night _____




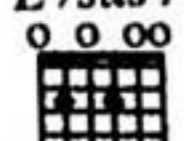
Fadd#4

Gadd#4

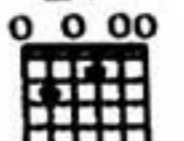
G6

A6

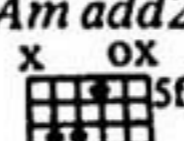
Fadd#4

Gadd#4

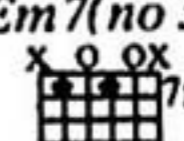
vi - sion.




E7sus4

F#7sus4

E7

F#7

Am add2

Bm add2

Em7(no 3rd)

F#m7(no 3rd)



Am add2

Bm add2

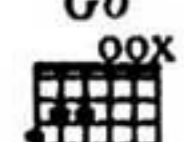
Em7(no 3rd)

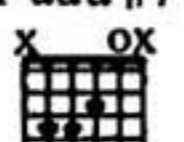
F#m7(no 3rd)

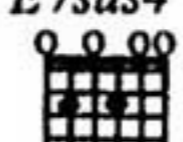
Fadd#4

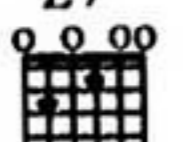
Gadd#4

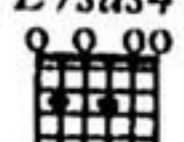


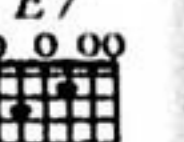
G6

A6

Fadd#4

Gadd#4


E7sus4

F#7sus4

E7

F#7

E7sus4

F#7sus4

E7

F#7

rit.



IN THE EYE

Lyrics by Suzanne Vega
 Music by Suzanne Vega
 and Marc Shulman

Fast

Guitar → E(no 3rd)
 (capo 3rd fret) 0 XXXX

E7/6(no 3rd)
 X OXXX

E7(no 3rd)
 X OXXX 7fr.*

Piano → G(no 3rd)

G7/6(no 3rd)

G7(no 3rd)

*7fr. is measured from capo, not nut.

E(no 3rd)
 0 XXXX

E7/6(no 3rd)
 X OXXX

E7(no 3rd)
 X OXXX 7fr.

G(no 3rd)

G7/6(no 3rd)

G7(no 3rd)

E(no 3rd)
 0 XXXX

E7/6(no 3rd)
 X OXXX

E7(no 3rd)
 X OXXX 7fr.

G(no 3rd)

G7/6(no 3rd)

G7(no 3rd)

E(no 3rd)
 0 XXXX

E7/6(no 3rd)
 X OXXX

E7(no 3rd)
 X OXXX 7fr.

G(no 3rd)

G7/6(no 3rd)

G7(no 3rd)

E(no 3rd)
 0 XXXX

G(no 3rd)

E7/6(no 3rd)
 X OXXX

G7/6(no 3rd)

E7(no 3rd)
 X OXXX
 7fr

G7(no 3rd)

you were still a - live.

E(no 3rd)
 0 XXXX

G(no 3rd)

E7/6(no 3rd)
 X OXXX

G7/6(no 3rd)

E7(no 3rd)
 X OXXX
 7fr

G7(no 3rd)

1.2. I would live in - side of you. — I'd make you wear me like a
 3. If you were to kill me now, right here, I would still look you in the

E(no 3rd)
 0 XXXX

G(no 3rd)

E7/6(no 3rd)
 X OXXX

G7/6(no 3rd)

E7(no 3rd)
 X OXXX
 7fr

G7(no 3rd)

scar.
eye.

E(no 3rd)
 0 XXXX

G(no 3rd)

E7/6(no 3rd)
 X OXXX

G7/6(no 3rd)

E7(no 3rd)
 X OXXX
 7fr.

G7(no 3rd)

And I would burn my - self in - to your mem - o - ry — and run through
 And I would burn my - self in - to your mem - o - ry — as long as

E(no 3rd)
 0 XXXX

G(no 3rd)

E7/6(no 3rd)
 X OXXX

G7/6(no 3rd)

E7(no 3rd)
 X OXXX
 7fr

G7(no 3rd)

ev - 'ry - thing you are.
 you were still a - live.

Fsus2
 XX O X

Absus2

G(no 3rd)
 XX O X
 3fr

Bb(no 3rd)

Fsus2
 XX O X

Absus2

G(no 3rd)
 XX O X
 3fr

Bb(no 3rd)

I would not run, I would not turn, I would not hide.

Fsus2
 XX O X

Absus2

G(no 3rd)
 XX O X
 3fr

Bb(no 3rd)

Fsus2
 XX O X

Absus2

G(no 3rd)
 XX O X
 3fr

Bb(no 3rd)

Fsus2
 XX O X

Absus2

G(no 3rd)
 XX O X
 3fr

Bb(no 3rd)

Fsus2
 XX O X

Absus2

1.
G(no 3rd)
 XX O X
 3fr

Bb(no 3rd)

I would not run, I would not turn, I would not hide.

A
x0 0
C

2.
G(no 3rd)
xx 0 x
3fr
Bb(no 3rd)

Asus2/C#
x 0x
Csus2/E

A/C#
x xx
C/E

Am/C
x x
Cm/Eb

Amsus2/C
x 0x
Cmsus2/Eb

Em7sus4
0x0
4fr
Gm7sus4

Em7
0x0
3fr
Gm7

Csus#4
x x0
Ebsus#4

C
x x0 0
Eb

Asus2/C#
x 0x
Csus2/E

A/C#
x xx
C/E

Am/C
x x
Cm/Eb

Amsus2/C
x 0x
Cmsus2/Eb

Em7sus4
0x0
4fr
Gm7sus4

Em7
0x0
3fr
Gm7

To Coda

Csus#4
x x0
Ebsus#4

C
x x0
Eb

E(no 3rd)
 O XXXX

G(no 3rd)

E7/6(no 3rd)
 X OXXX

G7/6(no 3rd)

E7(no 3rd)
 X OXXX
 7fr

G7(no 3rd)

1.

2.

*D.S. (2nd ending)
 al Coda*



Coda

Csus#4
 X XO

Ebsus#4

C
 X XO O

Eb

Asus2/C#
 X OX

Csus2/E

A/C#
 X XX

C/E

Am/C
 X X

Cm/Eb

Amsus2/C
 X OX

Cmsus2/Eb

Em7sus4
 OXO
 4fr

Gm7sus4

Em7
 OXO
 3fr

Gm7

Csus#4
 X XO

Ebsus#4

1.

C
 X XO O

Eb

2.

C
 X XO O

Eb

3.

C
 X XO O

Eb

D.S. and fade



Cmaj7
X 00
8fr

Bm7
X 0X
7fr

Am9
X 0X
5fr

G
X000X

G/F
X000X

G
X000X

sol - id; they don't move fast e - nough

Aadd2/E
X 0X
6fr

G/D
X 0X
4fr

Cmaj7
X 00
8fr

Bm7
X 0X
7fr

Am9
X 0X
5fr

G
X000X

to catch the blur in the brain that flies by _____ and is

G/F
X000X

Esus4
0 0X

gone, and is gone, and is

F#m7add4
X 0X

G6/9
X 00

F#m7add4
X 0X

G6/9
X 00

gone, gone, gone, gone, and is

Asus2
x0 00

Aadd2/E
x 0x 6fr

G/D
x 0x 4fr

Cmaj7
x 00 8fr

Bm7
x 0x 7fr

gone. I'd like to meet you in a

Am9
x 0x 5fr

G
x000x

G/F
x000x

G
x000x

Aadd2/E
x 0x 6fr

G/D
x 0x 4fr

time - less, place - less place, some - where out of

Cmaj7
x 00 8fr

Bm7
x 0x 7fr

Am9
x 0x 5fr

G
x000x

G/F
x000x

G
x000x

con - text and be - yond all con - se - quenc - es. Let's go

Aadd2/E
x 0x 6fr

G/D
x 0x 4fr

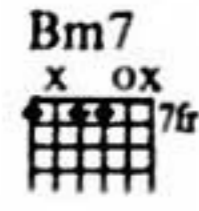
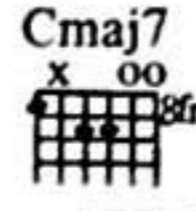
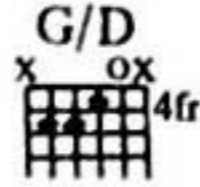
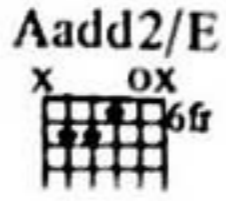
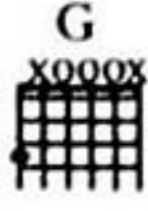
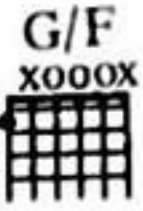
Cmaj7
x 00 8fr

Bm7
x 0x 7fr

Am9
x 0x 5fr

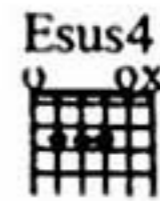
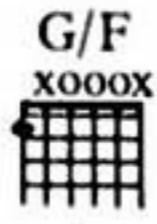
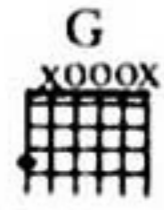
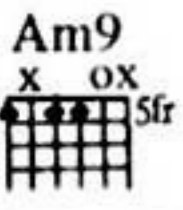
G
x000x

(Words are too sol - id; they don't move fast e - nough
back to the build - ing on Lit - tle West Twelfth. It is not far a - way, and the



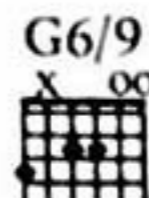
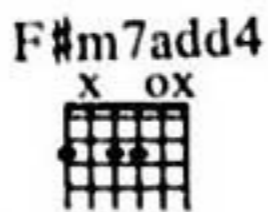
to catch the blur in the brain that

riv - er is there, and the sun and the spac - es are all lay - ing low, and we'll



flies by _____ and is gone.)

sit in the si - lence that comes rush - ing in and is gone,



and is gone, gone,

F#m7add4
 x o x
 x x x x

G6/9
 x o o
 x x x x

Asus2
 x o o o
 x x x x

gone, gone, and is gone.

C#m9
 x x o
 x x x x

F#7/6sus4
 x x o
 x x x x

Emaj7/G#
 x x o
 x x x x

A sus#4 sus2
 x o x o
 x x x x

C#m9
 x x o
 x x x x

D6/9
 x o o o
 x x x x 4fr

Asus9/C#
 x x o o
 x x x x

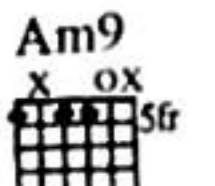
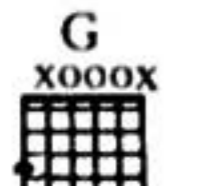

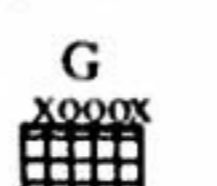
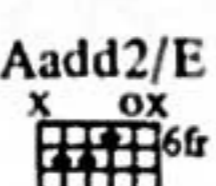
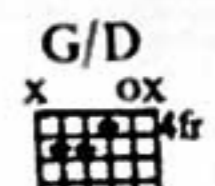
D6/9
 x o o o
 x x x x 4fr

Asus2
 x o o o
 x x x x

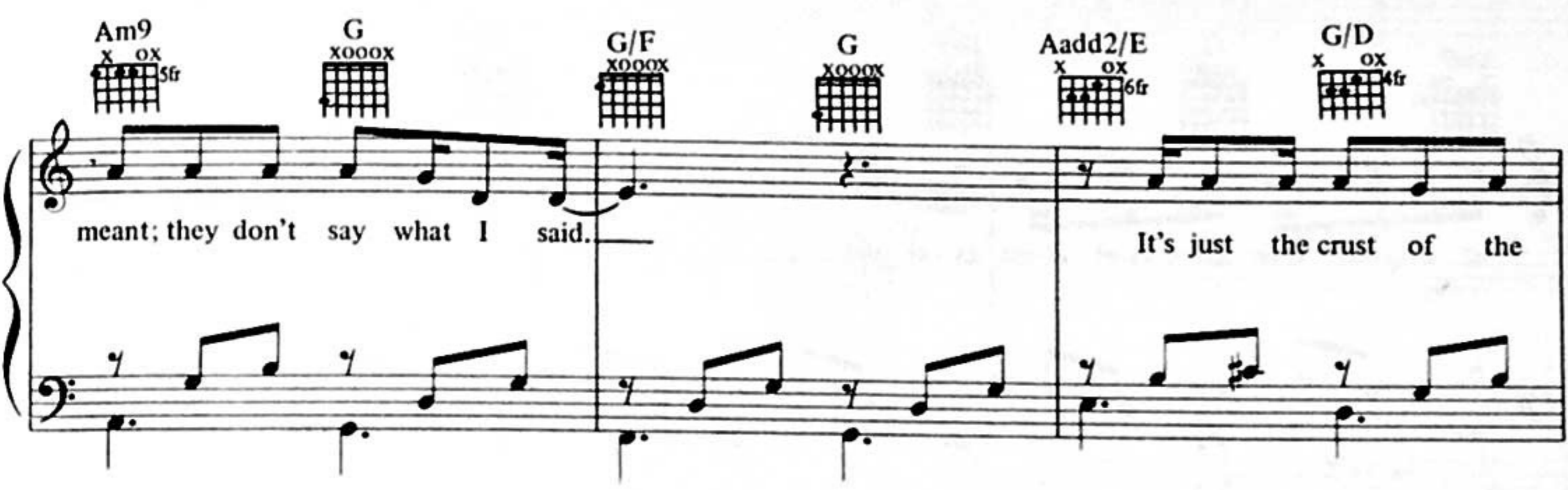
Aadd2/E  G/D  Cmaj7  Bm7 

I won't use words a - gain. They don't mean what I



Am9  G  G/F  G  Aadd2/E  G/D 

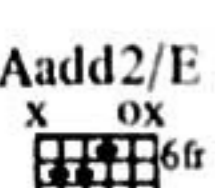
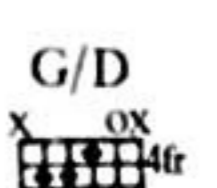
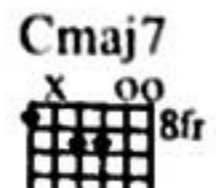
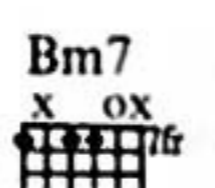
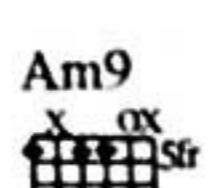

meant; they don't say what I said. It's just the crust of the



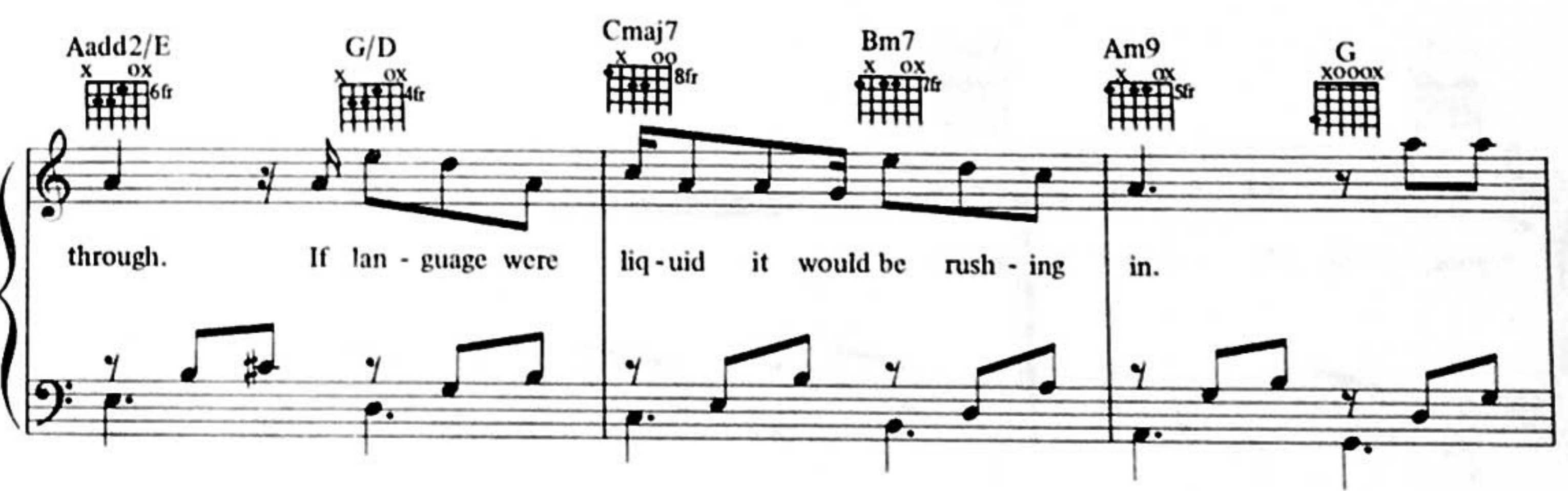
Cmaj7  Bm7  Am9  G  G/F  G 

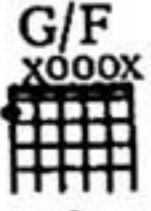
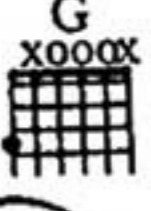
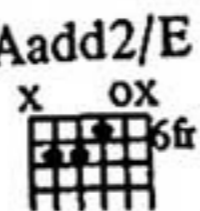

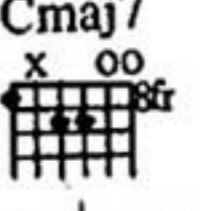
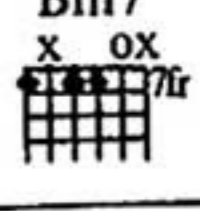
mean - ing with realms un - der - neath nev - er touched, nev - er stirred, nev - er e - ven moved



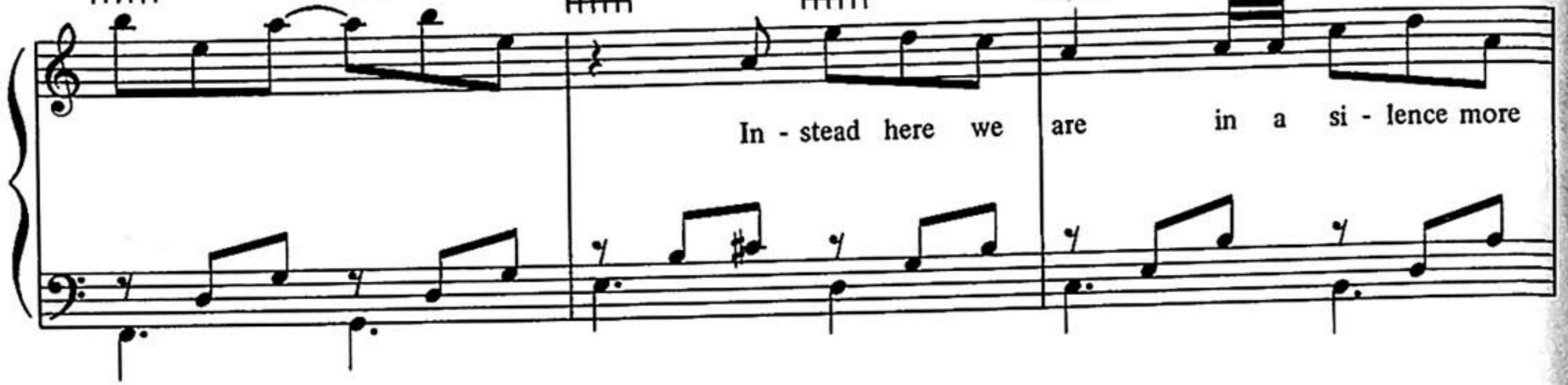
Aadd2/E  G/D  Cmaj7  Bm7  Am9  G 

through. If lan - guage were liq - uid it would be rush - ing in.



G/F  G  Aadd2/E  G/D  Cmaj7  Bm7 

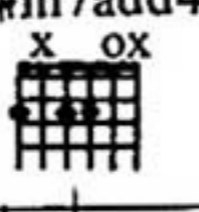
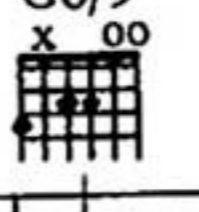
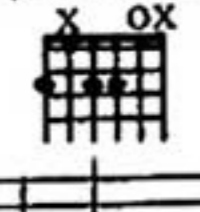
In - stead here we are in a si - lence more




Am9  G  G/F  E7sus4 

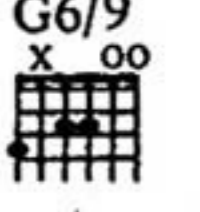
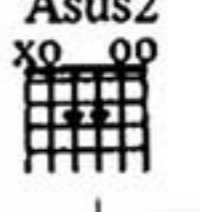
el - o - quent than an - y word could ev - er be, _____



F#m7add4  G6/9  F#m7add4 


and is gone, gone, gone,



G6/9  Asus2 

gone, and is gone, and is

Repeat and fade



CALYPSO

Music and Lyrics by Suzanne Vega

Moderately slow, in 2

Guitar → E(7)
(capo 3rd fret) ○ ○ xx



Piano → G(7)

E(7)
○ ○ xx
G(7)

My name is Ca - lyp - so and I have lived a - lone..

I live on an is - land and I wak - en to the dawn.. A

A(no3rd)

 C(no3rd)

A7/6(no3rd)

 C7/6(no3rd)

A(no3rd)

 C(no3rd)

A7/6(no3rd)

 C7/6(no3rd)

long time a - go I watched him strug - gle with the sea.

E(7)

 G(7)

I knew that he was drown - ing and I brought him in - to me.

Asus4

 Csus4

Aadd4

 Cadd4

Now to - day, come morn - ing light,

Cmaj7

 Ebmaj7

F#m7

 Am7

he sails a - way. Af - ter one last

E(7)
 ○ ○ xx
 ● ● ● ●
 G(7)

— night — I let him go. —

E(7)
 ○ ○ xx
 ● ● ● ●
 G(7)

My name is — Ca - lyp - so. My gar - den o - ver - flows. —

Thick and wild — and hid - den is the — sweet - ness — there — that grows. —

A(no3rd)
 xo xx
 ● ● ● ●
 C(no3rd)

A7/6(no3rd)
 xo oxx
 ● ● ● ●
 C7/6(no3rd)

A(no3rd)
 xo xx
 ● ● ● ●
 C(no3rd)

A7/6(no3rd)
 xo oxx
 ● ● ● ●
 C7/6(no3rd)

My hair, — it blows — long — as I — sing in - to the wind. —

E(7)
 0 0 xx
 G(7)

I tell of nights where I could taste the salt on his skin.

A(no3rd)
 xo xx
 C(no3rd)

A7/6(no3rd)
 xo oxy
 C7/6(no3rd)

A(no3rd)
 xo xx
 C(no3rd)

A7/6(no3rd)
 xo oxy
 C7/6(no3rd)

salt of the waves and of tears. And

Cmaj7
 x 000
 Ebmaj7

F#m7
 0 xxx
 Am

— though he pulled a way, I kept him here

E(7)
 0 0 xx
 G(7)

— for years. Now I

let him go.

E(7)
 0 0 xx

 G(7)

My name is Calypso. I have let him go.

In the dawn he sails away to be gone forever more.

A(no3rd)
 xo xx

 C(no3rd)

A7/6(no3rd)
 xo oxx

 C7/6(no3rd)

A(no3rd)
 xo xx

 C(no3rd)

A7/6(no3rd)
 xo oxx

 C7/6(no3rd)

And the waves will take him in again, but he'll know their ways now.

E(7)
 O O X X

 G(7)

I will stand up - on the shore_ with a clean heart_ and my

A(no3rd)
 X O X X

 C(no3rd)

A7/6(no3rd)
 X O O X X

 C7/6(no3rd)

song in the wind. The sand will sting_ my feet_ and the sky_

A(no3rd)
 X O X X

 C(no3rd)

A7/6(no3rd)
 X O O X X

 C7/6(no3rd)

Cmaj7
 X O O O

 Ebmaj7

_ will burn. It's a lone - ly time_ a - head_

F#m7
 O X X X

 Am7

I do not ask_ him_

E(7)
0 0 xx
G(7)

— to re - turn. — I let him — go. — I — let him

go. —

3

rit.

GYPSY

Music and Lyrics by Suzanne Vega

Moderately

Guitar → G(no3rd)
(capo 2nd fret)

G(no3rd)/F#

Em7

Cadd2

G/B

Dsus4/F#

Piano → A(no3rd)

A(no3rd)/G#

F#m7

Dadd2

A/C#

Esus4/G#

mf

G(no3rd)

Cadd2

G(no3rd)

G(no3rd)/F#

Em7

G/B

A(no3rd)

Dadd2

A(no3rd)

A(no3rd)/G#

F#m7

A/C#

Cadd2

Dsus4

D

Dsus4

D

Dadd2

Esus4

E

Esus4

E

G(no3rd)

G(no3rd)

G(no3rd)/F#

A(no3rd)

A(no3rd)

A(no3rd)/G#

You come from

Em7 *G/B* *Cadd2* *G(no3rd)* *G(no3rd)/F#*

F#m7 *A/C#* *Dadd2* *A(no3rd)* *A(no3rd)/G#*

far a - way — with pic - tures — in your eyes — of cof - fee shops — and morn -

Em7 *G/B* *Cadd2* *Dsus4* *D* *G(no3rd)G(no3rd)/F#*

F#m7 *A/C#* *Dadd2* *Esus4* *E* *A(no3rd)A(no3rd)/G#*

ing streets — in the blue — and si - lent sun - rise. But night is the ca - the -

Em7 *G/B* *Cadd2* *G(no3rd)* *G(no3rd)/F#*

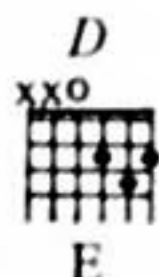
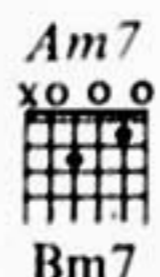
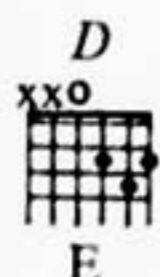
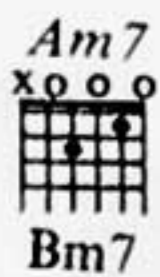
F#m7 *A/C#* *Dadd2* *A(no3rd)* *A(no3rd)/G#*

dral — where we rec - og - nized the sign. — We stran - gers know each

Em7 *G/B* *Cadd2* *Dsus4/F#* *G(no3rd)*

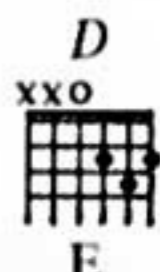
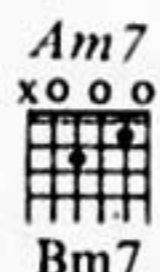
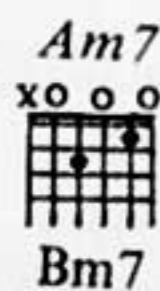
F#m7 *A/C#* *Dadd2* *Esus4/G#* *A(no3rd)*

— oth - er now — as part of the whole de - sign. — Oh, —



Am7 Bm7 D E Am7 Bm7 D E

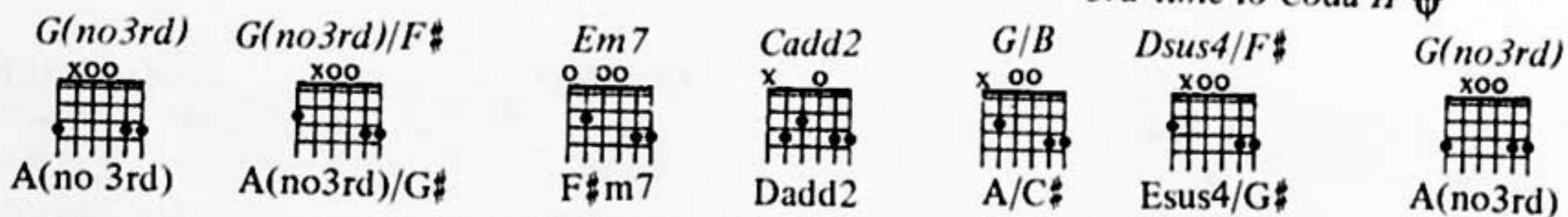
hold me like a ba - by that will not fall a - sleep.



Am7 Bm7 D E Am7 Bm7 D E

Curl me up in - side you and let me hear you through the heat. Oh.

2nd time to Coda I
3rd time to Coda II



You're the



jest - er of this court - yard with a smile like a girl's, dis -

G(no3rd)/F#

A(no3rd)/G#

Em7

F#m7

G/B

A/C#

Cadd2

Dadd2

Dsus4 *D*

Esus4 *E*

tract - ed — by the wom-en — with the dim - ples — and the curls, by the

G(no3rd)G(no3rd)/F#

A(no3rd)A(no3rd)/G#

Em7

F#m7

G/B *Cadd2*

A/C# *Dadd2*

G(no3rd)

A(no3rd)

pret - ty and the mis - chie - vous, by — the tim - id — and the blessed, — by the

G(no3rd)/F#

A(no3rd)/G#

Em7

F#m7

G/B

A/C#

Cadd2

Dadd2

Dsus4/F#

Esus4/G#

G(no3rd)

A(no3rd)

D.S. al Coda I

blow - ing skirts of la - dies who prom - ise to gath - er you to their breast. — Oh, —

G(no3rd)

A(no3rd)

G(no3rd)

A(no3rd)

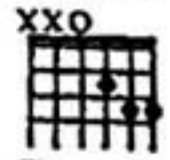
Em7

F#m7

Cadd2

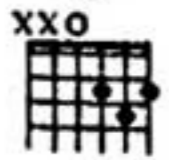
Dadd2

Dsus4



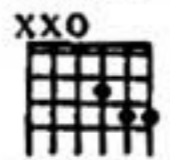
Esus4

D



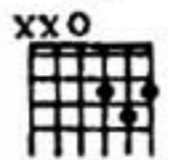
E

Dsus4



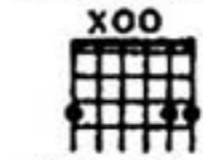
Esus4

D



E

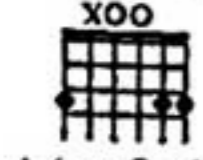
G(no3rd)



A(no3rd)

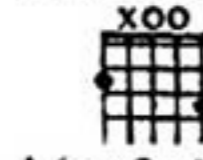
You have —

G(no3rd)



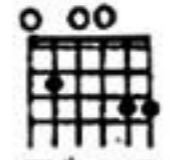
A(no3rd)

G(no3rd)/F#



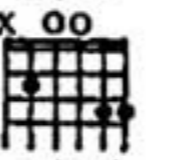
A(no3rd)/G#

Em7



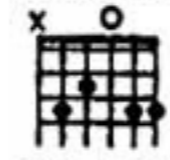
F#m7

G/B



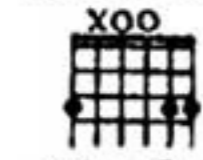
A/C#

Cadd2



Dadd2

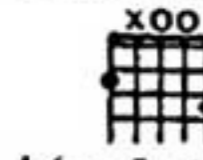
G(no3rd)



A(no3rd)

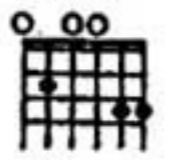
— hands of rain - ing wa - ter — and that ear - ring — in your ear. — The

G(no3rd)/F#



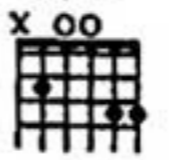
A(no3rd)/G#

Em7



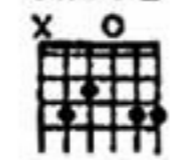
F#m7

G/B



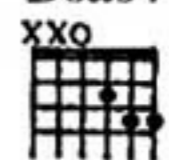
A/C#

Cadd2



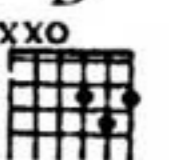
Dadd2

Dsus4



Esus4

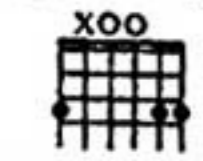
D



E

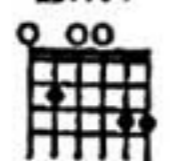
wis - dom on — your face de - nies — the num - ber of your — years, with the

G(no3rd)G(no3rd)/F#



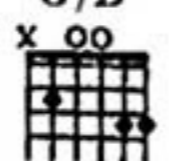
A(no3rd)A(no3rd)/G#

Em7



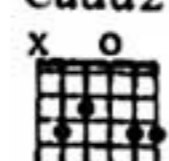
F#m7

G/B



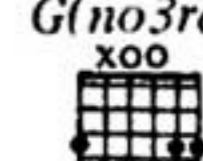
A/C#

Cadd2



Dadd2

G(no3rd)



A(no3rd)

fin - gers of the pot - ter and the laugh - ing tale — of the fool, the ar -

G(no3rd)/F# *Em7* *G/B* *Cadd2* *Dsus4/F#* *G(no3rd)*

A(no3rd)/G# *F#m7* *A/C#* *Dadd2* *Esus4/G#* *A(no3rd)*

rang - er of dis - or - der with your strange and sim - ple rules. — Yeah,

G(no3rd)/F# *Em7* *G/B* *Cadd2* *G(no3rd)*

A(no3rd)/G# *F#m7* *A/C#* *Dadd2* *A(no3rd)*

now I've met me an - oth - er spin - ner of strange and guaz - y threads with a

G(no3rd)/F# *Em7* *G/B* *Cadd2* *Dsus4/F#* *G(no3rd)* *D.S. al Coda II*

A(no3rd)/G# *F#m7* *A/C#* *Dadd2* *Esus4/G#* *A(no3rd)*

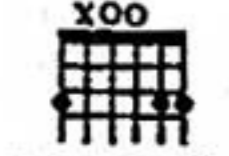
long and — slen - der bod - y — and a bump up - on — the head. — Oh,

G(no3rd) *G(no3rd)G(no3rd)/F#* *Em7* *G/B* *Cadd2*

A(no3rd) *A(no3rd)A(no3rd)/G#* *F#m7* *A/C#* *Dadd2*

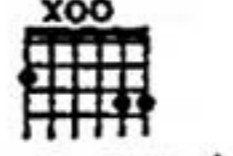
— With a long and — slen - der — bod - y — and the sweet - est, soft - est

G(no3rd)



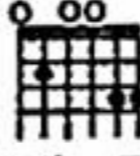
A(no3rd)

G(no3rd)/F#



A(no3rd)/G#

Em7



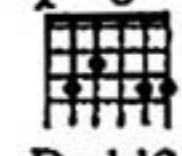
F#m7

G/B



A/C#

Cadd2



Dadd2

hands, and we'll blow a-way for - ev - er soon, and go on to dif - f'rent lands.

Dsus4



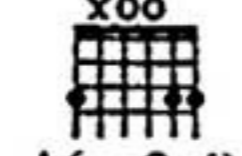
Esus4

D



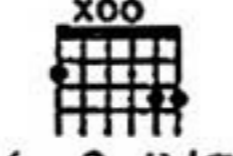
E

G(no3rd)



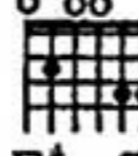
A(no3rd)

G(no3rd)/F#



A(no3rd)/G#

Em7



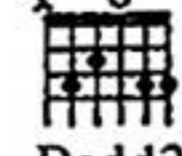
F#m7

G/B



A/C#

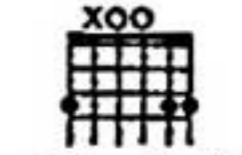
Cadd2



Dadd2

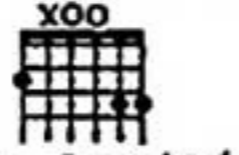
— And please do not ev - er look for me, but with me you will stay.

G(no3rd)



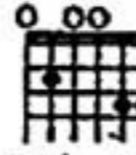
A(no3rd)

G(no3rd)/F#



A(no3rd)/G#

Em7



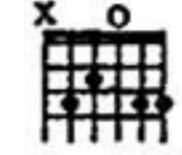
F#m7

G/B



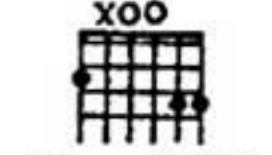
A/C#

Cadd2



Dadd2

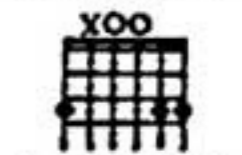
Dsus4/F#



Esus4/G#

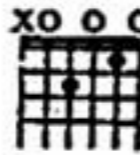
— And you will hear your - self in song, blow-ing by — one

G(no3rd)



A(no3rd)

Am7



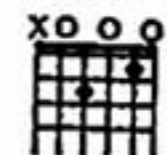
Bm7

D



E

Am7



Bm7

day. But now hold me like a ba - by that will not fall a -

D
xxo
E

Am7
xooo
Bm7

D
xxo
E

Am7
xooo
Bm7

sleep. Curl me up in - side you and let me hear you through the

D
xxo
E

G(no3rd)
xoo
A(no3rd)

G(no3rd)/F#
xoo
A(no3rd)/G#

Em7
o oo
F#m7

Cadd2
x o
Dadd2

G/B
x oo
A/C#

Dsus4/F#
xoo
Esus4/G#

heat. Oh,

G(no3rd)
xoo
A(no3rd)

Cadd2
x o
Dadd2

G(no3rd)
xoo
A(no3rd)

G(no3rd)/F#
xoo
A(no3rd)/G#

Em7
o oo
F#m7

G/B
x oo
A/C#

Cadd2
x o
Dadd2

Dsus4
xoo
Esus4

D
xxo
E

oh.

Dsus4
xoo
Esus4

D
xxo
E

G(no3rd)
xoo
A(no3rd)

G(no3rd)/F#
xoo
A(no3rd)/G#

Em7
o oo
F#m7

Cadd2
x o
Dadd2

G/B
x oo
A/C#

Dsus4/F#
xoo
Esus4/G#

G(no3rd)
xoo
A(no3rd)

WOODEN HORSE

(CASPAR HAUSER'S SONG)

Lyrics by Suzanne Vega
 Music by Suzanne Vega, Michael Visceglia,
 Anton Sanko, Marc Shulman
 and Stephen Ferrara

Moderately bright

Esus4 E F#7sus4/E F#7add4/E

A sus4/sus2/E (7fr.) Aadd2/E (6fr.) G#madd4 (6fr.) G#m (4fr.)

Esus4 E F#7sus4/E F#7add4/E

A sus4/sus2/E (7fr.) Aadd2/E (6fr.) G#madd4 (6fr.) G#m (4fr.)

I came out of the dark - ness

hold - ing — one — thing:

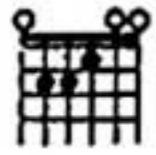
The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a guitar chord chart at the top, a piano accompaniment in the middle, and a vocal line at the bottom. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line includes lyrics: 'I came out of the dark - ness' and 'hold - ing — one — thing:'. The tempo is marked 'Moderately bright' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Esus4

E

F#7sus4/E

F#7add4/E



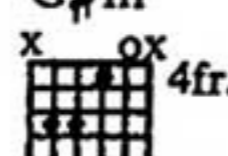
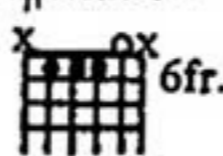
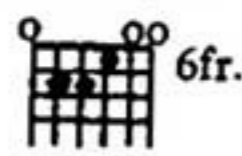
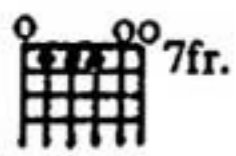
First system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). The system contains four measures. The first measure has a whole note chord. The second measure has a whole note chord. The third measure has a whole note chord. The fourth measure has a whole note chord. The bass line consists of a single note in the first measure, followed by a half note in the second measure, and a whole note in the third measure. The lyrics "a small white" are written below the second measure.

A_{sus4}/_{sus2}/E

Aadd2/E

G#madd4

G#m



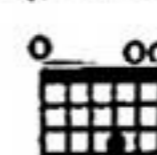
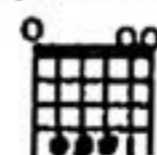
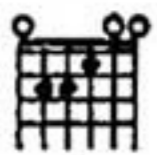
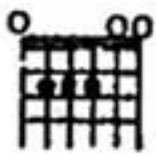
Second system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). The system contains four measures. The first measure has a whole note chord. The second measure has a whole note chord. The third measure has a whole note chord. The fourth measure has a whole note chord. The bass line consists of a single note in the first measure, followed by a half note in the second measure, and a whole note in the third measure. The lyrics "wood - en horse" are written below the third measure.

Esus4

E

F#7sus4/E

F#7add4/E



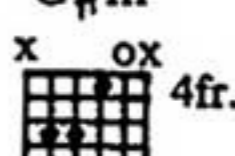
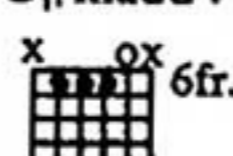
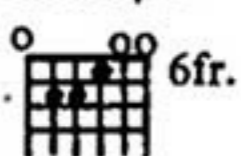
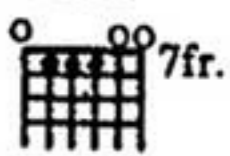
Third system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). The system contains four measures. The first measure has a whole note chord. The second measure has a whole note chord. The third measure has a whole note chord. The fourth measure has a whole note chord. The bass line consists of a single note in the first measure, followed by a half note in the second measure, and a whole note in the third measure. The lyrics "I'd been hold - ing in - side." are written below the second measure.

A_{sus4}/_{sus2}/E

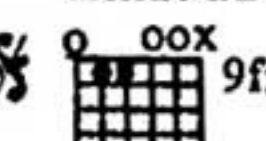
Aadd2/E

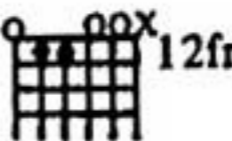
G#madd4


G#m



Fourth system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). The system contains four measures. The first measure has a whole note chord. The second measure has a whole note chord. The third measure has a whole note chord. The fourth measure has a whole note chord. The bass line consists of a single note in the first measure, followed by a half note in the second measure, and a whole note in the third measure. The lyrics "I'd been hold - ing in - side." are written below the second measure.

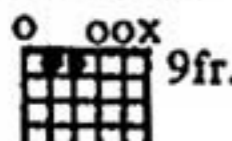
Emadd2
 9fr.

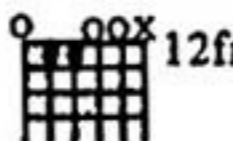
A9sus4
 12fr.

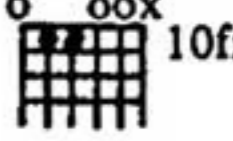
Cmaj7
 10fr.

And when I'm dead, —



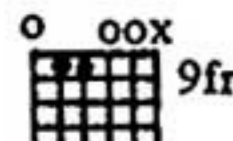
Emadd2
 9fr.

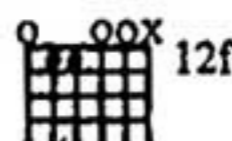
A9sus4
 12fr.

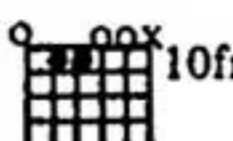
Cmaj7
 10fr.

if you could tell them this:



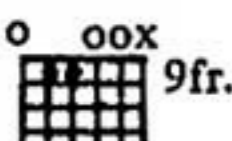
Emadd2
 9fr.

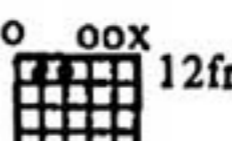
A9sus4
 12fr.

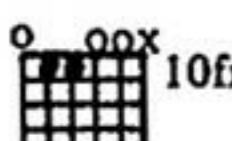
Cmaj7
 10fr.


that what was wood — be - came a - live,



Emadd2
 9fr.

A9sus4
 12fr.

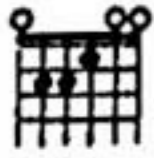
Cmaj7
 10fr.

To Coda 

what was wood — be - came a - live.



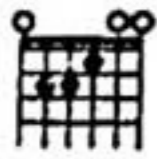
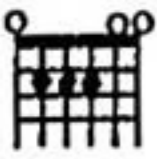
E



Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and fingerings.

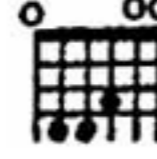
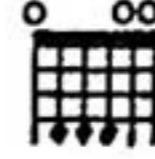
Esus4

E



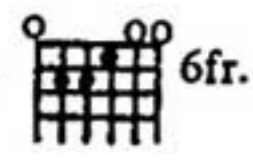
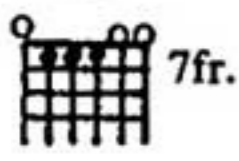
F#7sus4/E

F#7add4/E



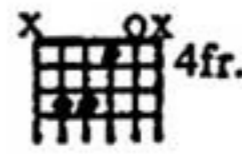
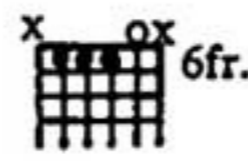
Musical notation for the second system, including lyrics: "And in the night — the walls — dis - ap - peared."

A^{sus4}/_{sus2} /E Aadd2/E



G#madd4

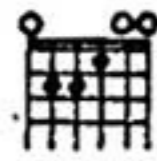
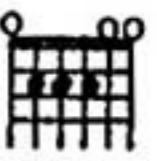
G#m



Musical notation for the third system, including lyrics: "In the day — they re - turned."

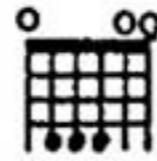
Esus4

E



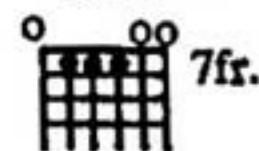
F#7sus4/E

F#7add4/E



Musical notation for the fourth system, including lyrics: "I want to be a rid - er like my fa - ther"

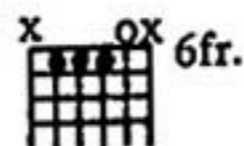
A^{sus4}/_{sus2}/E



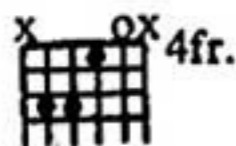
Aadd2/E



G#madd4



G#m

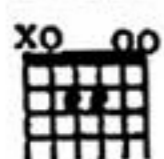


D. S. al Coda $\frac{3}{4}$

were the on - ly words_ I could say.

Coda

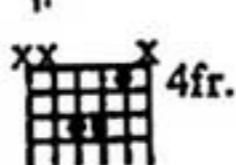
A^{sus2}



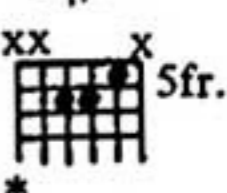
B^{sus2}



C#^{msus2}



C#m

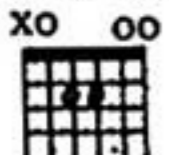


R.H.

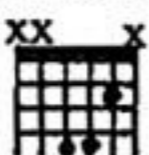
A-

* Pianists: Omit vocal melody till double bar.

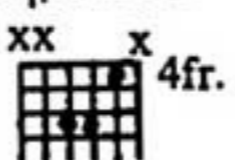
A^{sus2}



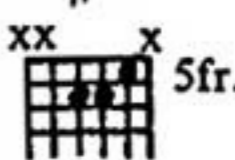
B^{sus2}



C#^{msus2}

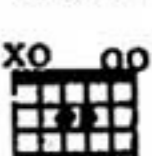


C#m

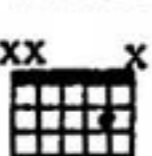


live.

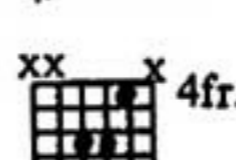
A^{sus2}



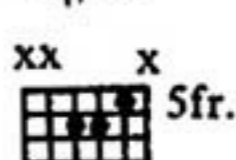
B^{sus2}



C#^{msus2}

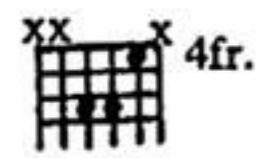


C#m

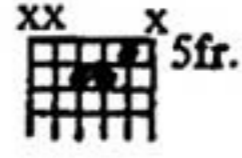


And I fell un - der a mov - ing piece of sun. (Free - dom.)

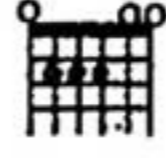
C#msus2



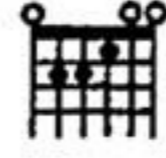
C#m



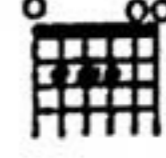
Esus4



E



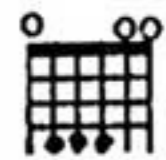
Esus4



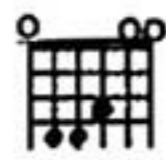
E



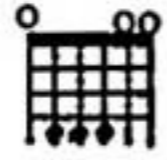
F#7sus4/E



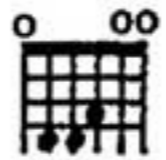
F#7add4/E



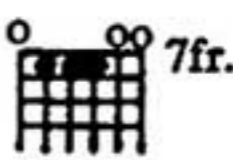
F#7sus4/E



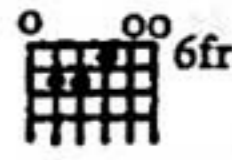
F#7add4/E



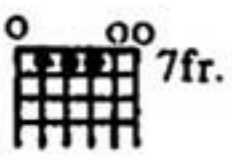
A^{sus4}/_{sus2}/E



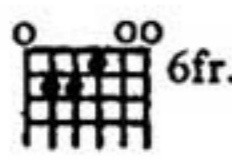
Aadd2/E



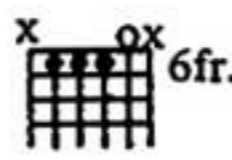
A^{sus4}/_{sus2}/E



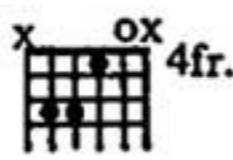
Aadd2/E



G#madd4



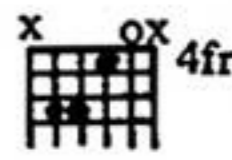
G#m



G#madd4



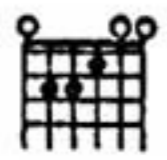
G#m



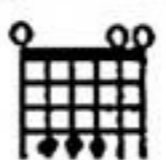
Esus4



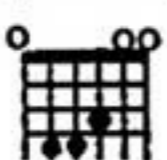
E



F#7sus4/E

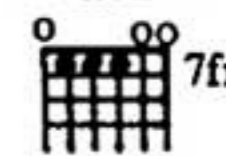


F#7add4/E

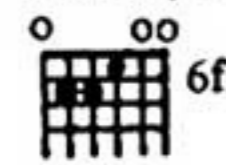


I came out of the dark - ness

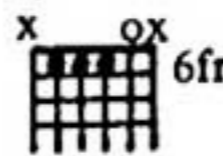
A^{sus4}/_{sus2}/E



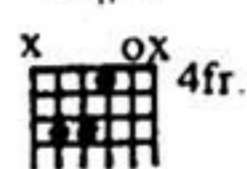
Aadd2/E



G#madd4

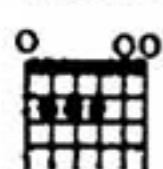


G#m

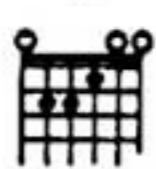


hold - ing - one - thing.

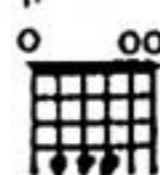
Esus4



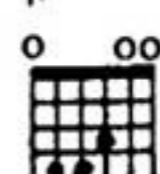
E



F#7sus4/E

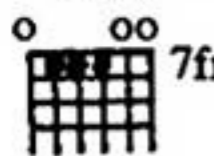


F#7add4/E

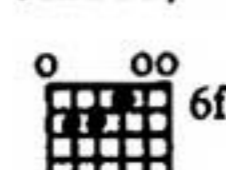


I know I have this pow - er.

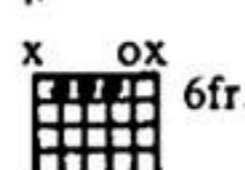
A^{sus4}/_{sus2}/E



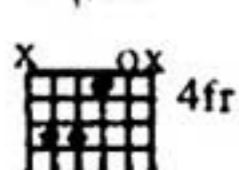
Aadd2/E



G#add4

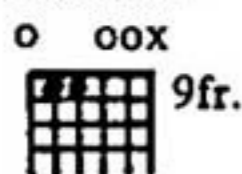


G#m

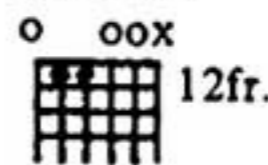


I'm a - fraid I - may be killed.

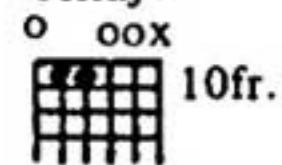
Emadd2



A9sus4

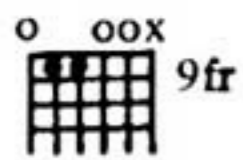


Cmaj7

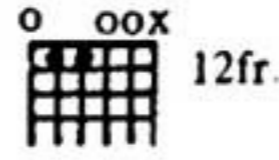


And when I'm dead, -

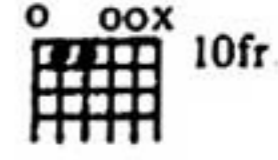
Emadd2



A9sus4

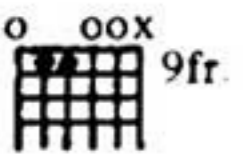


Cmaj7

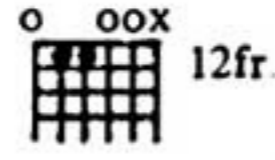


if you could tell them this:

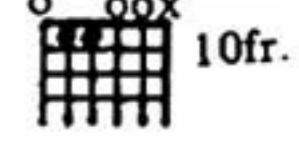
Emadd2



A9sus4

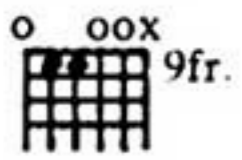


Cmaj7

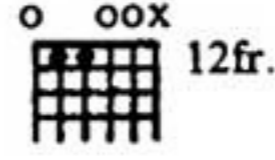


that what was wood be-came a - live,

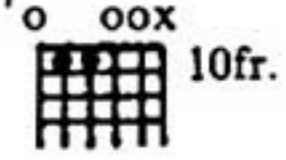
Emadd2



A9sus4



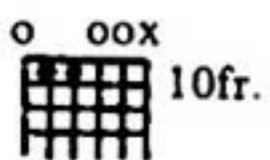
Cmaj7



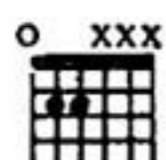
what was wood be-came a - live.

2.

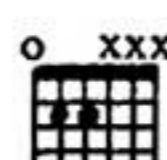
Cmaj7



E(no3rd)



E(no3rd)



Repeat and fade

(Drums fade out)

IRONBOUND/FANCY POULTRY

Lyrics by Suzanne Vega
Music by Suzanne Vega and Anton Sanko

Moderately bright

mp

Am  Am9(no 3rd)  F add #4  F#sus4 sus2 

Am  Am9(no 3rd)  Am  Am9(no 3rd)  F add #4  F#sus4 sus2 

In the

Am  Am9(no 3rd)  F add #4 

i - ron-bound sec - tion near Av - e - nue L, — where the Por - tu-guese wom - en come to
beams and bridg - es cut the light on the ground_ in - to lit - tle tri - an - gles, and the

F#sus4 sus2  Am  Am9(no 3rd)  Am  Am9(no 3rd) 

see what you sell, the clouds so low, the morn - ing so slow as the
rails run round through the rust and heat, the light and — sweet cof -

1. 2.

F add#4
 OX

Fsus#4
 sus2
 OOX

Fsus#4
 sus2
 OOX

wires cut through the sky. The
 fee col - or of her skin.

Em
 O OOX

Fsus2
 OOX

Em
 O OOX

Bound up in iron and wire and fate, watch - ing her walk -

Fsus2
 OOX

Em
 O OOX

Fsus2
 OOX

— him up — to the gate — in front of the iron - bound school - yard.

Am
 xx 5fr

Am9(no 3rd)
 O OOX 5fr

F add#4
 OX

Kids will grow like weeds on a fence. — She says they look for the light. — They
 i - ron-bound sec - tion near Av - e - nue L, — where the Por - tu - guese wom - en come to

1.

Dsus4
xxo

Am
xx 5fr

L.H.

Am9(no 3rd)
o oox 5fr

F add#4
ox

Fsus#4
sus2
oox

Am
xx 5fr

Am9(no 3rd)
o oox 5fr

Am
xx 5fr

Am9(no 3rd)
o oox 5fr

F add#4
ox

Fsus#4
sus2
oox

2.

In the

A
xx 5fr

A9(no 3rd)
oox 5fr

A
xx 5fr

A9(no 3rd)
oox 5fr

F
xx

Fsus#4
sus2
oox

12/8

mf

"Fan - cy poul - try parts sold here. Breasts and thighs and

1.

F *xx* F^{sus#4}_{sus2} *oox* Em *o oox* Fadd#4 *ox* Em *o oox* Fadd#4 *ox*

hearts... Backs are cheap and wings are near - ly...

2.

Em *o oox* Fadd#4 *ox* A *xx sfr* A9(no 3rd) *oox sfr* A *xx sfr* A9(no 3rd) *oox sfr*

wings are near - ly free." Near - ly
free. free. Near - ly

1. 2.

F *xx* F^{sus#4}_{sus2} *oox* F *xx* F^{sus#4}_{sus2} *oox*

free. Near - ly

Repeat and fade

A *xx sfr* A9(no 3rd) *oox sfr* A *xx sfr* A9(no 3rd) *oox sfr* F *xx* F^{sus#4}_{sus2} *oox* F *xx* F^{sus#4}_{sus2} *oox*

TOM'S DINER

Music and Lyrics
by Suzanne Vega

Fm D6 Fm D6 A Gm F

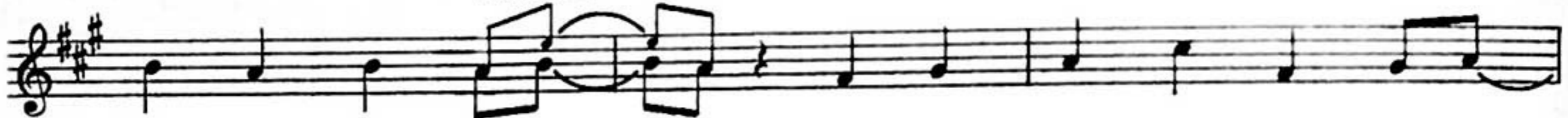
Moderately fast

(A cappella)



1. I am sit - ting in the morn - ing at the
al - ways nice to see you," says the
o - pen up the pa - per; there's a
wom - an on the out - side look - ing

(4th time)



din - er on the cor - ner. I am wait - ing at the count -
man be - hind the count - er to the wom - an who has come
sto - ry of an ac - tor who had died while he was drink -
in - side. Does she see me? No, she does not real - ly see



er for the man to pour the cof - fee. And he fills it on - ly half -
in. She is shak - ing her um - brel - la. And I look the oth - er way
ing. It was no one I had heard of. And I'm turn - ing to the hor -
me, 'cause she sees her own re - flec - tion. And I'm try - ing not to no -



way, and be - fore I e - ven ar - gue, he is
as they are kiss - ing their hel - los, and I'm pre -
o - scope and look - ing for the fun - nies when I'm
tice that she's hitch - ing up her skirt. And while she's



look - ing out the win - dow at some - bod - y com - ing in.
tend - ing not to see them and in - stead I pour the milk.
feel - ing some - one watch - ing me and so I raise my head.
straight - en - ing her stock - ings, her hair has got - ten wet.

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1. 2. 3. 4. Slower

— 2. "It is — 3. I — 4. There's a — 5. Oh, this

A tempo

rain, it will con - tin - ue through the morn - ing. As I'm lis -

t'ning to the bells of the ca - the - dral, I am

A tempo *Slower* *A tempo*

think - ing of your voice and of the mid - night pic - nic

once up - on — a time — be - fore — the rain — be - gan. —

And I fin - ish up my cof - fee, and it's

time to catch the train. — Da da da da da da da —

Repeat and fade

— da da da da da da da da — da. Da da

TOM'S DINER (REPRISE)

Music by Suzanne Vega

Moderately fast $\frac{4}{4}$ **Fm** 4fr. **D \flat 6** 6fr.

Fm 4fr. **D \flat 6** 6fr.

A \flat 8fr. **G \flat 6-5** 9fr.

Fm 4fr. **C7-9** 8fr. 1. - 4. 5. *D. S. and fade* $\frac{4}{4}$



Tom's Diner
Luka
Ironbound/Fancy Poultry
In the Eye
Night Vision
Solitude Standing
Calypso
Language
Gypsy
Wooden Horse (Caspar Hauser's Song)
Tom's Diner (Reprise)

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