



The Jungle Line

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AAC#EAE, 'Joni' Tuning: xo4357

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Note that the bottom string is tuned an octave lower than the 5th string. This is pretty low for a standard set of strings. I find you have to tune the bottom string so it sounds a tiny bit flat when its played open - that way, when fretted it will sound in tune. Using a heavy gauge bottom string will help the tuning here.

The guitar is pretty low in the mix for this song, but after some careful listening, I'm pretty sure I've got the right chord shapes. There's just one section where the guitar is drowned out by drums and synthesiser, which makes it very hard to figure out what is played. This is the part where Joni sings (from the first verse):

"all that jazz", "modern nights", "the jungle line".

It's incredibly difficult to pick out much of the guitar part at this point - I can hear the top two open strings, but it's hard to figure out the rest. My best guess is:

```

E-----0-----0-----
A-----0-----0-----
E-----0-----0-----
C#---7-----5---5---5---7-----5---5---5-----
A---7-----5---5---5---7-----5---5---5-----
A---5-----5---5---5---5-----5---5---5-----

```

This part is played with heavy damping of the strings, so the fretted notes aren't heard clearly, but you get a kind of "chugging" sound with the open top strings thrown in from time to time.

Note that the bass notes played on the synthesiser don't always follow the guitar chords, so if you play the guitar part on its own you don't get exactly the same twists in the harmony. But, if you play along to the CD you should hear how the guitar part fits in with the rest.

Intro:

Fade in, alternating between these two shapes:

555555 577555

The top string isn't played much during the intro, but it sounds OK if you do play it.

The strumming pattern uses mostly 8th notes (count 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & ...), using alternating up and downstrokes. The 8th notes have a triplet swing feel to them (if in doubt, follow the drum beat!).

There are a few percussive "strums" of the strings, marked as x in the tablature. For these, you mute the strings with your fretting hand as you strum them, to get a dry percussive sound. The percussive sounds are played mostly on the 4th beat in each bar.

The intro strumming pattern is written out below (the 8th note beats are marked at the top as 1 & 2 & ...):

```
      1   &  2   &  3   &  4   &  1   &  2   &  3   &  4   &
E-----
A----5---5---5---5---5---5--x---5---5---5-----5-----x--5---
E----5---5---5---5---5---5--x---5---5---5-----5-----x--5---
C#---5---5---5---5---5---5--x---5---5---7-----5-----x--5---
A----5---5---5---5---5---5--x---5---5---7-----5-----x--5---
A----5---5---5---5---5---5--x---5---5---5-----5-----x--5---
```

A similar feel is used throughout the song, with accented strums and percussive strums added in an ad lib way.

Verse 1:

999999 9 11 11 9 9 9
Rousseau walks on trumpet paths

555555 577000 555xxx 577000 555xxx
Safaris to the heart of all that jazz

577000 555xxx 577000 555xxx

006540 008760
Through I bars and girders, through wires and pipes

555555 577000 555xxx 577000 555xxx
The mathematic circuits of the modern nights

577000 555xxx 577000 555xxx

002222 003333
Through huts, through Harlem, through jails and gospel pews

006540 008760
Through the class on Park and the trash on Vine

777777 799777
Through Europe and the deep deep heart of Dixie blue

555555 577000 555xxx 577000 555xxx
Through savage progress cuts the jungle line

577000 555xxx 577000 555xxx

577000 555xxx 577000 555xxx

577000 555xxx 577000 555xxx

Verse 2:

(Same chords for all verses)

In a low-cut blouse she brings the beer
Rousseau paints a jungle flower behind her ear
Those cannibals of shuck and jive
They'll eat a working girl like her alive
With his hard-edged eye and his steady hand
He paints the cellar full of ferns and orchid vines
And he hangs a moon above a five-piece band
He hangs it up above the jungle line

Verse 3:

The jungle line, the jungle line

Screaming in a ritual of sound and time
Floating, drifting on the air-conditioned wind
And drooling for a taste of something smuggled in
Pretty women funnelled through valves and smoke
Coy and bitchy, wild and fine
And charging elephants and chanting slaving boats
Charging, chanting down the jungle line

Verse 4:

There's a poppy wreath on a soldier's tomb
There's a poppy snake in a dressing room
Poppy poison, poppy tourniquet
It slithers away on brass like mouthpiece spit
And metal skin and ivory birds
Go steaming up to Rousseau's vines
They go steaming up to Brooklyn Bridge
Steaming, steaming, steaming up the jungle line