



JoniMitchell.com Transcription for Guitar

Harlem In Havana

Author: Howard Wright

EADGBE, 'Joni' Tuning: x55545

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This is one of my all-time favourite Joni songs - the layers of different guitar parts are just wonderful, the rhythm is so heavy and intoxicating, and the way the song builds up in the chorus is truly awesome. I love it!

I've written out the opening riff, and the chords played by the main guitar part. The way the VG8 is set up, it sounds like the bottom string of the main guitar produces the nicely strange sound used on the intro riff, and all the other strings give the clear, bright sound used for the chords. The open bottom string is played for a lot of the chords, giving that kind of unpitched, soft, metallic, clanking sound in the background. On a regular guitar you get a regular sounding low E note, but it works just as well!

Tuning:

In Joni notation: E 55545

Note names (low to high) : EADGBE

In other words ... standard tuning!

(This is Joni's third song written in standard tuning).

N.B If, like me, you have trouble reaching the chords at the 16th fret, you can get (almost)

the same notes with these two shapes:

0 x 11 11 12 11 (instead of 0 16 16 16 16 0)

0 x 11 11 x x (instead of 0 16 16 x x x)

077770

099990

They play "Night Train" so snakey

077770

099990

Black girls dancing, long and lanky

077770

099990

Barkers barking, step right up, folks!

Chorus:

x0222x

The show is about to begin

3x3000

It's Harlem in Havana time

0 16 16 16 16 0 0 16 16 x x x

Step right in!

0 16 16 16 16 0 0 16 16 x x x 0 16 16 16 16 0

Silver spangles, see 'em dangle in the farm boy's eyes

0 16 16 x x x 0 16 16 16 16 0 0 16 16 x x x

Hoochie coochie, Auntie Ruthie would've cried

If she knew we were on the inside.

(No chord) x02220 x00000

(No chord) x02220 x00000

Same chords for all verses/choruses.

Verse 2:

When Emmie May ran away
She came back a bottle blonde
God! The gossips had a gourmet feast
Chomping on how she went wrong
But miracle of miracles
Cause we were underage
She got us nearly front row seats
To the right side of the stage
See that tall girl?
That's a man
That one, too
With a yellow feather fan
Barkers barking
Step right up, folks!

Chorus:

The show is about to begin
It's Harlem in Havana time
Step right in!
Silver spangles, see 'em dangle in the farm boy's eyes
Hoochie coochie, Auntie Ruthie would've died
If she knew we were on the inside.

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