



JoniMitchell.com Transcription for Guitar:

The Jungle Line

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Tuning: AbAbCEbAbEb, 'Joni' Tuning: Ab 12 4357

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If you listen with the headphones, you can hear this chord being played starting around minute 00:03:

66666x

1st verse:

10 10 10 10 10 10

Rousseau walks on

12 12 12 12 12 12 555555 444444

trumpet paths

666666

Safaris to the heart of

0h1 0h1 0000 000000 0000 0h1 0h1 000000

all that

0h1 0h1 0000 000000 0000 0h1 0h1 000000

jazz

0h1 0h1 0000 000000 0000 0h1 0h1 000000

0h1 0h1 0000 000000 0000 0h1 0h1 000000

111111

Through I-bars and girders

777777

Through wires and pipes,

666666

The mathematic circuits of the

0h1 0h1 0000 000000 0000 0h1 0h1 000000

modern

0h1 0h1 0000 000000 0000 0h1 0h1 000000

nights

0h1 0h1 0000 000000 0000 0h1 0h1 000000

0h1 0h1 0000 000000 0000 0h1 0h1 000000

333333

Through huts, through Harlem

444444

through jails and gospel pews,

111111

Through the class on Park

777777

333333

and the trash on Vine,

888888

through Europe and the deep, deep heart of

222222

Dixie Blue

666666

Through savage progress cuts the

0h1 0h1 0000 000000 0000 0h1 0h1 000000

jungle

Oh1 Oh1 0000 000000 0000 Oh1 Oh1 000000
line

Oh1 Oh1 0000 000000 0000 Oh1 Oh1 000000

additional 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 fern and orchid vines

And he hangs a moon above a five-piece band
He hangs it up above the jungle line.

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

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
Go steaming up to Brooklyn Bridge
Go steaming steaming up the jungle line

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