Vincent (MySp G,Am,C,D7,Em7,F7,E7,A7) Don McLean

[G] [G] [G] [G] . . . Starry, starry night
Paint your palette [Am] blue and gray
Look out on a [C] summer's day With [D7] eyes that know the darkness in my [G] soul
Shadows on the hills Sketch the trees and the [Am] daffodils
Catch the breeze and the [C] winter chills
In [D7] colours on the snowy linen [G] land [C] [G]

Now I under [Am] stand [D7] What you tried to [G] say, to me
[Em7] how you suffered for your [Am] sanity
[D7] how you tried to set them [Em7] free
They would not listen they did [A7] not know how
[Am] Perhaps [D7] they'll listen [G] now.

Starry, starry night
Flaming flowers that [Am] brightly blaze
Swirling clouds in [C] violet haze
Re [D7] flect in Vincent's eyes of china [G] blue Colours changing hue
Morning fields of [Am] amber grain Weathered faces [C] lined in pain
Are [D7] soothed beneath the artist's loving [G] hand. [C] [G]

Now I under [Am] stand [D7] What you tried to [G] say, to me
[Em7] how you suffered for your [Am] sanity
[D7] how you tried to set them [Em7] free
They would not listen they did [A7] not know how
[Am] Perhaps [D7] they'll listen [G] now.

For they could not [Am] love you [D7] But still, your love was [G] true
[Em7] And when no [Am] hope was left in sight on
that [C] starry, starry night
You [G] took your life as [F7] lovers often [E7] do
But I [Am] could have told you, Vincent
This [C] world was never meant
For one as [D7] beautiful as [G] you.

Starry, Starry night
Portraits hung in [Am] empty halls
Frameless heads on [C] nameless walls
With [D7] eyes that watch the world and can't for [G] get
Like the strangers that you've met
The ragged men in [Am] ragged clothes
The silver thorn, a [C] bloody rose
Lie [D7] crushed and broken on the virgin [G] snow. [C] [G]

Now I think I [Am] know
[D7] What you tried to [G] say, to me
[Em7] how you suffered for your [Am] sanity
[D7] how you tried to set them [Em7] free
They would not listen they're [A7] not listening still
[Am] Per [D7] haps they never [G] will [G] [G]