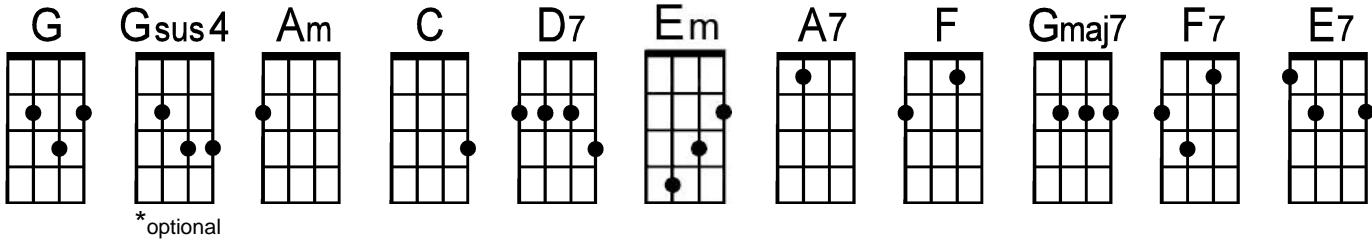


Vincent (Starry, Starry Night)

by Don McLean (1971)



Intro: G . *Gsus4 . | G . . . | G . *Gsus4 . | G\

--- --- --- | G . *Gsus4 . | G . . . | Am . . . |
 Starry, starry night, paint your palette blue and grey—

. . . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G\ ---
 Look out on a summer's day— with eyes that know the dark-ness in my soul—

--- --- | G . *Gsus4 . | G . . . | Am . . . | .
 Sha-dows on the hills— sketch the trees and the daffo-dils—

. . . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G . *Gsus4 . | G .
 Catch the breeze and win-ter chills— in colors on the snowy linen land—

Chorus1:

. . | Am . . . | D7 . . | G . GMaj7 . |
 Now I under-stand— what you tried to say— to me—

Em . . . | Am . . . | D7 . . . | Em\ ---
 How you suffered for your sani—ty— How you tried to set them free

--- --- | A7 . . . | D7 . . . | G . C . | G\
 They would not list—en, they did not know how— per-haps they'll listen now—

--- --- --- | G . *Gsus4 . | G . . . | Am . . . |
 Starry, starry night— flaming flowers that brightly blaze—

. . . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G\ ---
 Swirling clouds in violet haze— re-flect in Vincent's eyes of China blue—

--- --- | G . *Gsus4 . | G . . . | Am . . . | .
 Colors changing hue— morning fields of amber grain—

. . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G .
 Weathered faces lined in pain— are soothed be-neath the artist's loving hand—

Chorus1:

. . | Am . . . | D7 . . | G . GMaj7 . |
 Now I under-stand— what you tried to say— to me—

Em . . . | Am . . . | D7 . . . | Em\
 How you suffered for your sani—ty— How you tried to set them free

--- --- --- | A7 . . . | D7 . . . | G . C . | G\
 They would not listen, they did not know how— per-haps they'll listen now—

--- --- --- |Am . . . |D7 . . . |G . GMaj7 . |Em\
Bridge: For they could not— love you— but still your love was true—

--- --- --- |Am\
And when no hope was left in sight, on that starry, starry night

|G\
(slow) You took your life as lovers of-ten do—

. |Am\
But I could have told you, Vincent, (pause) |C\
This world was never meant for one as

D7\
beau—ti—ful as you—

--- --- --- |G . *Gsus4 . |G . . . |Am . . . | . .
Starry, starry night— portraits hung in empty— halls—

. |C . . . |D7 . . . |G\
Frameless heads on nameless walls— with eyes that watch the world and can't for-get

--- --- --- |G . *Gsus4 . |G . . . |Am . . . |
Like the stranger that you've met the ragged men in ragged clothes—

. |C . . . |D7 . . . |G . .
The silver thorn of bloody rose— lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow—

Chorus 2:

. |Am . . . |D7 . . . |G . GMaj7 . |
Now I think I know— what you tried to say— to me—

Em . . . |Am . . . |D7 . . . |Em\
How you suffered for your sani—ty— and how you tried to set them free

--- --- --- |A7 . . . |Am7 .
They would not list—en, they're not listen-ing— still—

D7 . . |G . *Gsus4 . |G\
Per-haps they never will—