## Vincent (Don McLean)

G Am Starry starry night, paint your palette blue and grey	
C D7	
$\mathbf{G}$ Look out on a summer's day with eyes that know the darkness in m	
G Shadows on the hills, sketch the trees and the daffodil's C	Am D7
<b>G C G</b> Catch the breeze and the winter chills, in colours on the snowy line	
GAmD7GNow I understand what you tried to say to meEmAm7D7EmEmFor you sanity How you tried to set them free	
G They would not listen they did not know how Perhaps they'll liste	Am7 D7 n now.
Starry starry night, flaming flowers that brightly blaze C D7	Am
G Swirling clouds in violet haze reflect in Vincent's eyes of chine blue G	e Am
Colours changing hue, morning fields of amber grain C D7	
G C G Weathered faces lined in pain are soothed beneath the artist's loving	g hand.
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 darkness in m	y soul <b>Am</b>
Shadows on the hills, sketch the trees and the daffodil's	D7
<b>G C G</b> Catch the breeze and the winter chills, in colours on the snowy line	n land.
G Am7 D7	G

F# E

For they could not love you, but Am7	still your love was	true Cm	
And when no hope was left in sig G	ght, on that starry s F7	tarry night E7	
You took your life as lovers often Am7	ı do,		
But I could have told you, Vince	nt,		
С		<b>D7</b>	
This world was never meant for	one as beautiful as	you	
G		Am	
Starry, starry night, portraits hun	g in empty halls		
	C	<b>D7</b>	
G			
Frameless heads on nameless wa	lls with eyes that w	vatch the world and can't forget.	
	Ġ	C	Am
Like the stranger that you've met	, the ragged man ir	n ragged clothes	
	C C	D7	
G C G			
The silver thorn of bloody rose, l	ie crushed and bro	ken on the virgin snow	
		8	
	7	~	
Am I	)7	G	
		G	
Now I think I know what you trie	ed to say to me		
Now I think I know what you trie Em	ed to say to me	G 07	
Now I think I know what you trie Em Em	ed to say to me Am7 I	)7	
Now I think I know what you trie Em	ed to say to me Am7 I	<b>)7</b> set them free	

**G** They would not listen they're not listening still Perhaps they never will.