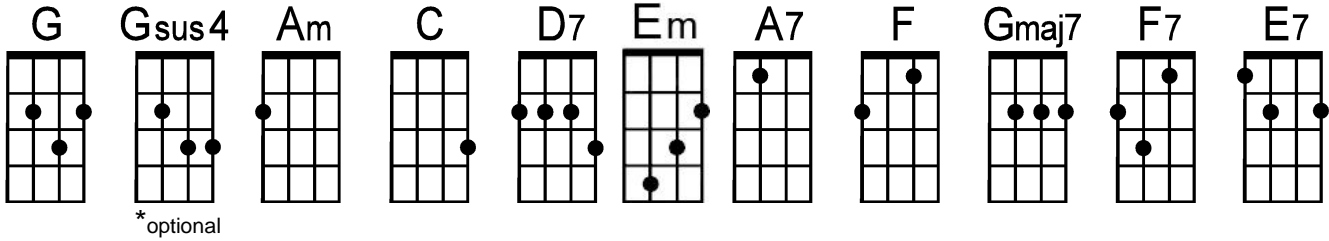


# Vincent (Starry, Starry Night)

by Don McLean (1971)



**Intro:** G . \*Gsus4 . | G . . . | G . \*Gsus4 . | G\  
--- --- --- | G . \*Gsus4 . | G . . . | Am . . . |  
Star-ry, star-ry night, paint your palette blue and grey—  
. . . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G\  
Look out on a sum-mer'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 daff-o-dils—  
. . . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G . \*Gsus4 . | G . .  
Catch the breeze and the 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 san-i—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 list-en now—  
. . . | G . \*Gsus4 . | G . . . | Am . . . |  
Star-ry, sta-rry night— flaming flowers that bright-ly blaze—  
. . . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G\  
Swirling clouds in viol-et haze re-flect in Vincent's eyes of China blue  
. . . | G . \*Gsus4 . | G . . . | Am . . . | . . .  
Colors changing hue— morning fields of am-ber— 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 san-i—ty— How you tried to set them free  
---- ---- ---- | A7 . . . | D7 . . . | G  
They would not list-en, they did not know how— per-haps they'll list-en now

**Bridge:** For they could not— love you— but still your love was true—  
 And when no hope was left in sight, on that starry, starry night  
 You took your life as lovers of-ten do—  
 But I could have told you, Vincent, (pause) This world was never meant for one as  
 beaut-i-ful— as you—

Star-ry, star-ry night— portraits hung in emp-ty- halls—  
 Frameless heads on name-less walls— with eyes that watch the world and can't for-get  
 Like the stranger that you've met, the ragged man in rag-ged clothes—  
 The silver thorn of blood-y rose— lie crushed and bro-ken on the vir-gin snow—

**Chorus 2:**

Now I think I know— what you tried to say— to me—  
 How you suffered for your san-i—ty— How you tried to set them free  
 They would not list-en, they're not listen-ing still—  
 Per-haps they nev-er will—