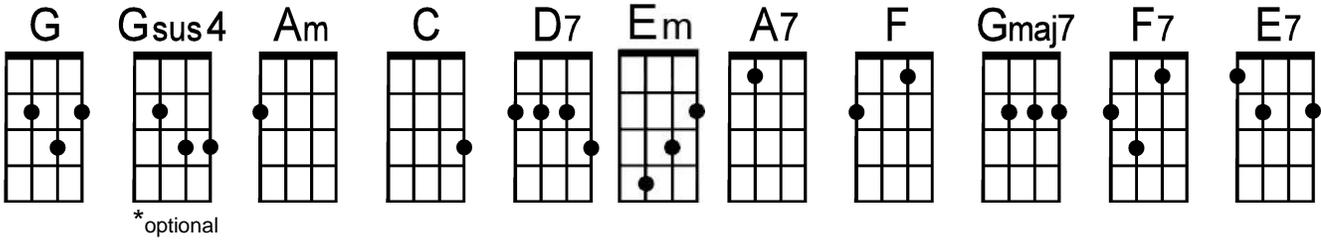


# Vincent (Starry, Starry Night)

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 listen, 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-lect 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\ --- --- --- |Cm\ --- --- --- |  
 And when no hope was left in sight, on that starry, starry night  
 G\ . F7 . |E7 . .  
 You took your life as lovers of-ten do—  
 . |Am\ . . . (pause) |C\ . . . |  
 But I could have told you, Vincent, This world was never meant for one as  
 D7 . . . |G . \*Gsus4 . |G\  
 beauti—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— How you tried to set them free  
 --- --- --- |A7 . . . |Am7 .  
 They would not listen, they're not listen-ing still—  
 D7 . |G . \*Gsus4 . |G\  
 Per-haps they never will—