

# Don McLean - Vincent

Tom: G

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

Now I understand  
 What you tried to say to me  
 And how you suffered for your sanity  
 And how you tried to set them free  
 They would not listen, they did not know how  
 Perhaps they'll listen now

Starry, starry night  
 Flaming flowers that brightly blaze  
 Swirling clouds in violet haze  
 Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue  
 Colors changing hue  
 Morning fields of amber grain  
 Weathered faces lined in pain  
 Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand

Now I understand  
 What you tried to say to me

And how you suffered for your sanity  
 And how you tried to set them free  
 They would not listen, they did not know how  
 Perhaps they'll listen now

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 often do  
 But I could have told you, Vincent  
 This world was never meant for one  
 As beautiful as you  
 Starry, starry night  
 Portraits hung in empty halls  
 Frameless heads on nameless walls  
 With eyes that watch the world and can't forget  
 Like the strangers that you've met  
 The ragged men in the ragged clothes  
 The silver thorn, a bloody rose  
 Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow

Now I think I know  
 What you tried to say to me  
 And how you suffered for your sanity  
 And how you tried to set them free  
 They would not listen, they're not listening still  
 Perhaps they never will

## Acordes

