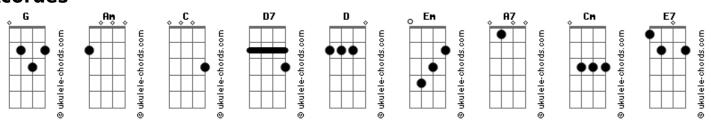


## **Don McLean - Vincent**

Tom: G GStarry, starry night A2 Am Am Paint your palette blue and gray A2 Am C C Look out on a summer's day D7sus2 With eyes that know the darkness in my soul  $\mathsf{G} \;\; \mathsf{G} \;\; \mathsf{G}$ Shadows on the hills  $\mathsf{Am}$ A2 Am Sketch the trees and the daffodils A2 Am C С Catch the breeze and the winter chills D7sus2 D7 In colors on the snowy linen land A2 Am D7 Now I understand G 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 G Perhaps they'll listen now G G GStarry, starry night Am A2 Am Flaming flowers that brightly blaze A2 Am C Swirling clouds in violet haze D7 D7sus2 Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue  $\mathsf{G} \mathsf{G} \mathsf{G}$ Colors changing hue A2 Am Morning fields of amber grain A2 Am C C Weathered faces lined in pain D7sus2 D7 Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand A2 Am D7 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 G Perhaps they'll listen now G G Am For they could not love you But still your love was true And when no hope was left in sight Cm On that starry, starry night You took your life, as lovers often do Am But I could have told you, Vincent С С This world was never meant for one D7sus2 G C G As beautiful as you G G G Starry, starry night Am Portraits hung in empty halls A2 Am C Frameless heads on nameless walls D7sus2 D7 With eyes that watch the world and can't forget Like the strangers that you've met Am A2 Am The ragged men in the ragged clothes A2 Am The silver thorn, a bloody rose D7sus4 D7 Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow A2 Am D7 Now I think I know G D What you tried to say to me Am And how you suffered for your sanity And how you tried to set them free They would not listen, they're not listening still

## Acordes



Perhaps they never will