

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

