

Don McLean - Vincent

Tom: G

Starry starry night paint your pallete blue and grey

Look out on a summers day with eyes that know the darkness in my soul

Shadows on hills sketch the tress and daffodils

Catch the breeze and the winter chill In colors on the snowy linen land

[Refrão]

And now I understand what you tried to say to me

How you suffered for you sanity How you tried to set them free

They would not listen the did not know how perhaps they \ll listen now

Starry starry nite flamings flowr\'s that brightly blaze

Swirling coulds in violet haze reflect in Vincents eyes of china blue

Colors changing hue morning fields of amber graing

Weatherd faces lined in pain are soothed beneath the artists loving hand

[Refrão]

For the could not love you but still your love was true

And when no hope was left in sight on that starry starry nite

You took you life as lovers often do but I could of told you Vinvent

This world was never meant for one as beautiful as you

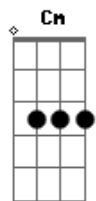
Starry starry nite portraits hung in empty halls
Frameless heads on nameless walls with i\'s that watch the world And cant forget Like
The strangers that youve met, the ragged men in ragged clothes
The silver thorn the bloody rose Lire crushed and broken on the Virgin snow

And now I understand what you tried to say to me

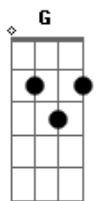
How you suffered for you sanity how you tried to set them free

They would not listen theyre not listening still perhaps they never will

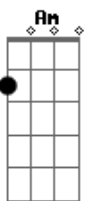
Acordes



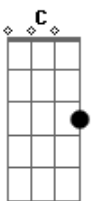
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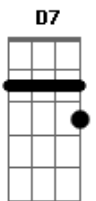
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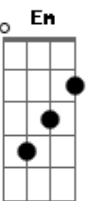
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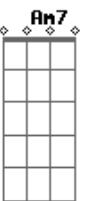
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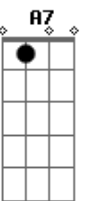
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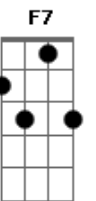
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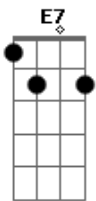
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