

Vincent

by Don McLean (1971)

G G Am Am
Starry Starry night paint your palette blue and grey. Look out on a
C D7 G
summer's day with eyes that know the darkness in my soul. Shadows on the
G Am Am C
hills sketch the trees and daffodils. Catch the breeze and the winter chill in
D7 G(½) C(½)
colors on the snowy linen land

G Am D7 G
And now I understand what you tried to say to me
Em Am7
How you suffered for your sanity
D7 Em
How you tried to set them free; they would not listen they did
A7(½) Am7(½) D7 G G
not know how perhaps they'll listen now

Starry starry nite flaming flower's 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 artists loving hand

G Am7 D7 G
Now for they could not love you but still your love was true
Em Am7 Cm6
And when no hope was left in sight on that starry starry nite
G(½) F7(½) E7 Am7
You took your life as lovers often do, but I could have told you Vincent
C D7 G G
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 eyes that watch the world and cant forget
Like the strangers that you've met, the ragged men in ragged clothes
The silver thorn the bloody rose Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow
A7 Am7(½) D7(½) G G
They would not listen they're not listening still perhaps they never will