

## Vincent [for Paul]

Starry starry [C]night, paint your palette [Dm]blue and grey  
Look out on a [F]summer's day with [G7]eyes  
that know the darkness in my [C]soul  
Shadows on the [C]hills, sketch the trees and the [Dm]daffodills  
Catch the breeze and the [F]winter chills,  
in [G7]colors on the snowy linen [C]land [slide]

{Chorus}

Now I under[Dm]stand [G7]what you tried to [C]say to me  
[Am]How you suffered for your [Dm7]sanity[G7]  
How you tried to set them [Am]free  
They would not listen they did [D7]not know [Dm7]how  
[G7] Perhaps they'll listen [C]now [slide ]

Starry starry [C]night, flaming flowers that [Dm]brightly blaze  
Swirling clouds in [F]violet haze [G7]reflect in Vincent's eyes of china [C]blue  
Colors changing [C]hue, morning fields of amber [Dm]grain  
Weathered faces [F]lined in pain are  
[G7]soothed beneath the artists's loving [C]hand

{chorus}

[C]For they could not [Dm7]love you,  
[G7]but still your love was [C]true [C/B] [Am]  
And when no [Dm7]hope was left in sight, on that [Fm]starry starry night  
You [C]took your life as [Bb7]lovers often [A7]do,  
But I [Dm7]could have told you, Vincent,  
This [F]world was never meant for one as [G7]beautiful as you [slide]

Starry, starry [C]night, portraits hung in [Dm]empty halls  
Frameless heads on [F]nameless walls with  
[G7]eyes that watch the world and can't for[C]get.  
Like the stranger that you've [C]met, the ragged man in [Dm]ragged clothes  
The silver thorn, the [F]bloody rose, lie  
[G7]crushed and broken on the virgin [C]snow

Now I [Dm]think I know [G7]what you tried to [C]say to me  
[Am]How you suffered for your [Dm7]sanity  
[G7] How you tried to set them [Am]free  
They would not listen they're [D7]not listening [Dm7]still [G7]  
Perhaps they never [C]will [hold 3 measures]