

## Vincent [capo 5 for Sara]

Starry starry [G]night, paint your palette [Am]blue and grey  
Look out on a [C]summer's day with [D7]eyes that know the darkness in my [G]soul  
Shadows on the [G]hills, sketch the trees and the [Am]daffodills  
Catch the breeze and the [C]winter chills,  
in [D7]colors on the snowy linen [G]land [slide]

{Chorus}

Now I under[Am]stand [D7]what you tried to [G]say to me  
[Em]How you suffered for your [Am7]sanity[D7] How you tried to set them [Em]free  
They would not listen they did [A7]not know [Am7]how  
[D7] Perhaps they'll listen [G]now [slide 1<sup>st</sup> time only]

Starry starry [G]night, flaming flowers that [Am]brightly blaze  
Swirling clouds in [C]violet haze [D7]reflect in Vincent's eyes of china [G]blue  
Colors changing [G]hue, morning fields of amber [Am]grain  
Weathered faces [C]lined in pain are  
[D7]soothed beneath the artists's loving [G]hand

{chorus}

[G]For they could not [Am7]love you,  
[D7]but still your love was [G]true [G/F#] [Em]  
And when no [Am7]hope was left in sight, on that [Cm]starry starry night  
You [G]took your life as [F7]lovers often [E7]do,  
But I [Am7]could have told you, Vincent,  
This [C]world was never meant for one as [D7]beautiful as you [slide]

Starry, starry [G]night, portraits hung in [Am]empty halls  
Frameless heads on [C]nameless walls with  
[D7]eyes that watch the world and can't for[G]get.  
Like the stranger that you've [G]met, the ragged man in [Am]ragged clothes  
The silver thorn, the [C]bloody rose, lie  
[D7]crushed and broken on the virgin [G]snow

Now I [Am]think I know [D7]what you tried to [G]say to me  
[Em]How you suffered for you [Am7]sanity [D7] How you tried to set them [Em]free  
They would not listen they're [A7]not listening [Am7]still [D7]  
Perhaps they never [G]will [slide X 2]