VINCENT
(Starry Starry Night)

Words and Music by
DON McLEAN

Moderately

G

G

Starry, starry night,
night,
night,

G6

paint your palette blue and grey:

Am

flaming flowers that brightly blaze,

Am

portraits hung in empty halls.

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Look out on a summer's day;
Swirling clouds in violet haze
Frameless heads on nameless walls,
Eyes that know the darkness in my soul.
Eyes that watch the world and can't forget. Like shadows on the

Shadows on the
Colors changing
Like the strangers that you've

Hills, hue, met,
Sketch the trees and the
Morning fields of
The ragged men in
Am
daffodils,
Amber grain,
ragged clothes,
catch the breeze and the
weathered faces
the silver thorn of

C
winter chills,
lined in pain
bloody rose,
in colors on the snowy linen
are soothed beneath the artist's loving
lie crushed and broken on the virgin

G
land.
G
hand.
snow.
Now I understand.
Now I understand.
Now I think I
world was never meant for one as beautiful as you.

D.S. al Coda

Starry, starry

listening

Perhaps they never will.