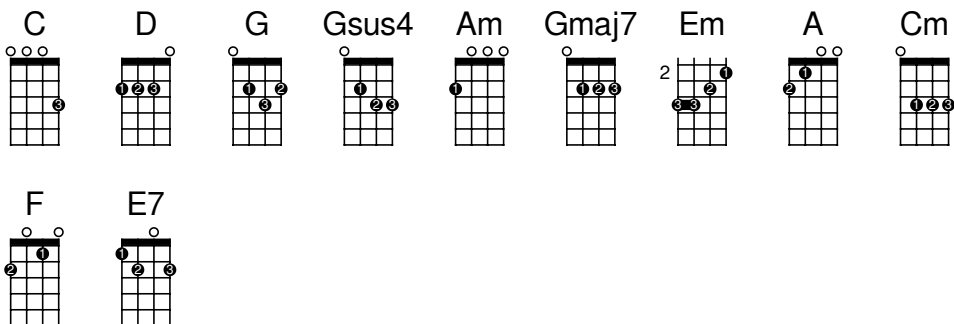


arry, starry nigh[G]t, [Gsus4]paint [G]your palette blue and[Am] grey



Look out on a su[C]mmer's day, with e[D]yes that know the darkness in my [G]soul  
 Shadows on the hill[G]s, [Gsus4] [G] Sketch the trees and da[Am]ffodils  
 Catch the breeze and w[C]inter chills, in [D]colors on the snowy linen land[G]

### Chorus

And now I un[Am]derstand[D] what you tried to s[G]ay to me, [Gmaj7] [Em]  
 How you suffered for your [Am]sanity, [D]how you tried to set them f[Em]ree,  
 They would not listen, they did not k[A]now how, p[Am]erhaps [D]they'll listen now

### Verse 2

Starry, starry night, [G] [Gsus4] f[G]laming flowers that b[Am]rightly blaze,  
 Swirling clouds in [C]violet haze r[D]eflecting Vincent's eyes of china blu[G]e  
 Colors changing hue, [G] [Gsus4] [G] Morning fields of a[Am]mber grain  
 Weathered faces[C] lined in pain are s[D]oothed beneath the artist's loving h[G]and

### Chorus

And now I un[Am]derstand[D] what you tried to s[G]ay to me [Gmaj7], [Em]  
 How you suffered for your [Am]sanity, [D]how you tried to set them f[Em]ree,  
 They would not listen, they did not k[A]now how, p[Am]erhaps [D]they'll listen n[G]ow

### Bridge

For they could not l[Am]ove you[D], but still your love was t[G]rue [Gmaj7]  
 And when no h[Am]ope was left in sight on that s[Cm]tarry, starry night,  
 You t[G]ook your life as l[F]overs often d[E7]o  
 But I c[Am]ould have told you, Vincent, this w[C]orld was  
 Never meant for one as b[D]eautiful as yo[G]u

### Verse 3

Starry, starry night, [Gsus4] [G] portraits hung in empty halls,  
Frameless heads on [C]nameless walls with [D]eyes that watch the world and  
can't [G] forget

Like the strangers that you've met [Gsus4] [G] The ragged men in rags  
clothes

The silver thorn of bloody rose, lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow

### Chorus

And now I think I [Am]know [D] what you tried to say to me [Gmaj7], [Em]  
How you suffered for your [Am]sanity, [D]how you tried to set them free,  
They would not listen, they're not listening still, [Am] perhaps they never will