



VINCENT (Starry, Starry Night)

Don Maclean

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

Now I understand what you tried to say to me
How you suffered for your sanity, how you tried to set
them free
They would not listen, they did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now

Starry, starry night, flaming flowers that brightly blaze
Swirling clouds in violet haze reflect in
Vincent's eyes of China blue
Colors changing hue, morning field of amber grain
Weathered faces lined in pain, are soothed beneath the artists loving hand

Now I understand what you tried to say to me
How you suffered for your sanity, how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they did not know how
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For they could not love you, but still your love was true
And when no hope was left in sight on that starry, starry night
You took your life, as lovers often do, but i could have told you,
Vincent This world was never meant for one as beautiful as you

Starry, starry night, portraits hung in empty halls
Frameless head on nameless walls,
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget
Like the strangers that you've met, the
ragged men in the ragged clothes
The silver thorn of bloody rose, lie crushed
and broken on the virgin snow

Now I think I know what you tried to say
to me
How you suffered for your sanity, how you
tried to set them free
They would not listen, they're not listening
still
Perhaps they never will

