Starry Starry Night

Jackie Evancho

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 daffodils,
Catch the breeze and winter chills,
In colors on the snowy linen land.
Now I understand what you tried to say to me,
And how you suffered for your sanity,
And how you tried to set them free.
They'd 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 fields of amber grain,
Weathered faces lined in pain,
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand.
Now I understand what you tried to say to me,

How you suffered for your sanity,
And how you tried to set them free.
They'd not listen, they did not know how.
Perhaps they'll listen now.
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.
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,
And how you tried to set them free.
They'd not listen, they're not listening still.
Perhaps they never will...

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