Vincent

Rick Astley

Starry, starry night
Paint your palette blue and gray
Look out on a summers day
With eyes that know the darkness in my soulShadows on the hills
Sketch the trees and the daffodils
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
In colors on the snowy linen landNow 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 nowStarry, starry night
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze
Swirling clouds in violet haze
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blueColors changing hue
Morning fields of amber grain
Weathered faces lined in pain
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving handNow I understand what you tried to say to me
How you suffered for your sanity, and how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen nowFor they could not love you
But still your love was true
And when no hope was left inside
On that starry, starry night
You took your life as lovers often doBut I could've told you, Vincent
This world was never meant
For one as beautiful as you

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