

Vincent

Josh Groban

Starry, starry night
Paint your pallet blue and gray
Look out on the 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 chill
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 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 fields of amber gray
Weathered faces lined in pain
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand 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 would 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 your love was left inside
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 ragged clothes
The silver thorn, a bloody rose
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow Now I think I know
What you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity

And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen
They're not listening still
Perhaps they never will

Songwriters

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