

# Vincent

## The Bollock Brothers

Starry, starry night  
Paint your palette blue and gray  
Look out on a summers 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 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 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 no hope was left inside  
On that starry, starry night  
You took your life as lovers often do  
But I could've told you, Vincent  
This world was never meant  
For one as beautiful as you

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