Vincent

Justin Hayward

Starry, starry night
Paint your palette blue and gray
Look out on a summer's 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 landAnd 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 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 handAnd 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 nowFor they could not love you
But still your love was true
And when no hope was left inside
On that starry, starry nightYou took your life as lovers often do
But I could have told you Vincent
This world was never meant for one as
Beautiful as youStarry, starry night
Portraits hang in empty halls
Frame less heads on nameless walls
With eyes that watch the world and can't forgetLike the strangers that you've met
The ragged men in ragged clothes
The silver thorn of bloody rose
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snowAnd 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

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