

Vincent (Starry Starry Night)

Don McLean

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 the daffodils
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
In colors on the snowy linen land.

And 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 flo'rs 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.

And now I understand what you tried to say to me
How you suffered for your sanity

How you tried to set them free.

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.
Starry

Starry night

Portraits hung in empty halls
Frameless heads on nameless walls

With eyes

That watch the world and can't forget.

Like the stranger that you've met
The ragged men in ragged clothes
The silver thorn of bloody rose

Lie crushed and broken

On the virgin snow.

And 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
List'ning still
Perhaps they never will.

Songwriters

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