

Vincent (starry, Starry Night)

[Josh Groban](#)

Starry, starry night, paint your palette blue and gray
Look out on a 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 the winter chills
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 and 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 artists' 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 no hope 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 of bloody rose
Like 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

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