

Don McLean – *Vincent*

Starry, starry night
paint your palette blue and grey
look out [.....] [.....] summer's day
with eyes that know [.....] darkness in my soul.

Shadows [.....][.....] hills
sketch the trees [.....][.....] daffodils
catch the breeze and the winter chills
in colours [.....][.....] snowy linen land.

Now [.....] understand
what [.....] tried to say [.....][.....]
and how you suffered [.....][.....] sanity
and how [.....] tried to set [.....] free
they would not listen
they did not know how
perhaps they'll [.....] now.

Starry, starry night
flaming flowers that brightly blaze
swirling clouds [.....] violet haze
reflect [.....] Vincent's eyes [.....] China blue.

Colours changing hue
morning fields [.....] amber grain
weathered faces lined in pain
are soothed beneath the artist's loving [.....].

Now [.....] understand
what [.....] tried [.....] say [.....][.....]
and how [.....] suffered [.....][.....] sanity
and how [.....] tried [.....] set [.....] free
they would [.....] listen
they did [.....] know how
perhaps they'll [.....][.....]

for they could not love [.....]
but still [.....] love was true
and when no hope was left in sight, [.....] that starry starry night

you took [.....] life as lovers often do
but [.....] could have told [.....], Vincent
this world was never meant for one [.....] beautiful [.....] you.

Starry, starry night
portraits hung [.....] empty halls
frameless heads [.....] nameless walls
[.....] eyes that watch the world [.....] can't forget

like the strangers [.....] you've met
the ragged men [.....] ragged clothes
[.....] silver thorn [.....] bloody rose
lie crushed and broken [.....][.....] virgin snow.

Now [.....] think [.....] know
what [.....] tried [.....][.....][.....][.....]
and how [.....] [.....] [.....] [.....] sanity
and how [.....] tried [.....][.....][.....] free
they [.....][.....] listen, they're [.....] listening [.....]
perhaps they never will.