

Don McLean – *Vincent*

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 colours 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 in violet haze  
reflect in Vincent's eyes of China blue.

Colours 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  
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 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 strangers that you've met  
the ragged men in ragged clothes  
the silver thorn of bloody rose  
lie 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.