

Vincent

Starry, starry night –

- *Paint* your palette **blue** and gray

- *Look* out on a **summers** 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**. ***/-1-/***

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* flowers that **brightly** blaze

- *Swirling* clouds in **violet** haze

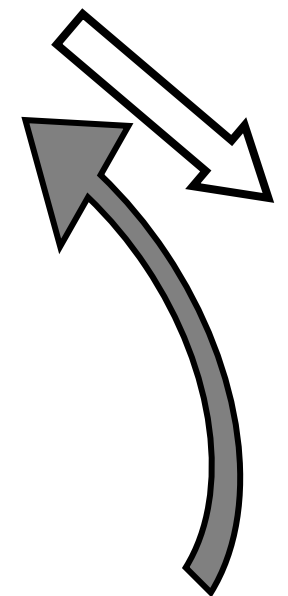
Reflecting Vincent's eyes of china **blue**

Color's changing hue

- *Morning* fields of **amber** grain

- *Weathered* faces **lined** in pain

Are **soothed** beneath the artist's loving **hand**.



{ REPEAT }

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've 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* & can't **forget**
Like the strangers that you've **met** –
- The *ragged* men in **ragged** clothes –
- The **silver** thorn /2/ a **bloody** rose -
Lie **crushed** & broken on the virgin **snow**

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**.