

Vincent
Don McLean

[Verse 1]

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 daffodils
Catch the breeze and winter chills, in colors on the snowy linen land

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 2]

Starry, starry night, flaming flowers that brightly blaze,
Swirling clouds in violet haze Reflecting Vincent's eyes of China Blue
Colors changing hue, Morning fields of amber grain
Weathered faces lined with pain Are soothed beneath the artists' loving hand

[Chorus]

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

[Bridge]

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

[Verse 3]

Starry, starry night, portraits hung in empty halls,
Frames 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

[Chorus]

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 listening still, perhaps the never will