

Vincent (Starry, Starry Night)

Words & Music by:
Don McLean

Starry, starry night----- paint your palate blue and gray.
Look out on a summer's day with eyes that know the darkness in my soul.
Shadows on a hill----- sketch the trees & the daffodils.
Catch the breeze and winter chills with colors on the snowy linen land.

CHORUS:

Now I understand what you try to say to me.
And 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 reflect in Vincent's eyes of China blue.
Colors changing hue -- morning fields of amber gray.
Weathered faces lined in pain are soothed beneath the artists loving hand.

CHORUS:

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 this world & can't forget.
Like the strangers that you've met.
The ragged man in ragged clothes -- the silver flooring, the bloody rose
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.

Now I understand what you try to say to me.
And 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.

