

Starry, starry night  
Paint your palette blue and grey  
Look out on the summer's day  
With eyes that know a darkness in your soul  
Shadows on the hills  
Sketch the trees and daffodils  
Catch the breeze and a winter chill  
Colours on the snowy linen land

Starry, starry night  
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze  
And swirling clouds of violet haze  
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue  
Colours changing hue  
Morning fields of amber grains  
Weathered faces lined in pain  
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hands

And now I understand  
What you tried to say  
To me  
How you suffered for your sanity  
How you tried to set me free  
They would not listen  
They did not know how  
Perhaps they'll listen now

Starry, starry night  
Portraits on an empty home  
Frameless heads on nameless walls  
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget  
Like the stranger's that you've met  
The ragged men in ragged clothes  
The silver thorn of a bloody rose  
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow  
Like the strangers that you know

But now I think I know  
What you tried to say  
To me  
How you suffered for your sanity  
How you tried to set me free  
They would not listen  
They're not listening still  
Perhaps they never will

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