

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 colors on the snowy linen land.  
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.

Starry  
starry night  
flaming flo'rs that brightly blaze

swirling clouds in violet haze reflect in  
Vincent's eyes of China blue.  
Colors changing hue  
morning fields of amber grain

weathered faces lined in pain  
are soothed beneath the artist's  
loving hand.  
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.

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 stranger that you've met

the ragged men in ragged clothes

the silver thorn of bloody rose  
lie crushed and broken  
on the virgin snow.  
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  
list'ning still  
perhaps they never will.