

## Vincent

Rick Astley

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 colours on the snowy linen land.

Now I understand  
What you tried to say, to me  
And how you suffered for your sanity  
And how you tried to set them free:  
They would not listen; they did not know how --  
Perhaps theyll listen now.

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

Now I understand  
What you tried to say, to me  
And how you suffered for your sanity  
And 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 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.