

Van Gogh

Rita Coolidge

You pour your heart out on the page
You bare your soul upon the stage
You've got the power to make us feel
You've got the power to help us heal

You're not crazy when it hurts and makes you cry
You draw the beauty from your pain
Life is just too beautiful to put it in a frame
Maybe that's the reason why Van Gogh went insane

You offer up your best and it don't sell
It cut you to the bone and hurts like hell
Promise me you'll still give up your fragile heart
Cause you and I both know, baby, it's still a work of art

You're not crazy if it hurts and makes you cry
You draw the beauty from your pain
Life is just too beautiful to put it in a frame
Maybe that's the reason why Van Gogh went insane

You can taste the colors feel them down so deep
Don't worry 'bout the others if it doesn't make them weep

I hope it always hurts and makes you cry
And draw the beauty from your pain
Life is just too beautiful to put it in a frame
Maybe that's the reason why Van Gogh went insane

Baby, come in from the rain...