

VINCENT by Don McLean

Starry, Starry,
 your palette blue and gray
Look out on a 's day
With that
the darkness in my soul
Shadows on the hills
Sketch the and the daffodils
 the breeze and the
 chills
In on the snowy linen land

Now I what you tried
to say to me
 you suffered for your sanity
How you to set them free
They would not , they did
not know how
Perhaps they'll listen

Starry, starry
Flaming that brightly blaze
Swirling in violet haze
Reflect in Vincent's of
china blue
Colors hue
 fields of amber grain
Weathered lined in pain
Are soothed beneath the 's
loving

Now I ...

For they could not you
But still your love was
And no hope was left in sight
On that starry, starry
You your life, as lovers do
But I could've you, Vincent,
This was never meant for
One as as you

Starry, starry
Portraits hung in halls
Frame-less on nameless walls
With eyes that the world
and can't
Like the strangers that you've

The ragged in ragged
The silver thorn of bloody
Lie crushed and on the
virgin

Now I I know
What you tried to say to me
 you suffered for your sanity
How you to set them free
They would not , they're
not listening still
Perhaps they will