

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