

## 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