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

LIVEWORKSHEETS