Paint your palette and
Look out on a summer's day
With eyes that know the in my soul
Shadows on the hills
Sketch the and the daffodils
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
In colors on the snowy linen land

Now I
What you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your
And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they did no how
Perhaps they'll listen now

Starry, starry night
Flaming that brightly
Swirling clouds in violet haze
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue
Colors changing hue
Morning fields of amber grain
Weathered faces lined in
Are soothed beneath the artist's hand