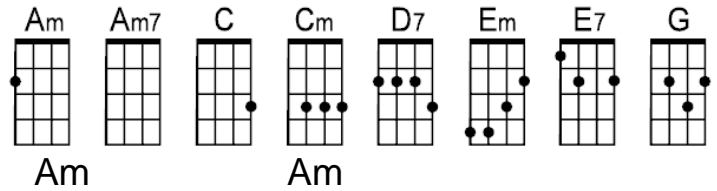


Vincent

Don McLean



Starry, starry night. Paint your palette blue and gray
 Look out on a summer's day with eyes that know the darkness in my soul
 Shadows on the hills. Sketch the trees and the daffodils
 Catch the breeze and the winter chills, in colors on the snowy linen land

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

Starry, starry night. Flaming flowers that brightly blaze
 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 pain are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand

<Chorus>

For they could not love you, but still your love was true
 And when no hope was left inside on that starry, starry night
 You took your life, as lovers often do.
 But I could've told you Vincent, this world was never meant for one as beautiful as you

Starry, starry night. Portraits hung in empty halls
 Frame-less heads on nameless walls with eyes that watch the world and can't forget
 Like the strangers that you've met; the ragged men in ragged clothes
 The silver thorn of bloody rose, lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow

Now I think I know what you tried to say to me
 And how you suffered for your sanity, and how you tried to set them free
 They would not listen, they're not listening still. Perhaps they never will