

# Starry starry night

McLean

1. Starry, starry night  
paint your pallet blue and grey.  
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 colours on the snowy linen land.
- And now I understand  
what you tried to say to me,  
how you suffered for your sanity,  
how you tried to set them free.  
They would not listen, they did not know  
how perhaps they listen now.
2. 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.

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- Sol La-7 Re7  
For they could not love you,  
but still your love was true  
and when no hope was left in sight  
on that starry, starry night.  
You took your life as lovers often do,  
but I could have told you Vincent,  
this world was never meant for one as beautiful  
as you.
3. Starry, starry night  
portraits hung in empty halls,  
frameless 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, the bloody rose,  
lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.

And now I understand  
what you tried to say to me,  
how you suffered for your sanity,  
how you tried to set them free.  
They would not listen, they're not listening  
still perhaps they never will.