

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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what you tried to say to me,
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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.