Starry Starry Night

Don Mclean

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

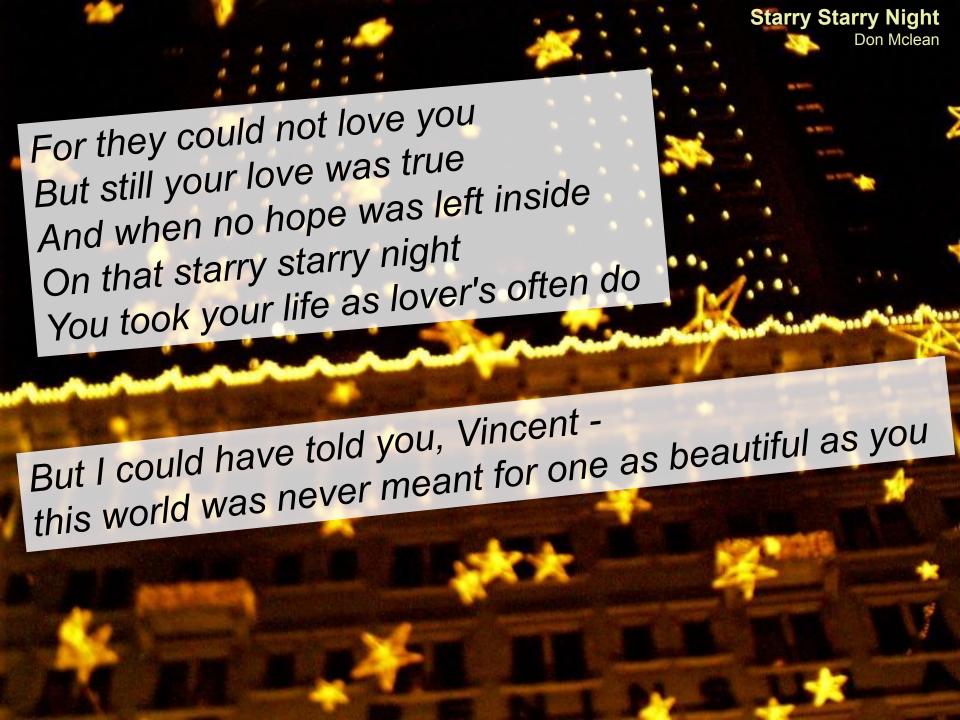
Shadows on the hills
Sketch the trees and the daffodils
catch the breeze and the winter chills
in colors on the snowy linen land

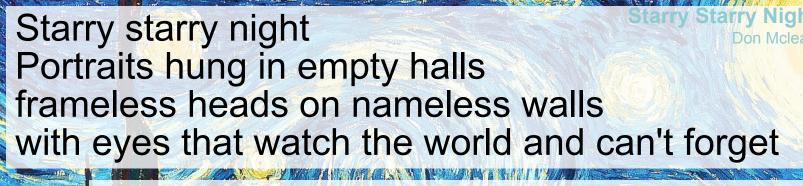
Now I understand what you tried to say to me and how you suffered for your sanity and how you tried to set them free they would not listen they did not know how perhaps they'll listen now.

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

Now I understand 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 did not know how perhaps they'll listen now





like the strangers that you've met
The ragged men in ragged clothes
a silver thorn a 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 now listen they're not listening still

Perhaps they never will