

Vincent

Clay Aiken

Starry, starry night
Paint your palette blue and gray
Look out on a summer day
With eyes that know the darkness in my soul
Shadows on the hills
Sketch the trees and daffodils
Catch the breeze and winter chills
And colors on the snowy linen land
What you tried
To say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried
To set them free
They could not listen
They did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now
And when no hope
Was left inside
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
Starry, starry night