

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 hill
Sketch the trees and daffodils
Catch the breeze and 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
Portraits hung in empty halls
Frameless heads on nameless walls
With eyes that watch the world
And can't forget like strangers
That you've met
Ragged men in ragged clothes
The 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
How you suffered for your sanity
And you tried to set them free:
They would not listen
They're not listening still
Perhaps they never will
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.