**Starry Starry Night (Vincent), Don McLean**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oxHnRfhDmrk>

Starry, starry night

Paint your palette blue and gray   
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   
How you suffered for your sanity   
How you tried to set them free   
They did 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   
  
For they could not love you   
But still your love was true   
And when no hope was left insight   
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   
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 of 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   
How you tried to set them free   
They did not listen they're not listening still   
Perhaps they never will