

Starry, starry night

Paints your palette blue and grey.

Look out on a summer's day

With eyes that know the darkness in my heart.

Shadows on the hills,

Sketch the trees and the daffodils,

Catch the breeze and the winter chills

In colours on the snowy linen land.

Now I understand

What you tried to say to me,

How you suffered for your liberty,

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.

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.

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 people 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,

Colours 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,

How you suffered for your sanity,

And how you tried to set them free.

They would not listen;

And how you tried to set them free,

They would not listen;

They're not listening still.

Perhaps they never will.

They did not know how.

Perhaps they'll listen now.