

# Fightstar "Vincent"

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## "Vincent"

(originally by Don McLean)

Starry starry night  
Paint your palette 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  
And cut us on a snowy linen land  
And now I understand, what you tried to say to me  
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  
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze  
Swirling clouds in a violet haze  
Reflecting Vincent's eyes of china blue  
Colours changing hue  
Morning fields of evergreen  
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  
How you tried to set them free  
They would not listen  
They did not know how  
Perhaps they'll listen now  
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 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 stranger that you've met  
The ragged men in ragged clothes  
The silver thorn, the bloody rose, lie crushed and  
broken on the virgin snow

And 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 would not listen, they're not listening still  
Perhaps they never will

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