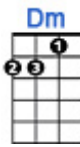
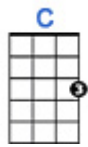
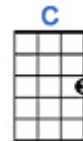
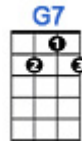
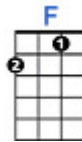


VINCENT by Don Mclean

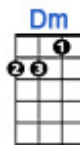
VERSE:



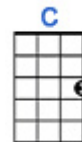
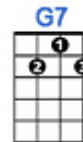
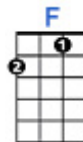
Starry, starry night, paint your palette blue and grey.



Look out on a summer's day with eyes that know the darkness in my soul.

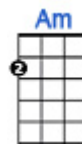
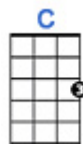
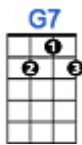
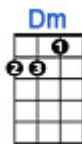


Shadows on the hills sketch the trees and the daffodils,

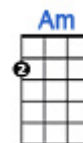
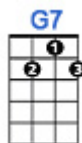


Catch the breeze and the winter chills in colors on the snowy linen land.

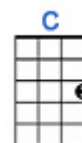
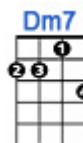
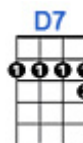
CHORUS:



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.

VERSE:

Starry, starry night, flaming flow'rs 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 artists loving hand

CHORUS

BRIDGE:



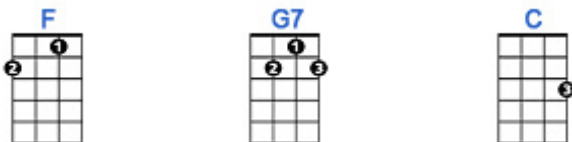
For they could not love you but still your love was true.



And when no hope was left in sight on that starry, starry night,



You took you life as lovers often do. But I could have told you Vincent,



This world was never meant for one as beautiful as you

VERSE:

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,
A silver thorn on a bloody rose, lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.

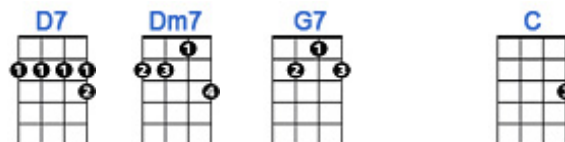
CHORUS(FINAL):



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.