

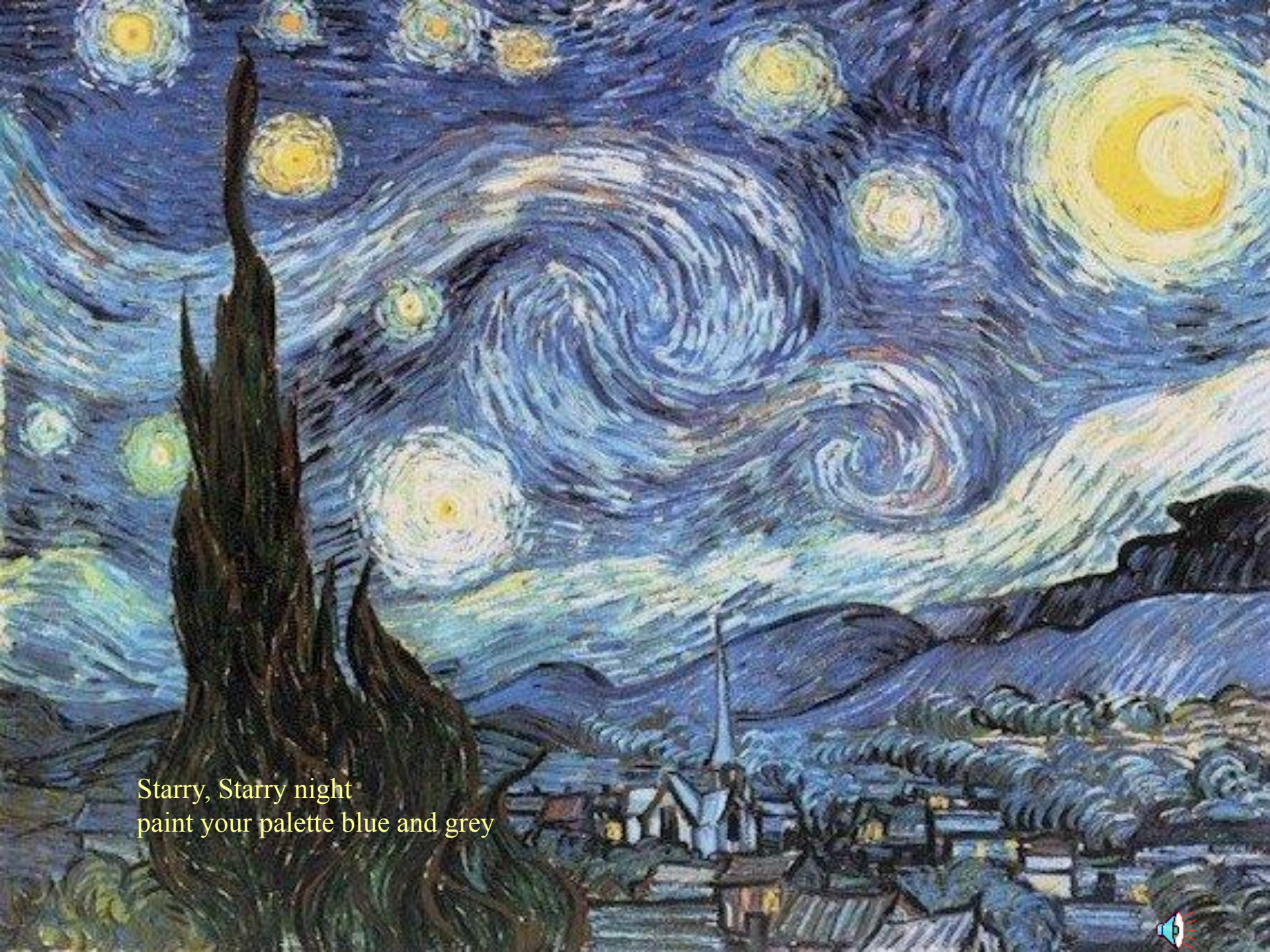
**Music:**

**Vincent (Acoustic) Composed & Performed by Don Mclean**

V I N C E N T  
V A N G O G H

(1853-1890)

Enjoy the pictures with the music and lyrics.



Starry, Starry night  
paint your palette blue and grey







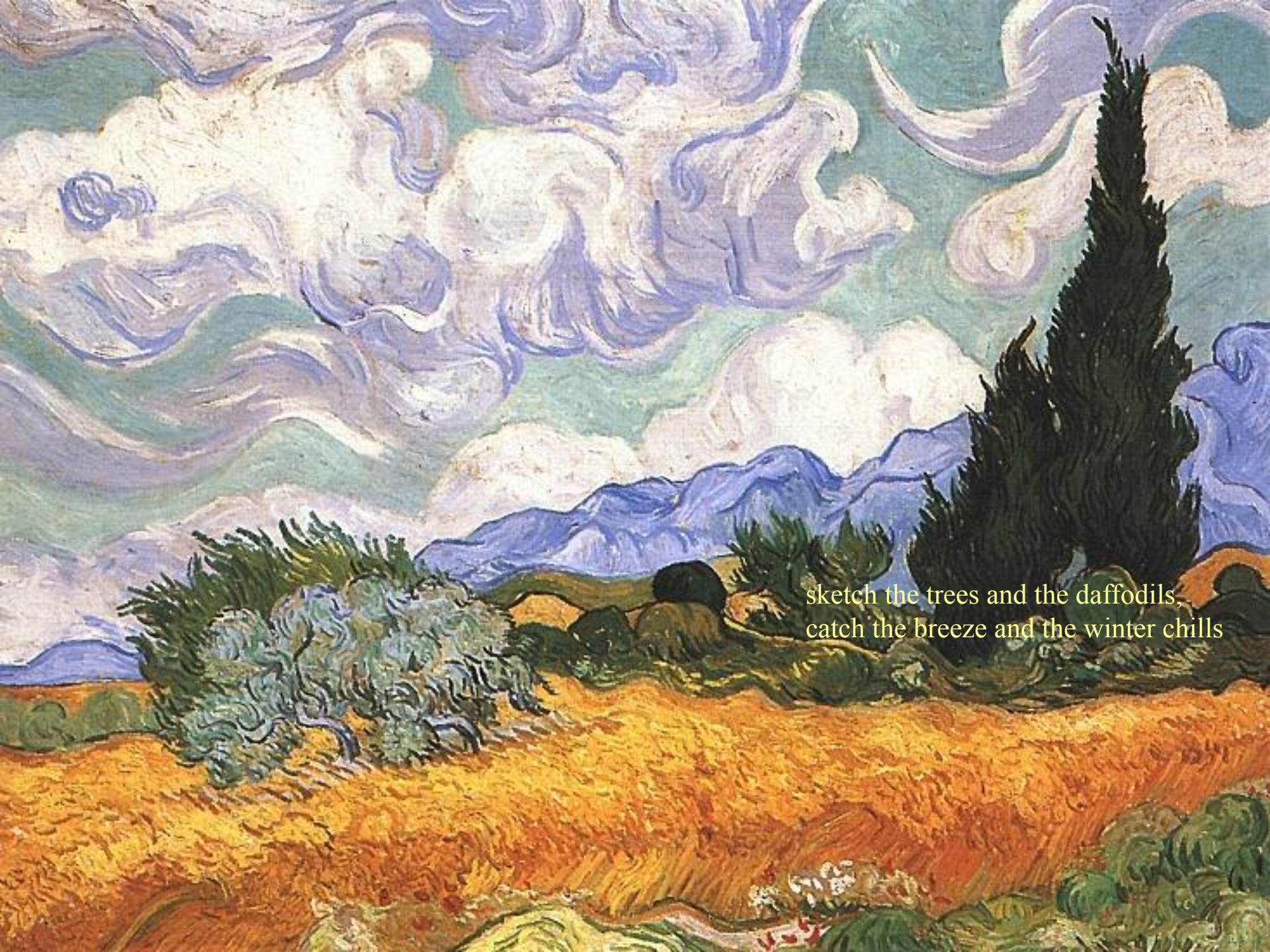
look out on a summer's day





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.  
And now I understand

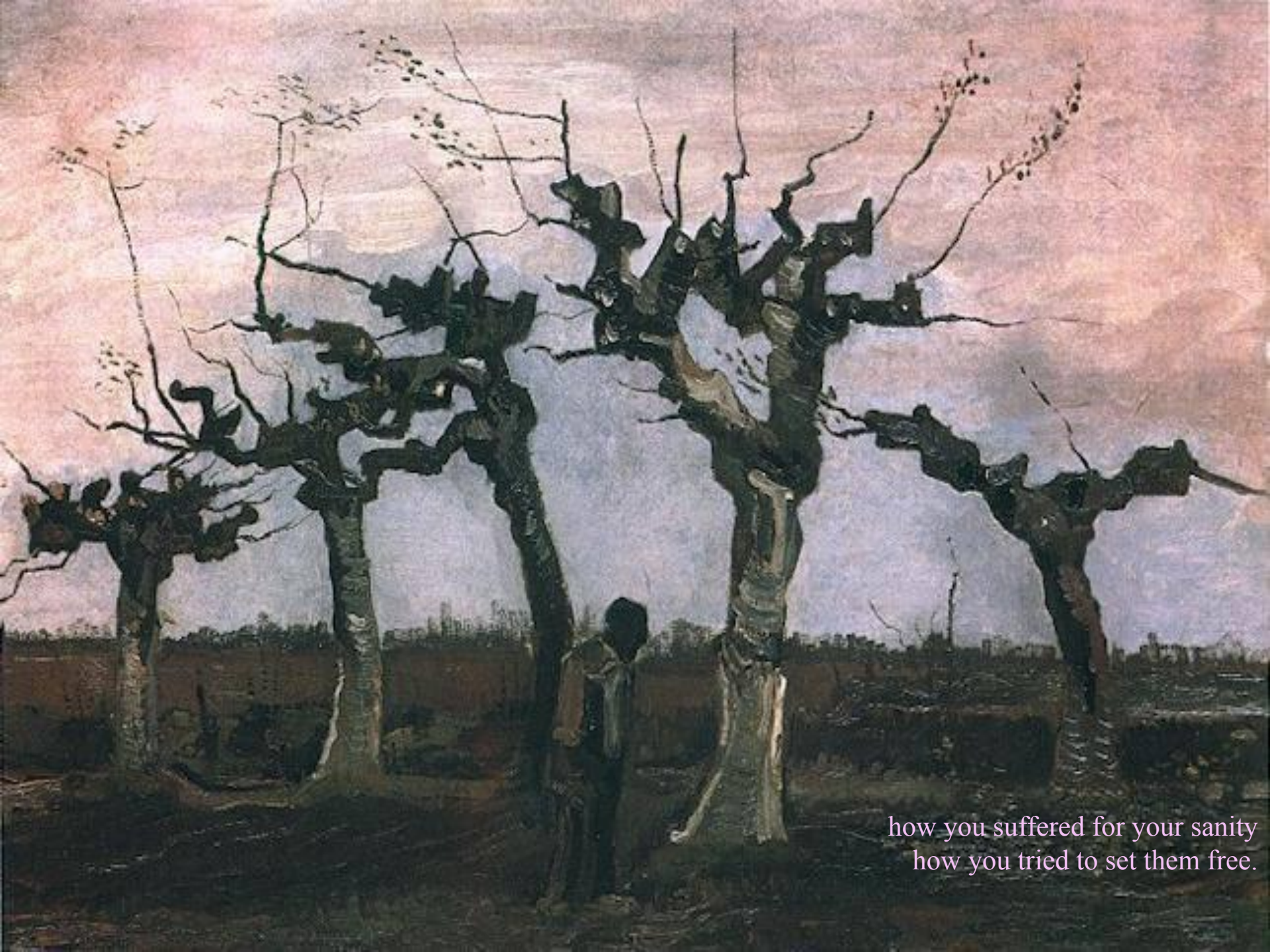






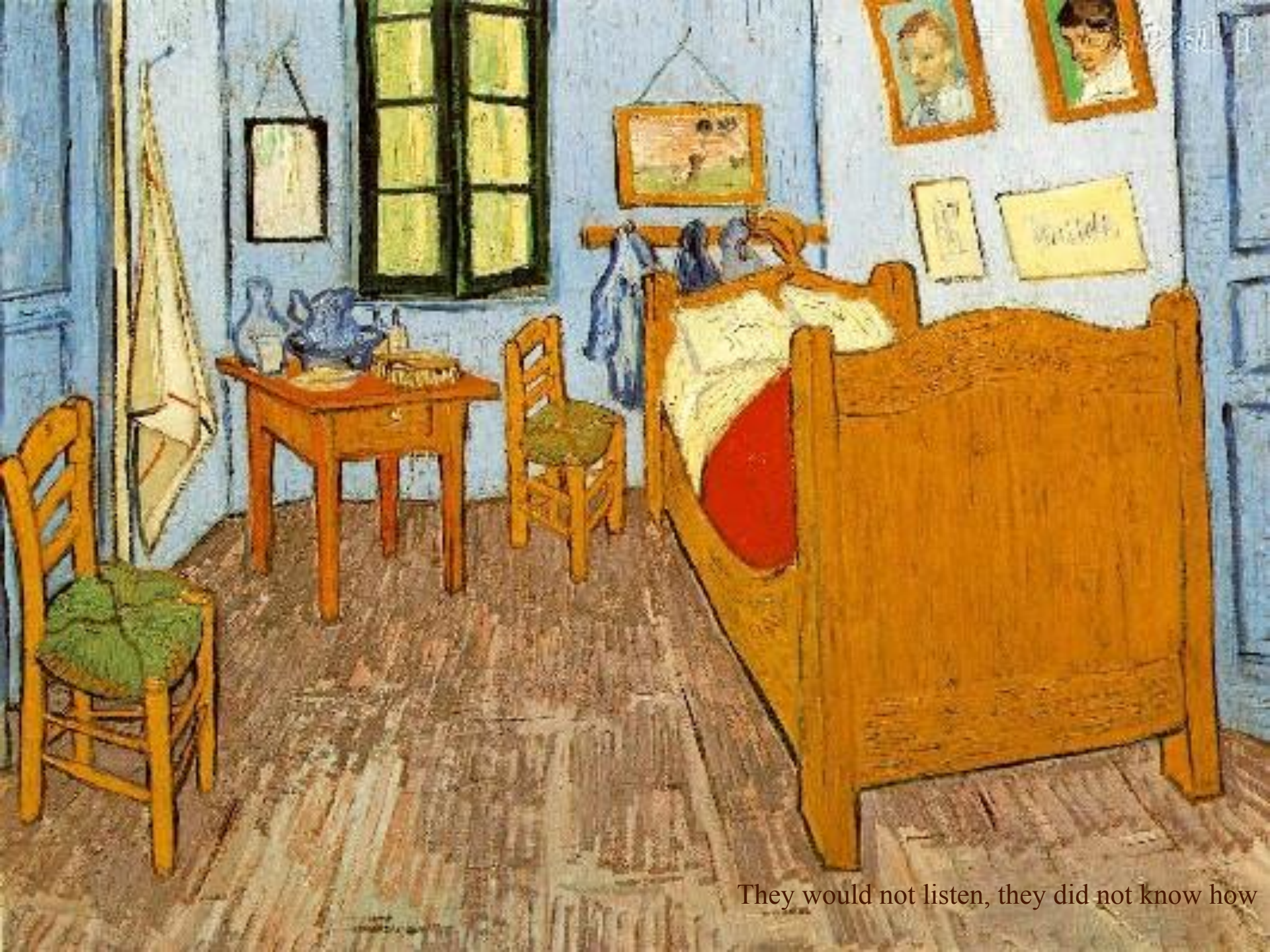
what you tried to say to me





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 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.





And now I understand

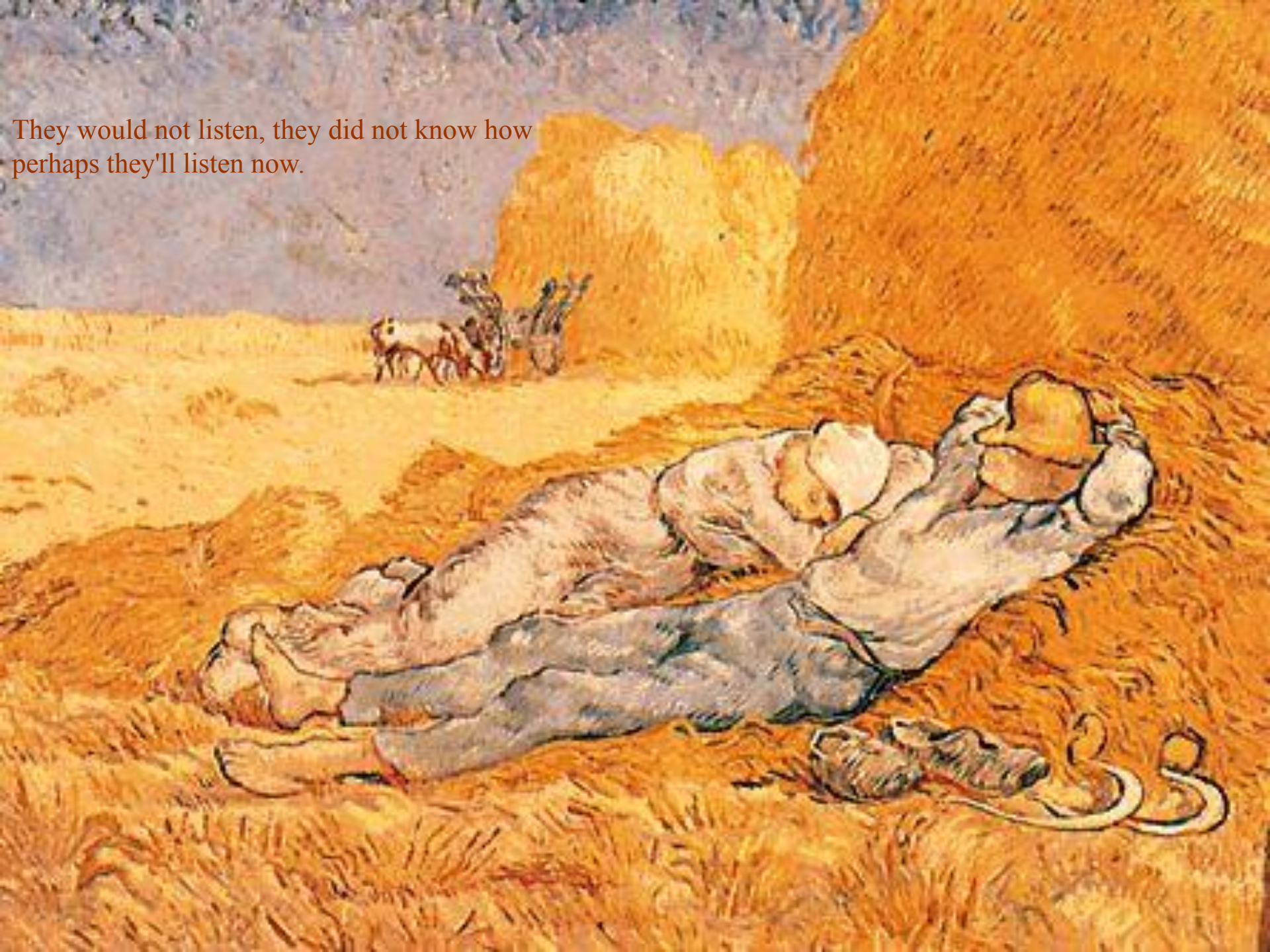


what you tried to say to me  
how you suffered for your sanity  
how you tried to set them free.



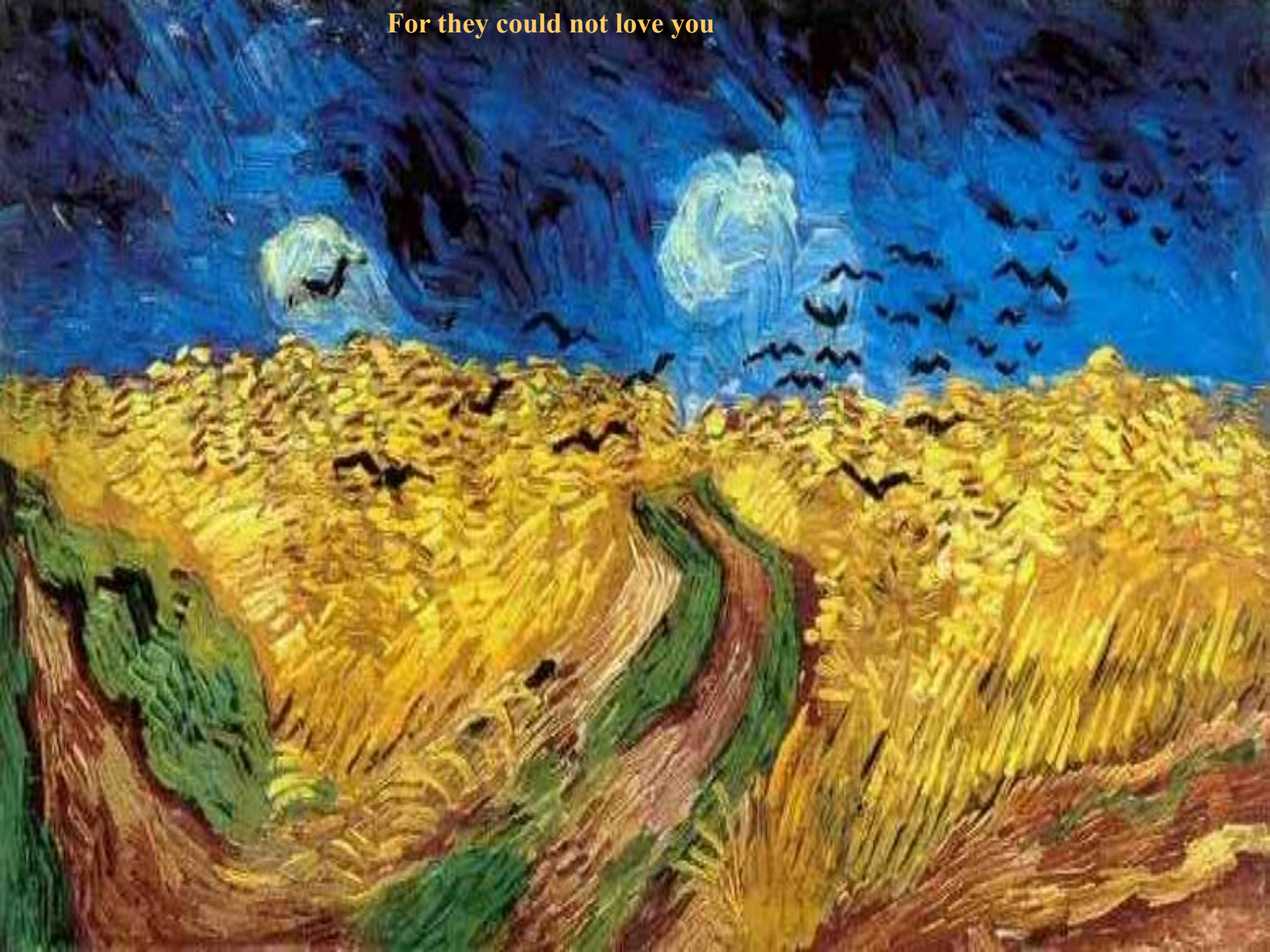


They would not listen, they did not know how perhaps they'll listen now.





**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

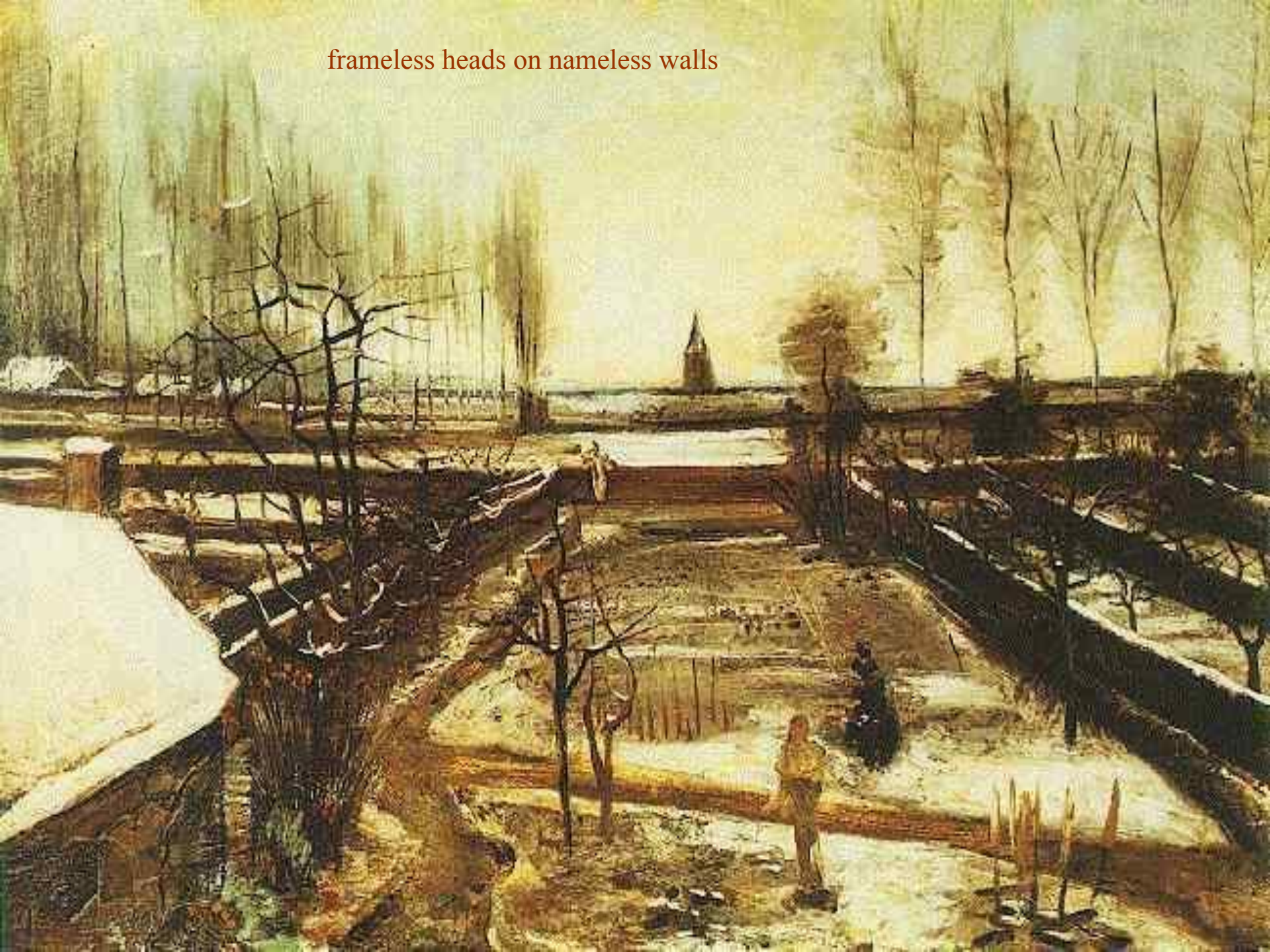




portraits hung in empty halls



frameless heads on nameless walls







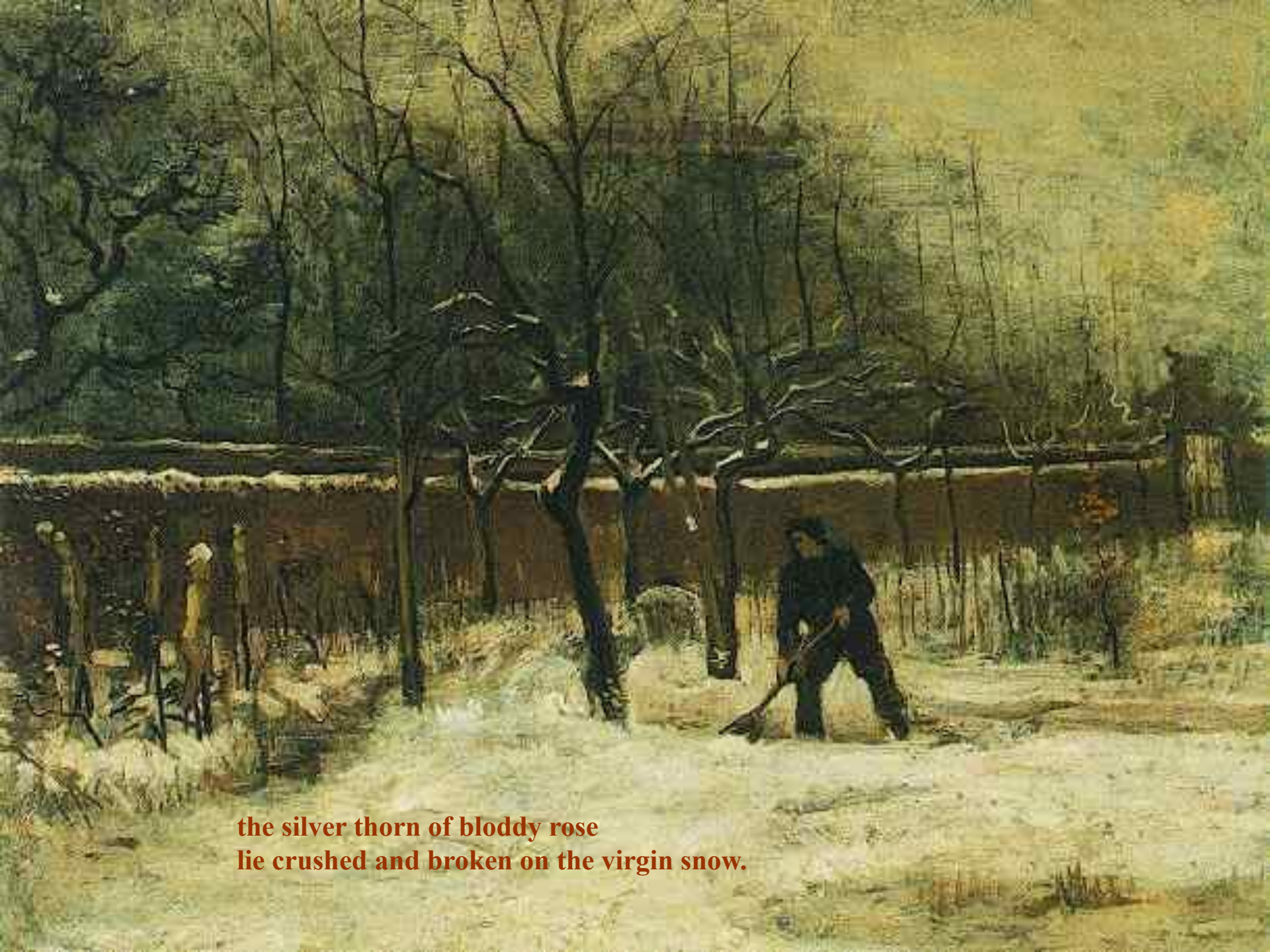
with eyes that watch the world and can't forget.  
Like the stranger that you've met



the ragged men in ragged clothes

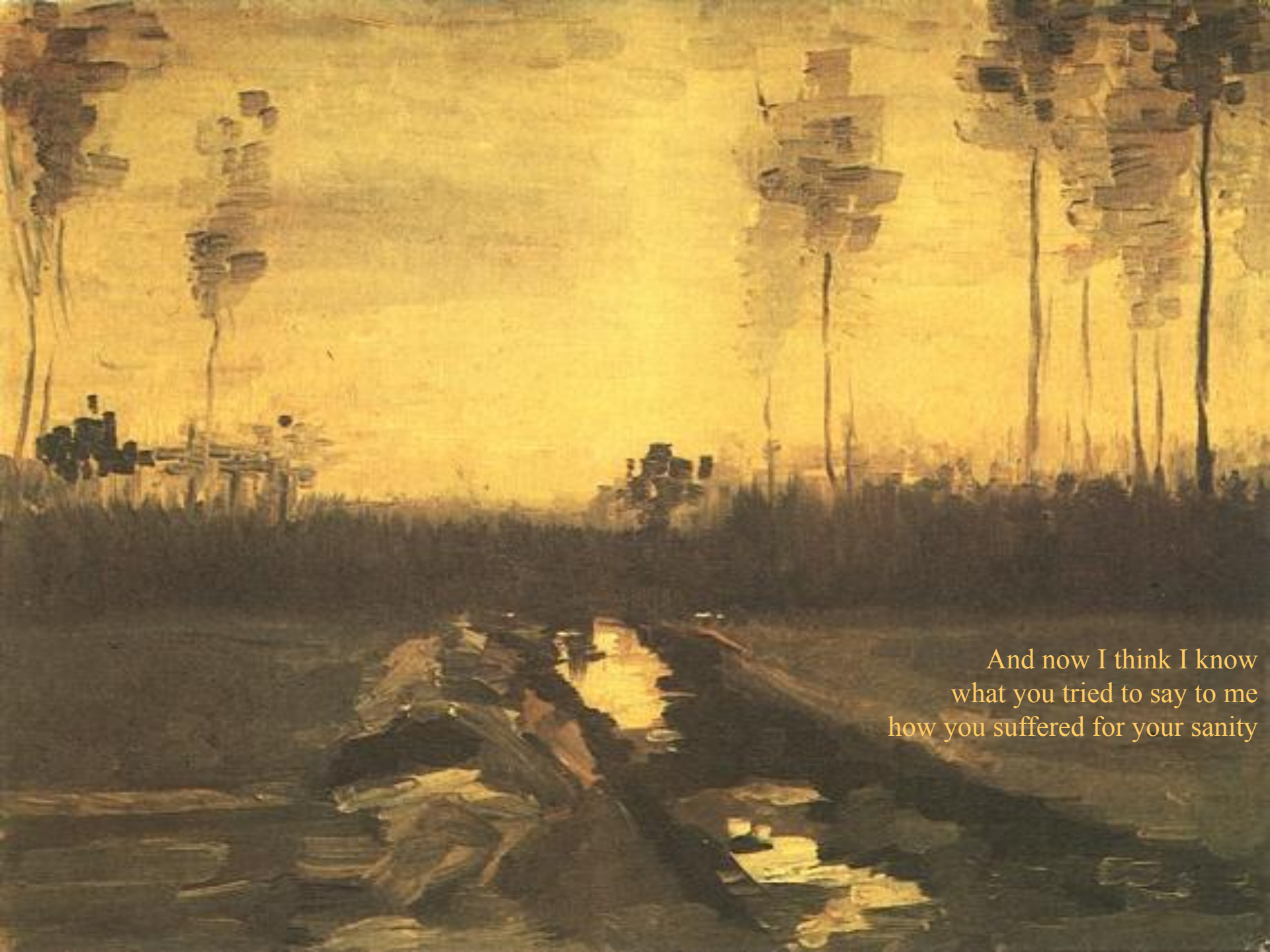






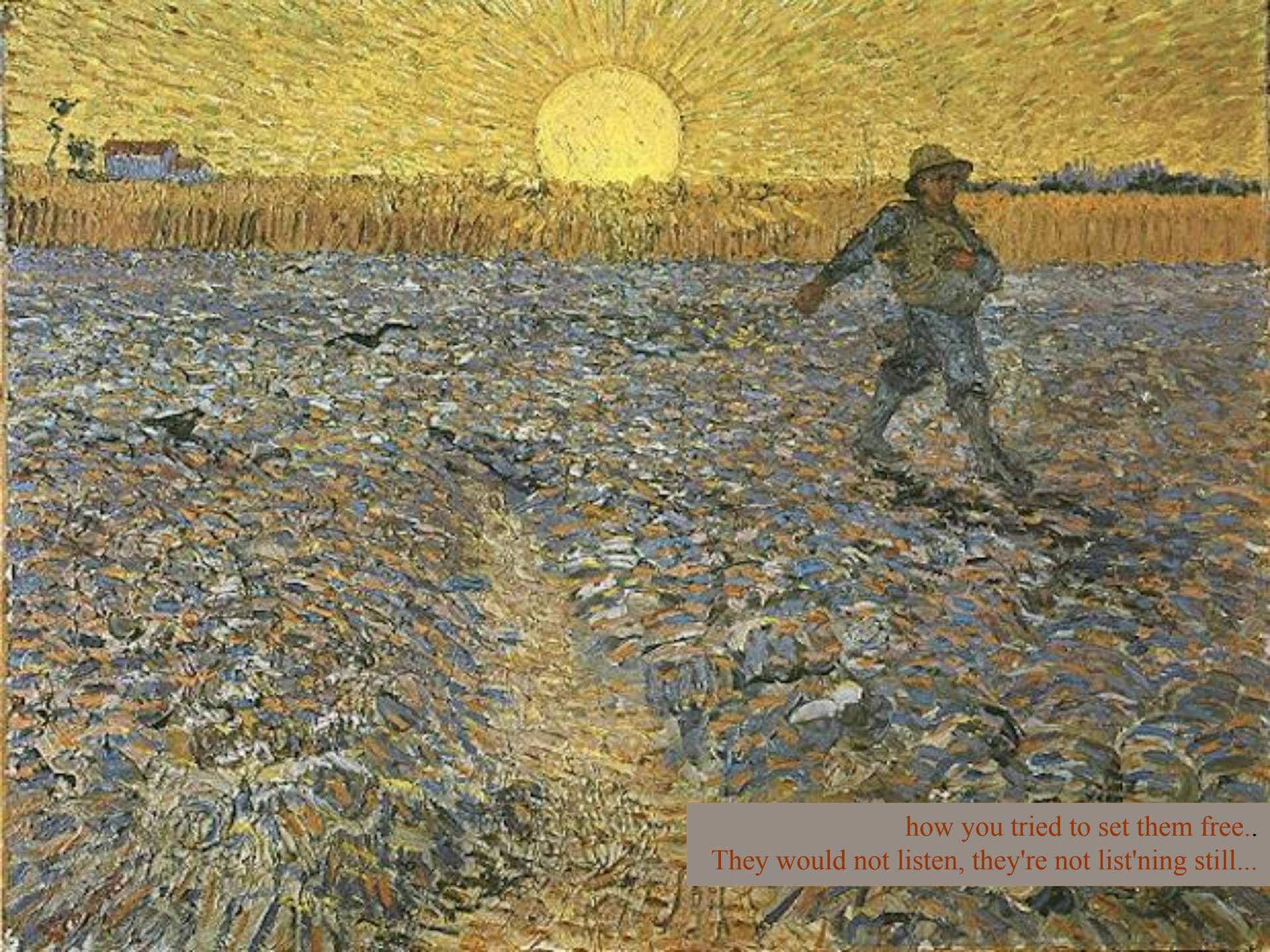
**the silver thorn of bloody rose  
lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.**





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 list'ning still...



perhaps they never will.





VINCENT  
VANGOGH



Hope you enjoyed the show and had fun!