

# NOFX, Vincent

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  
And how you suffered for your sanity  
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  
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, 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  
And how you tried to set them free:  
They would not listen; they're not listening still --  
Perhaps they never will.

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've told you, Vincent:  
This world was never meant  
For one as beautiful as you.