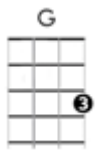
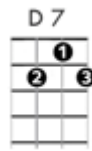
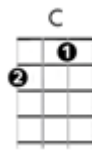
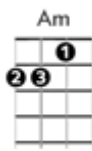
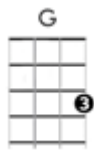
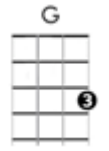
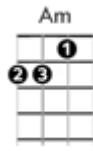


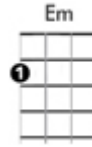
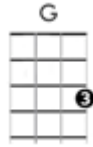
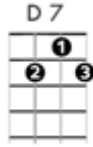
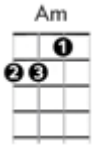
Vincent - Baritone Ukulele



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

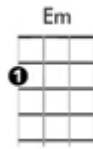
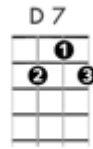
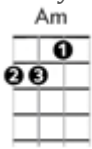


Shadows on the hills sketch the trees and the daffodils, catch the breeze and the winter chills in colors on the snowy linen land



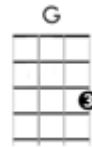
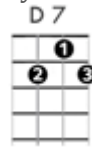
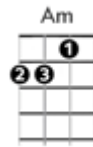
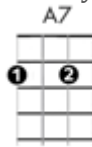
Now I understand

what you tried to say to me



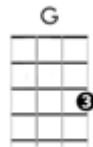
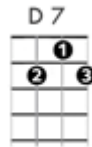
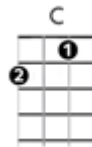
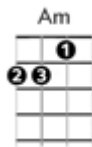
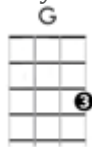
And how you suffered for your sanity,

and how you tried to set them free

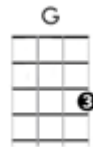
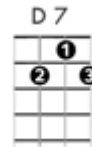
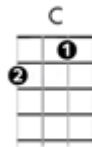
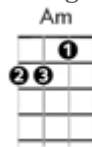


They would not listen, they did not know how...

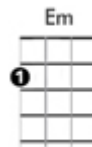
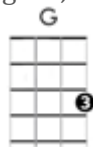
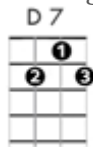
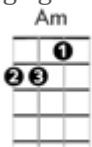
perhaps they'll listen now



Starry, starry night, flaming flowers that brightly blaze, swirling clouds in violet haze reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue

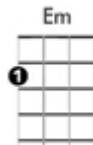
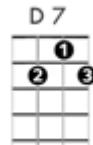
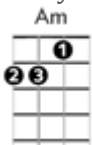


Colors changing hue, morning fields of amber grain, weathered faces lined in pain are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand



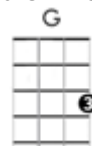
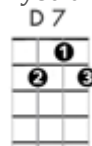
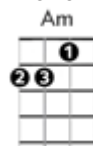
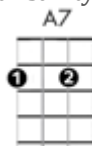
Now I understand

what you tried to say to me



And how you suffered for your sanity,

and how you tried to set them free

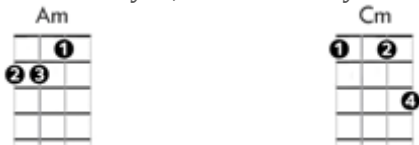


They would not listen, they did not know how...

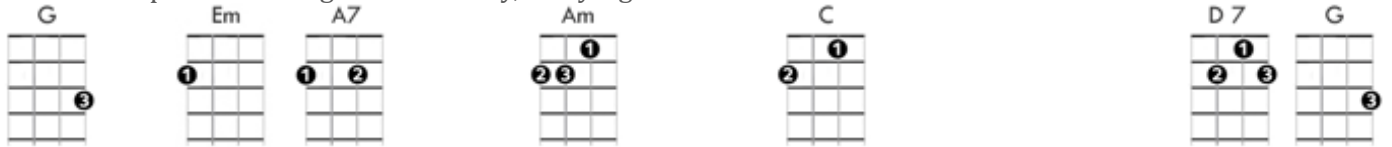
perhaps they'll listen now



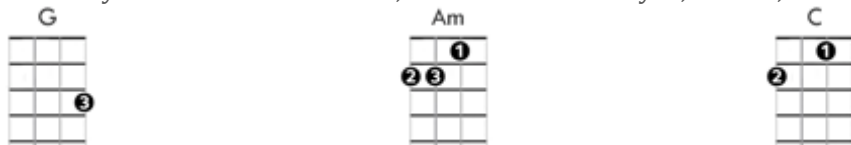
For they could not love you, but still your love was true



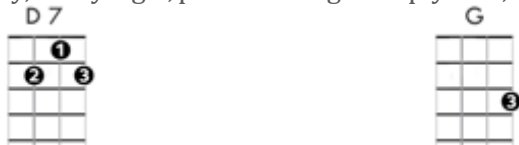
And when no hope was left in sight on that starry, starry night



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



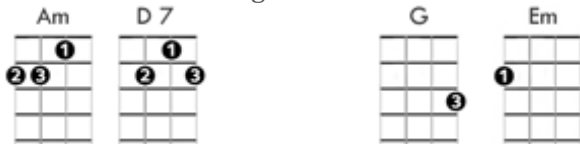
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget



Like the strangers that you've met, the ragged men in ragged clothes, the silver thorn, a bloody rose



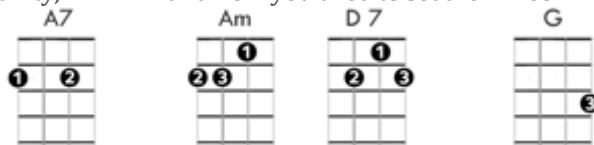
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow



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