

# MY DAUGHTER AND VINCENT VAN GOGH

*Words & Music by Anne Hills and Allen Power*

My daughter and Vincent van Gogh  
Are here for the national show  
The crowd gathers 'round us, we're waiting in line  
She's anxious to see him, her hand is in mine  
She's just read his letters, she's going to be nine  
The Washington cherry trees blossom with snow  
For my daughter and Vincent van Gogh

The child and the man disappear  
Down hallways that lead far from here  
To a tangle of forest, and ocean of wheat  
Where there's honey-gold quinces and green chives to eat  
Till the breezes of evening blow salty and sweet  
There's a tumbling sky, there's a world turning slow  
For my daughter and Vincent van Gogh

*And I'm standing at a distance  
Holding a bowl of potatoes  
Beneath bright singing poplars*

She's making her way through the streets  
With his brown leather boots on her feet  
She walks down to the boats resting on the wet sand  
She's gathering irises into her hand  
As she watches the sunbeams dividing the land  
For the reaper who's moving so gentle and low  
Near my daughter and Vincent van Gogh

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