The Wind Cries Mary

Jimi Hendrix

After all the jacks are in their boxes And the clowns have all gone to bed You can hear happiness staggering on down the street Footprints dressed in red And the wind whispers Mary

A broom is drearily sweeping Up the broken pieces of yesterday life Somewhere a queen is weeping Somewhere a king has no wife And the wind, it cries Mary

The traffic lights they turn up blue tomorrow And shine their emptiness down on my bed The tiny island sags downstream Cause the life that lived is, is dead And the wind screams Mary

Will the wind ever remember The names it has blown in the past And with his crutch, its old age, and it's wisdom It whispers no, this will be the last And the wind cries Mary