

Jimi Hendrix

"Mary"

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After all the Jacks are in there 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
of the broken pieces of yesterdays life
Somewhere a queen is weeping
somewhere a king has no wife
and the wind it cries Mary

THE TRAFFIC lights they a turn blue tomorrow
and shine the emptiness down on my bed
the tiny island sags down the street

cause the life that lives is dead
and the wind screams Mary.

Will the wind every remember
the names it has blown in the past
and with this crush its old age and its wisdom
it whisper no this will be the last
and the wind cries Mary.

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