

## **Jimi Hendrix**

# **"The Wind Cries Mary"**

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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 dress in red.

And the wind whispers Mary.

A broom is drearily sweeping  
up the broken pieces of yesterday's life.  
Somewhere a Queen is weeping,  
somewhere a King has no wife.

And the wind it cries Mary.

The traffic lights they turn blue tomorrow  
And shine their emptiness down on my bed,  
The tiny island sags downstream  
'Cos the life that they lived is dead.

And the wind screams Mary.

Will the wind ever remember  
The names it has blown in the past,  
And with this crutch, its old age and its wisdom  
It whispers, "No, this will be the last."

And The Wind Cries Mary.

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