

## John Mayer

# "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 staggerin' on down the street  
Footprints dressed in red

A broom is drearily sweepin'  
The broken pieces of yesterday's life  
Somewhere a queen is weepin'  
Somewhere a king has no wife

And the wind cries Mary

The traffic lights will turn blue tomorrow  
And shine emptiness down, down on my bed  
A tiny island sags on down the stream  
Cause the life it lived is dead

And the wind cries Mary  
And the wind cries Mary

Will the wind ever remember  
The names that it's blown in the past?  
With it's crutch, it's old age, and it's wisdom  
Whispers no, this won't be the last

And the wind cries Mary  
And the wind cries Mary

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