

Sting & Police

"The Wind Cries Mary"

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Words and music by 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
Footsteps dressed in red
And the wind whispers Mary

A broom is drearily sweeping
Up 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 turn 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 this crutch, it's old age, and it's wisdom
It whispers no, this will be the last
And the wind cries mary

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