

## Richie Rich

### "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 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 of blue tomorrow  
And shine their emptiness down on my bed  
The tiny island sails 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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