

Richie Sambora

"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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