

## **Robyn Hitchcock**

# **"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 standing on down the street  
Footprints dressed 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 the emptiness down on my bed  
The tiny island sags downstream  
'Cause the life that lived is dead  
And the wind screams Mary  
Will the wind ever remember  
The names it has blown in the past, and  
With its crutch, its old age, and its wisdom  
It whispers no, this will be the last  
And the wind cries Mary

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