

Hendrix Jimi

"The Wind Cries Mary"

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The Wind Cries Mary

Jimi Hendrix

After all the jacks are in their boxes

And the clowns have all gone to bed

You can hear happiness standin' on down the street

Footprints dressed in red

And the wind whispers Mary

A broom is drearily sweeping

Up the broken peices 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 sends downstream

Because the light that there was is dead

And the wind screams Mary

Will the wind ever remember

The names it has blown in the past?

And with it's crush, it's old age, it's it's wisdom

It whispers no, this will be the last

And the wind cries Mary

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