

# The Wind Cries Mary

Eugenio Finardi

After all the Jacks are in their boxes  
And the clowns have all gone to bed  
You can hear happiness staggering on downstream  
Footprints dressed in red  
And the wind 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 say turn blue tomorrow  
And shine the emptiness down on my bed  
The tiny island sags downstream  
'Cause the life that lived there is dead  
And the wind wind screams  
Mary

Will the wind ever remember  
The names it has blown in the past  
And with it's crutch, it's old age and it's wisdom  
But Jimi whispers: "No this will be the last!"  
And the wind wind cries  
Mary