

The Wind Cries Mary

Richie Sambora

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 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 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 its crush, its old age, it's wisdom
It whispers no, this will be the last

And the wind cries Mary