## **The Wind Cries Mary**

## **Xavier Rudd**

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 footsteps 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, uh, blue tomorrow and shine their emptiness down on my bed The tiny island sags down stream 'cause the life that lived is, is dead And the wind screams Mary Uh-will the wind ever remember the names it has blow in the past? And with this crutch, its old age, and its wisdom it whispers no, this will be the last And the wind cries Mary