

The Wind Cries Mary

Sting

After all the jacks are in their boxes
And the clowns have all gone to bed
You can hear happiness
Staggering on down 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 their emptiness down on my bed
The tiny island sags downstream
'Cause the life they'd lived is dead
And the wind screams Mary Will the wind ever remember
The names it has blown 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

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