The Wind Cries Mary

Chubby, Popa

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
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 up blue tomorrow
And shine their emptiness down on my bed
The tiny island sags downstream
?Cause the life that lived is, is dead
And the wind screams Mary
Will the wind ever remember
The names it has blown in the past
And with his crutch, it?s old age, and it's wisdom
It whispers no, this will be the last
And the wind cries Mary

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