Wind Cries Mary

Caron Wheeler

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 dress 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 cries Mary.The traffic lights turn blue tomorrow
Shine their emptiness down on my bed
The tiny island sags downstream
'Cos the life that they lived is dead.And the wind screams Mary.Oh oh yeahWill the wind ever remember
The names it has blown in the past
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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