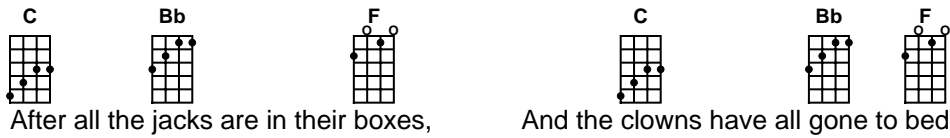
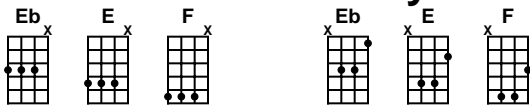


# The Wind Cries Mary - Jimi Hendrix



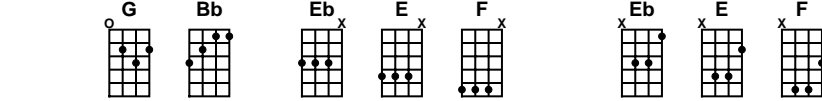
After all the jacks are in their boxes,

And the clowns have all gone to bed

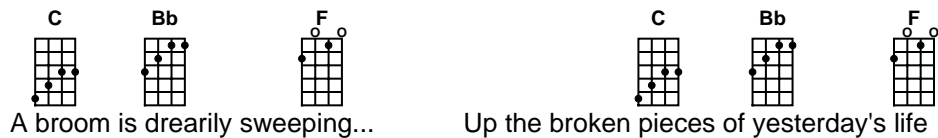


You can hear happiness staggering on down the street,

Footsteps dressed in red

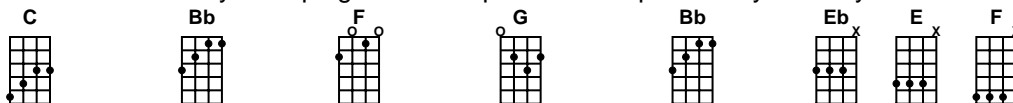


And the wind whispers Mary



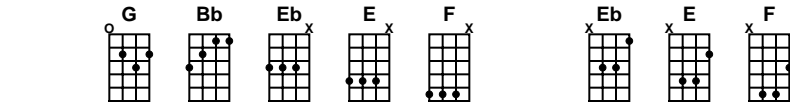
A broom is drearily sweeping...

Up the broken pieces of yesterday's life

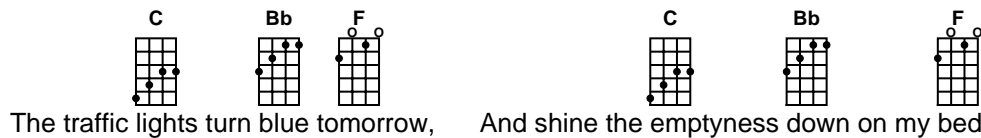


Somewhere a queen is weeping...

Somewhere a king has no wife



And the wind cries Mary



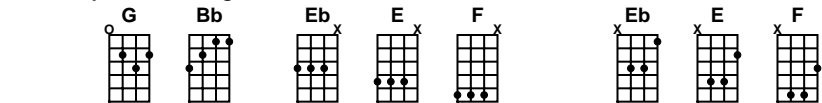
The traffic lights turn blue tomorrow,

And shine the emptiness down on my bed

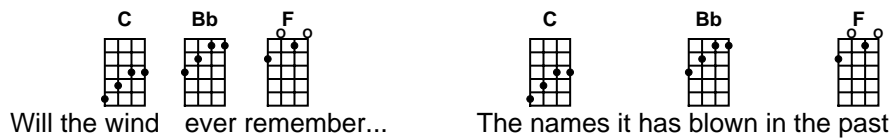


The tiny island sags downstream...

'Cause the life that lived is dead



And the wind screams Mary



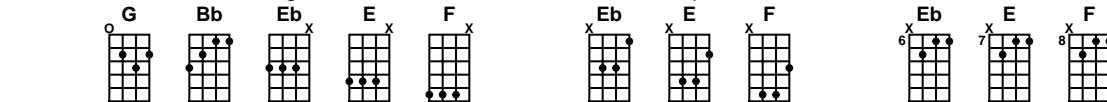
Will the wind ever remember...

The names it has blown in the past



With its crutch, its old age, and its wisdom...

It whispers no, this will be the last



And the wind cries Mary