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