

Eugenio Finardi, 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 downstream
Footprints dressed in red
And the wind 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 say turn blue tomorrow
And shine the emptiness down on my bed
The tiny island sags downstream
'Cause the life that lived there is dead
And the wind wind screams
Mary

Will the wind ever remember
The names it has blown in the past
And with it's crutch, it's old age and it's wisdom
But Jimi whispers: "No this will be the last!"
And the wind wind cries
Mary