

John Mayer, The Wind Cries Mary (Live At The X

After all the jacks are in their boxes
and the clowns have all gone to bed
You can hear happiness staggering down the street
footprints dressed in red
and the wind it screams mary
A broom is drearily sweeping
up the broke pieces of yesterdays life
says Somewhere a queen is weeping
and Somewhere a king has no wife
And the wind it wispers Mary
The traffic lights turn blue tomorrow
and shine emptiness down on my bed
The tiny island sags on down the stream
'cause the life that lived is dead
And the wind it screams Mary
And the wind it cries 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 won't be the last"
And the wind cries Mary
And the wind cries Mary