

John Mayer, The Wind Cries Mary

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 dressed in red
And the wind whispers mary
A broom is drearily sweeping
Up the broken pieces of yesterdays life
Somewhere a queen is weeping
Somewhere a king has no wife
And the wind whispers mary

The traffic lights turn blue tomorrow

And shine their emptiness down, down on my bed
The tiny island sags downstream
'cause the life that lived is, is dead
And the wind screams mary
And the wind cries mary

Will the wind ever remember
The names it has blown in the past
With it's crutch, it's old age, and it's wisdom
It whispers "no, this won't be the last"
And the wind cries mary
And the wind cries mary