## Sting, 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 street Footprints 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 it cries Mary

The traffic lights they turn blue tomorrow And shine their emptiness down on my bed The tiny island sags downstream 'Cause the life they'd lived is dead And the wind screams Mary

Will the wind ever remember
The names it has blown in the past
And with this crutch, its old age and its wisdom
It whispers "No, this will be the last"
And the wind cries Mary