

# The Wind Cries Mary by Jimi Hendrix

||: C Bb | F :|| 3x ||: G Bb | Eb E F :|| Eb E F |

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

Lead ||: F Eb | Bb Ab :|| 3x | G | Bb | Db | F | % |

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