

# The Wind Cries Mary

Seal

And after all the Jacks are in their boxes,  
And the clowns have all gone to bed.  
You can hear the happiness staggering on downstream,  
Footprints dressed in red.

And the wind whispers Mary.

A broom is drearily sweeping,  
Up the broken peices of yesterday's life.  
Somewhere a Queens is weepin',  
Somewhere a King has no wife.

And the wind cries Mary.

Mary.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

The traffic lights they turn blue tomorrow,  
And shine their emptiness down on my bed,  
Their tiny island sags on downstream,  
'Cause the life that lived is dead.

And the wind screams Mary.

Now will that wind ever remember,  
All those names it has blown in the past.  
Now with its crutch, its old age and its wisdom,  
It whispers "No, this will be the last".

And the wind screams Mary.

Mary.

Mary.