

Eb E F 2x

C Bb 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  
 G Bb Eb E F  
 Footsteps dressed in red  
 And the wind whispers Mary

C Bb F  
 A broom is drearily sweeping  
 Up the broken peices of yesterday's life  
 Somewhere a queen is weeping  
 G Bb Eb E F  
 Somewhere a king has no wife  
 And the wind cries Mary

# SOLO

F Eb Bb Ab  
 F Eb Bb Ab  
 F Eb Bb Ab  
 G Bb Db F

C Bb F  
 The traffic lights turn blue tomorrow  
 And shine the emptiness down on my bed  
 The tiny island sags downstream  
 G Bb Eb E F  
 Cause the life that lived is dead  
 And the wind screams Mary

C Bb F  
 Will the wind ever remember  
 The names it has blown in the past  
 With its crutch, its old age, and its wisdom  
 G Bb Eb E F  
 It whispers no, this will be the last  
 And the wind cries Mary

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