

The Wind Cries Mary

Jimi Hendrix

After all the jacks are in their boxes,
And the clowns have all gone to bed,
You can hear happiness staggerin' on down the 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.

+ SOLO

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

And the wind screams Mary.

Uh, will the wind ever remember
The names it has blown in the past.
And with this crutch, it's old age and it's wisdom,
It whispers , « No, this will be the last. »

And the wind cries Mary.

ACCORDS :

INTRO / CODA : Eb5 E5 F5 Eb/G E/G# F/A (x2)
+Eb5 E5 F5 (pour CODA)

COUPLETS : C Bb F (x3) + G Bb Eb5 E5 F5 (x2)
+Eb/G E/G# F/A

SOLO : F/A Eb/G Bb Ab (x3) + G Bb Db F5 F5