

# John Mayer, Lenny

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 yesterdays life  
Somewhere a queen is weeping  
Somewhere a king has no wife  
And the wind, it cries mary  
The traffic lights, they turn, uh, blue tomorrow  
And shine their emptiness down on my bed  
The tiny island sags down stream  
?cause the life that lived is,  
Is dead  
And the wind screams mary  
Uh-will the wind ever remember  
The names it has blow 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