

BLUES IN THE NIGHT

Written by H. Arlen, J. Mercer

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My mama done tol' me when I was in pigtails
My mama done tol' me, "Hon"
A man'll sweet talk and give ya the big eye
But when the sweet talkin's done

A man's a two-face
A worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing
The blues in the night"

Now the rain's a-fallin'
Hear the train's a callin', whooee
My mama done tol' me
Hear dat lonesome whistle
Blowin' 'cross the trestle, whooee!

My mama done tol' me, a-whoee-ah-whoee
Ol' clickety-clack's a-echoin'
Back th' blues in the night

The evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin'
And the moon'll hide it's light
When you get the blues in the night

Take my word, the mockingbird'll sing
The saddest kind o' song
He knows things are wrong
And he's right

From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe
Wherever the four winds blow
I been in some big towns an' heard me some big talk
But there is one thing I know

A man's a two-face
A worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing
The blues in the night