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Blues In The Night

Reference number pt0097

My mama done tol' me,
when I was in knee-pants (*pig tails*),
My mama done tol' me,
Son! (*Hon!*)
A woman'll sweet talk (*A man's gonna sweet talk,*)
and give ya the big eye,
but when the sweet talkin' done
A woman's a two-face, (*A man is 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 a-callin, whooee,
(My mama done tol' me,)
Hear dat lonesome whistle
blowin' 'cross the trestle, whooee,
(My mama done tol' me)
A-whoeee-duh-whoeee,
Ol' clickety-clack's a-echoin' back th'
Blues In The Night.

The evenin' breeze 'll start the trees to cryin'
and the moon will hide its light,
when you get the Blues In The Night.

Take my word, the mockingbird'll sing the saddest kind of song,
he knows things are wrong, and he's so right.

(whistle)

From Natchez to Mobile,
from Memphis to St. Joe,
wherever the four winds blow;
I've been in some big towns
an' heard me some big talk,
but there is one thing I know,
A woman's a two-face, (*A man is a two face,*)
a worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing
The Blues In The Night

(Hum)

My mama was right,
there's Blues In The Night.