

Blues In The Night

Artie Shaw

My mama done tol' me
When I was in knee pants
My mama done tol' me
Son, a woman'll sweet talk
And give ya the glad eye
But when the sweet talkin's done
A woman's a two face
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya to sing
The blues in the night

Now the rain is fallin'
Hear the train a callin'
Whoo-ee, my mama done tol' me
Hear that lonesome whistle
Blowin' cross the trestle
Whoo-ee, my mama done tol' me
A whoo-ee-duh-who-ee,
Ol' clickety clack
Echoin' back blues in the night

Evenin' breeze'll start
The trees to cryin'
And the moon'll hide its light
When you get the blues in the night
Take my word, the mockin' bird'll
Sing the saddest kind of 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
And heard me some big talk
But there is something I know
A woman's a two face
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya to sing
The blues in the night