"Honey, a man's gonna sweet talk And give you the big eye But when that sweet talkin's done

A man is a two-face, a worrisome thing Who'll leave you to sing The blues in the night

Now the rain is a-fallin' Hear the train a-callin'

My mama done told me Hear that lonesome whistle Blowin' 'cross the trestle

My mama done told' me Ol' clickety-clack's a-echoin' back The blues in the night

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

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

And from Natchez to Mobil From Memphis to St. Joe Wherever the four winds blow

I've been in some big towns
And heard me some big talk
But there is one thing that I know

A man is a two-face, a worrisome thing Who'll leave you to sing The blues in the night

From Natchez to Mobil
From Memphis to St. Joe
Wherever the four winds blow

I've been in some big towns
And heard a lot of talking
But there is one thing that I know

A man is a two-face, a worrisome thing Who'll leave you to sing
The blues in the night
Talking about the blues in the night