

Blues For The Weepers

Lou Rawls

The gay lights of glamor
Are darkened by drama
By the blues that I sing for my theme

All the soft singing sisters
And the torch bearing misters
Who just come to listen and dream

The soft lights are glowing
The champagne is flowing
In each customer's eye there is a gleam

They are the weary and the weepless
The sad-eyed and the sleepless
Who just come to listen, and to dream

Now the black of the night
Rings of blues in the night
Somehow they both seem to belong

They're the sad eyed and the gay ones
The real hip hooray ones
They hang on to each and every word of my song

For I sing of their drama
Their fast fading glamor
And the blues that I sing is the theme
For the soft singing sisters
And the torch bearing misters
Who just come to listen
And they come to dream

Blues for the weepers

I said the black of the night
Brings the blues in the night
Somehow they seem to belong

And the blues that I sing is a theme
For the soft singing sisters
And the torch bearing misters
Who just come to listen
And they come to dream