

Blues In The Night

Louis Armstrong

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 big eye;
But when the sweet talkin's done,
A woman's a two face
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya t'sing
The blues in the night

Now the rain's a-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's
A-echoin' back the blues in the night

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

Boy, 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. Jo,
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 woman's a two- face,
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya t'sing the blues in the night.

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From Memphis to St. Jo,
Wherever the four winds blow,
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A woman's a two- face,
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya t'sing the blues in the night.

My mama was right,
There's blues every night.