

The Birth of the Blues

Randy Travis

Oh they say some people long ago
Were searching for a different tune
One that they could croon as only they can

They heard the breeze in the trees
Singing weird melodies
And they made that the start of the blues

And from a jail came the wail
Of a down-hearted frail
And they played that as part of the blues

From a whippoorwill out on a hill
They took a new note
Pushed it through a horn till it was worn into a blue note

And then they nursed it, rehearsed it
and gave out the news
That the Southland gave birth to the blues