

Blues in the Night

Shirley Bassey

My mama don' told me,
When I was in pig tails,
My mama don' told me, Hon,
A man's gonna sweet talk
And give you the big eye.
But when the sweet talk is done,
A man is a two face
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave you to sing,
The blues in the night

Now the rains are fallin'
Hear the trains are calling
Whoo-ee, my mama done told me
Hear that lonesome whistle
blowing 'cross the trestle,
Whoo-ee, my mama done told me
A whoo-ee-duh-who-ee,
A clickety clack,
So echoing back
The blues in the night

The evening breeze will 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 mockin bird
Will sing the saddest kind of a 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've been in some big towns,
An' heard me some big talk,
But there is one thing I know:
A man is a two face
A worrisome thing
He'll leave you to sing
The blues in the night

My Mama was right
There's a blues in the night