

Birth of the Blues

Chet Atkins

Oh! they say some people long ago
Were searching for a diff'rent tune
One that they could croon
As only they can They only had the rhythm so
They started swaying to and fro
They didn't know just what they had
And that is how the blues really began 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
'til it was born into a blue note And then they nursed it, rehearsed it
And gave out the news
That the southland
Gave birth to the blues!

Songwriters

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