

# Blues in the Night

## Cab Calloway

My momma done tol' me  
When I was in knee-pants  
My momma done tol' me, "Son, What did she tell you?  
A woman gon' sweet-talk Yeah!  
And give you de glad-eyes, Ah, ahh.  
But when that sweet-talk is done: Keep on a- talkin'.  
A woman's a two-faced  
A worrisome thing  
Who'll leave you to sing the blues... The blues...  
In the night." Yes, in the night.  
Now the rain's a-fallin',  
Hear the train a-callin' - Oohee...  
My momma done tol' me. Oh...  
Hey, that lonesome whistle's  
Blowin' 'cross the trestle. Oohee...  
My momma done tol' me. Hey, ahoeee - ahoeee!  
A clickety-clackin'  
And echoin' back at the blues...  
In the night.  
The evenin' breeze - The stars -  
The trees a-cryin' and the moon  
'll hide its light  
When you get the blues  
In the night. It's really tough to get the blues in the night.  
Take my word:  
The mockingbird  
Sings the saddest kind of song;  
He knows things are wrong -  
And he's right. Yes, he's right to sing the blues in the night.  
From Natchez to Mobile;  
From Memphis to St. Joe;  
Wherever the four winds blow; They blow everywhere!  
I been in some big towns, Yeah!  
And I done heard me some big talk, Ahh, ahh...  
But there's one thing I know: Keep a-talkin'.  
A woman's a-two-faced -  
A worrisome thing  
Who'll leave you to sing the blues... The blues  
In the night. Yes, in the night.  
A woman will leave you singin' the blues.

I know she will -  
My momma was right:  
The blues in the night.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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