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, ahooee - ahooee!
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 lightWhen 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.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/