

# Blues in the Night

Julie London

My mama done tol' me,  
When I was in pig tails  
My mama done tol' me,  
Hon! A man's gonna sweet talk  
And give ya the big eye;  
But when the sweet talkin's done,  
A man is a two face  
A worrisome thing  
Who'll leave ya t'sing  
The blues in the night Now the rain's a fallin',  
Hear the train a callin'  
Whoo-ee (my mama done tol' me)  
Hear that lonesome whistle  
Blowin' cross the trestle,  
Whoo-ee (my mama done tol' me)  
A whoo-ee-duh-who-ee, ol' clickety clack's  
A echoin' back th' blues in the night The evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin'  
And the moon will hide its light  
When you get the blues in the night  
Take my word, the mockin' bird'll  
Sing the saddest kind o' song  
He knows things are wrong and he's right  
Oh oh From Natchez to Mobile,  
From Memphis to St. Joe,  
Wherever the four winds blow,  
I been in some big towns,  
I heard me some big talk,  
But there is one thing I know  
A man is a two face,  
A worrisome thing  
Who'll leave ya t'sing  
The blues in the night  
Oh oh  
My mama was right, my mama was right  
There's blues in the night

Songwriters

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