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 nightNow 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-whoo-ee, ol' clickety clack's
A echoin' back th' blues in the nightThe 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 ohFrom 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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