

# Birth of the Blues

[Randy Travis](#)

Oh they say some people long ago  
Were searching for a different tune  
One that they could croon as only they can  
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, way up on a hill  
They took a new note  
Pushed it through a horn, till it was worn, into a blue note  
And then they nursed it, and they rehearsed it  
And sent out the news  
That the Southland, gave birth to the blues  
And then they nursed it, and they rehearsed it  
And then they sent out the news  
That the Southland, gave birth to the blues

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