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 canThey heard the breeze in the trees
Singing weird melodies
And they made that the start of the bluesAnd from a jail, came the wail
Of a down, hearted frail
And they played that, as part of the bluesFrom a whippoorwill, way up on a hill
They took a new note
Pushed it through a horn, till it was worn, into a blue noteAnd then they nursed it, and they rehearsed it
And sent out the news
That the Southland, gave birth to the bluesAnd 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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