

Blues In the Night

Frank Sinatra

My mama done tol' me when I was in knee-pants
My mama done tol' me, "Son, a woman'll sweet talk
And give ya the big eye, but when the sweet talkin's done
A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya to sing the blues in the night" Now the rain's a-fallin', hear the train a-callin', "Whooee!"
My mama done tol' me, "Hear dat lonesome whistle blowin'
'Cross the trestle, "Whooee!" My mama done tol' me, "A-whooee-ah-whooee
Ol' clickety-clack's a-echoin' back th' blues in the night
The evenin' breeze will start the trees to cryin'
And the moon will hide its light
When you get the blues in the night" Take my word, the mockingbird'll sing the saddest kind of song
He knows things are wrong and he's so right
From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe
Wherever the four winds blow I've been in some big towns an' I heard me some big talk
But there is one thing I know
A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya to sing the blues in the night My mama was right, there's blues in the night

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