

Blues in the Night

Dinah Shore

My momma done told me
When I was in pigtails
My momma done told me, hon
A man's gonna sweet-talk
And give you the glad eye
But when that sweet-talkin's done
A man is a two-faced, a worrisome thing
Who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night
Now the rain's a fallin'
Hear the trains a-callin' hooey
My momma done told me
Hear that lonesome whistle
Blowing across the trestle, hooey
My momma done tole me, a-hooey, a-hooey
Old clickety clack is echoing back the blues in the night
The evenin' breeze will start the trees to praying
And the moon will dim its light
When you hear the blues in the night
Mark my word the mockingbird
Will sing the saddest kind of song
He knows things are wrong
And he's right
La ha ha ha-a
La ha ha-a
From Natchez to Mobile
BRFrom Memphis to St. Joe
BRWherever the four winds blow
BRI've been to some big towns
BRI've heard me some big talk
BRBut there is one thing I know
BRA man is a two-faced, a worrisome thing
BRWho'll leave you to sing the blues in the night
BR
BRLa ha ha-a
BRLa ha ha-a
BRMy momma done told me there's blues in the night
BR
BRLyrics provided by Betty E. Fisher (berfisher@aol.com)
BR

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