Blues In the Night

Eva Cassidy

My mama done tol' me,
When I was in pig tails,
My mama done tol' me,
Hon, A man is gonna sweet talk
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 night
Now the rain's a fallin',
Hear the train a collin'
Whoo-ee (my mama done tol' me)
Hear the lonesome whistle
Blowin' cross the trestle,
Whoo-ee (my mama done tol' me)
A whoo-ee-duh-whoo-ee, ol' clickety clack's
An echoin' back th' blues in the night
The evenin' breeze will start the trees to cryin'
And the moon'll 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
From Natchez to Mobile,
From Memphis to St. Joe,
Wherever the four winds blow,
I been in some big towns,
An' 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
My mama was right, there's blues in the night
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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