

Blues in the Night

Quincy Jones

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 that lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle, "Whooee!"
(My mama done tol' me) A-whooee-dah-whooee o' clickety-clack's a-echoin' back the 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
And take my word, that 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 and 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.

Songwriters

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