BIRTH OF THE BLUES

Sinatra

Oh.... they say some people along ago
Where lookin' for a different tune
One that they could croon
As only they can
They only had the rhythm
So, they started swingin' to and fro
They didn't know just what to use
But this is how the blues
Really beganThis is the way the blues beganThey... heard... the breeze
Through the trees
Singing weird melodies
And they named that
Just the start of the bluesThen from a jail
There came a wail
From a down-heart frail
And they played that
As a part of the bluesNow from a whippoorwill
Sittin' high on a hill
They took a new note
And they pushed it through a horn
Until it was worn into a blue noteAnd they nursed it
Yeah, rehearsed it
And then gave out the news
That the South Land
Really gave birth to the bluesFrom a whippoorwill
High on a hill
They grabbed a new note
And they pushed it through a horn
Until it was worn into a blue noteAnd then they nursed it
Oh, rehearsed it
And then gave out the news
That the South Land
Gave birth to the bluesEverybody they nursed it
Rehearsed it
And gave out the news
That, that old South Land
Gave birth, birth to the blues

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