

# Blues In the Night

Ella Fitzgerald

My mama done tol' me when I was in pigtails  
My mama done tol' me, "Hon  
A man's gonna sweet talk and 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 to sing  
The blues in the night "Now the rain's a-fallin'  
Hear the train's a callin', whoooo  
My mama done tol' me  
Hear dat lonesome whistle  
Blowin' 'cross the trestle, whoooo! My mama done tol' me, a-whoeee-ah-whoeee  
Ol' clickety-clack's a-echoin'  
Back th' blues in the night  
The evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin'  
And the moon'll hide it's light  
When you get the blues in the night Take my word, the mockingbird'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's a two-face  
A worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing  
The blues in the night The evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin'  
And the moon'll hide its light  
When you get the blues  
Blues in the night Take my word, the mockingbird'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, winds blow  
I been in some big towns an' heard me some big talk  
But there is one thing I know A man's a two-face  
A worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing  
The blues in the night  
Yes, babe, only, only blues in the night

Songwriters

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