

# Blues in the Night (My Mama Done Tol' Me)

Judy Garland

My mama done tol' me, when I was in pigtales  
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, "Whooee!"  
(My mama done tol' me) Hear dat lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle,  
"Whooee!"  
(My mama done tol' me) A-whooee-ah-whooee ol' clickety-clack's a-echoin' back  
The 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 of 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 to sing the blues in the night  
My mama was right, there's  
blues in the night

Songwriters

Gwilliam, Michael / Hooper, Ewan / Mallett, David / Marvin, Ernest / Mountain, Valerie / Smith,  
Richard

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