

The Birth of the Blues

Frank Sinatra

Oh, they say some people long ago
Were searching for a different tune
One that they could croon
As only they can
They only had the rhythm
So they started swaying to and fro
They didn't know just what to use
That is how the blues really began
They heard the breeze in the trees
Singing weird melodies
And they made that the start of the blues

And from a jail came the wail
Of a down-hearted frail
And they played that
As part of the blues
From a whippoorwill
Out on a hill
They took a new note
Pushed it through a horn
'Til it was worn
Into a blue note
And then they nursed it, rehearsed it
And gave out the news
That the Southland gave birth to the blues!

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