Blues In the Night

Chicago

My mama done told me when i was in knee-pants,
My mama done told me, she said son!
A woman will sweet-talk ya, she'll give you the big eye,
But when that sweet talkin' is 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', whoo-ee,
Hear the lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle, whoo-ee,
Whoo-ee-a-whoo-ee, ol' clickety-clack
I'm back on the track of blues in the nightThe evening breeze will start the trees to cryin'
And the moonlight will hide its light,
When you get the blues in the night.Take my word, the mockingbird
He will 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 seem to blow,I've been in some big towns and I've heard me some big talkin',
But there is one thing I know,
A woman's a two-face, she's a worrisome thing
Who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night.(Got a case of the blues in the night, don't know what to do
Blues every night...)

Songwriters
Gwilliam, Michael / Hooper, Ewan / Mallett, David / Marvin, Ernest / Mountain, Valerie / Smith, RichardPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/