Blues In the Night

The Four Seasons

My mama done tol' me,
When I was in knee pants,
My mama done tol' me, Son!
A woman'll sweet talk
And give ya the big eye;
But when the sweet talkin's done,
A woman's a two face
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya t'sing
The blues in the nightNow the rain's a-fallin',
Hear the train a-callin'
Whoo-ee (my mama done tol' me)
Hear that lonesome whistle
Blowin' `cross the trestle,
Whoo-ee (my mama done tol' me)
A whoo-ee-duh-whoo-ee, ol' clickety clack's
A-echoin' back the blues in the nightThe evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin'
And the moon'll hide its light
When you get the blues in the nightTake my word, the mockin' bird'll
Sing the saddest kind o' song
He knows things are wrong and he's rightFrom Natchez to Mobile,
From Memphis to St. Jo,
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 woman's a two face,
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya t'sing the blues in the night.My mama was right,
There's blues in the night.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/