

Frank Sinatra And Louis Armstrong "Birth Of The Blues"

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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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