

Harold Arlen "Blues In The Night"

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My mama done tol' me
When I was a little
My mama done tol' me, son

A woman will sweet talk
And give you the big eye
But when that sweet talk is done

A woman's a two faced
A woman's something that would leave you
Singing the blues in the night

Now the rain is falling
Heaven can hear you calling
Doo wee

Heaven blows the lonesome whistle
Blowing across the threshold
Doo wee

Doo wee ta too tee
A crickety crack go wickety wack
The blues in the night

Evening breeze will start
Trees that crying in the
All in the world wood haunted slide

When you
Get the blues
In the night

So take my word
Or the mocking bird
Will sing a sadder kind of song

Maybe he knows things
He knows things
Can go wrong

A match is a maybe
Love is the same job

Whenever the four winds blow

I've been to some big town
Had me some big town
But there is one thing I know, one thing I know

A woman's a two faced
A woman's something that would leave you
Singing the blues in the night

Blues in the night

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