

## **Julie London**

# **"Blues In The Night"**

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My mama done told me, when I was in pig tails  
My mama done told me, Hon, a man's gonna sweet talk  
And give you the big eye but when the sweet talkin's  
done

A man is a two face, a worrisome thing  
Who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night

Now the rain's are fallin', hear the train are callin',  
whoo-ee  
Hear that lonesome whistle, blowin' cross the trestle,  
whoo-ee  
A whoo-ee, duh, whoo-ee, old clickety clack's  
A echain' back the blues in the night

Then evenin' breeze will start, the trees to cryin'  
And the moon will hide its light when you get the blues  
in the night  
Take my word, the mockin' bird will sing the saddest  
kind of song  
He knows things are wrong and he's right, ooh, ooh

From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe  
Wherever the four winds blow, I've been in some big  
towns  
I've heard me some big talk but there is one thing I  
know  
A man is a two face, a worrisome thing  
Who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night

Ooh, ooh, my mama was right, my mama was right  
There's blues in the night

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