

Chicago "Blues in The Night"

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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,
who ee
Whoo ee a whoo ee, ol' clickety-clack
I'm back on the track of blues in the night

The evening breeze will start the trees to cryin'
And the moonlight'll 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

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