

Sinatra Frank

"Blues In The Night"

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Writers: Mercer/Arlen

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 to sing the blues in
the night

Now the rain's a-fallin', hear the train's a-callin,
"Whooee!"
(My mama done tol' me) Hear dat lonesome whistle
blowin' 'cross the trestle,
"Whooee!"
(My mama done tol' me) A-whooee-ah-whooee ol'
clickety-clack's a-echoin' back
th' blues in the night
The evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin' and the
moon'll hide its light
when you get the blues in the night
Take my word, the mockingbird'll sing the saddest kind
o' song, he knows things
are wrong, and he's right

>From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe,
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 to sing the blues in
the night

My mama was right, there's blues in the night.

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