Blues In The Night

My ma-ma done to’ me, when I was in knee-pants, my ma-ma done tol’ me,
(pig-tails)
son!
(hon!)

wo-man’ll sweet talk, and give ya the big eye, but when the sweet talk-in’s done

(Man’s gon-na sweet talk),

wo-man’s a two-face, a wor-ri-some thing that leaves you to sing the blues in the

(Man is a two-face,

Now the rain’s a-fal-lin’, hear the train a-cal-lin’, whoo-ee, (my ma-ma done tol’ me),

Hear dat lone-some whistle blow in’ cross the trest-le, whoo-ee (My

ma-ma done tol’ me)
who-ee-duh-whoo-ee  ol' click-e-ty clack's  a-ech-o-in' back th' blues in the
night.

The  eve - nin'

breeze - ll start the trees to cry - in' and the moon - ll hide it's light,

when you get the blues in the night.

Take my word, the mock - in' bird - ll sing the sad - dest kind o' song,

he knows things are wrong and he's right.

From Nat-chez to Mo-bile, from Mem-phis to St. Joe, wher -

ev-er the four winds blow; I been in some big towns, an' heard me some big talk,

but there is one thing I know, a wo-man's a two - face, a
(a man is a two - face),

wor - ni - some thing who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night.  (Hum)
My ma-ma was right, there's blues in the night.