

# Cab Calloway, Blues In The Night

My momma done tol me  
When I was in knee-pants  
My momma done tol me, Son, □What did she tell you?  
A woman gon sweet-talk □Yeah!  
And give you de glad-eyes, □Ah, ahh..  
But when that sweet-talk is done: □Keep on a- talkin.  
A womans a two-faced  
A worrisome thing  
Wholl leave you to sing the blues... □The blues...  
In the night. □Yes, in the night.  
Now the rains a-fallin,  
Hear the train a-callin - □Oohee...  
My momma done tol me. □Oh...  
Hey, that lonesome whistles  
Blowin cross the trestle. □Oohee...  
My momma done tol me. □Hey, ahoeee - ahoeee!  
A clickety-clackin  
And echoin back at the blues...  
In the night.  
The evenin breeze - The stars -  
The trees a-cryin and the moon  
Il hide its light  
When you get the blues  
In the night. □Its really tough to get the blues in the night.  
Take my word:  
The mockingbird  
Sings the saddest kind of song;  
He knows things are wrong -  
And hes right. □Yes, hes right to sing the blues in the night.

From Natchez to Mobile;  
From Memphis to St. Joe;  
Wherever the four winds blow; □They blow everywhere!  
I been in some big towns, □Yeah!  
And I done heard me some big talk, □Ahh, ahh...  
But theres one thing I know: □Keep a-talkin.  
A womans a-two-faced -  
A worrisome thing  
Wholl leave you to sing the blues... □The blues  
In the night. □Yes, in the night.  
□A woman will leave you singin the blues.  
I know she will -  
My momma was right:  
The blues in the night.