

Dinah Shore, Blues In The Nightds

My momma done told me
When I was in pigtails
My momma done told me, hon
A man's gonna sweet-talk
And give you the glad eye
But when that sweet-talkin's done
A man is a two-faced, a worrisome thing
Who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night
Now the rain's a fallin'
Hear the trains a-callin' hooley
My momma done told me
Hear that lonesome whistle
Blowing across the trestle, hooley
My momma done told me, a-hooley, a-hooley
Old clickety clack is echoing back the blues in the night
The evenin' breeze will start the trees to praying
And the moon will dim its light
When you hear the blues in the night
Mark my word the mockingbird
Will sing the saddest kind of song
He knows things are wrong
And he's right
La ha ha ha-a
La ha ha-a
>From Natchez to Mobile
>From Memphis to St. Joe
Wherever the four winds blow
I've been to some big towns
I've heard me some big talk
But there is one thing I know
A man is a two-faced, a worrisome thing
Who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night
La ha ha-a
La ha ha-a
My momma done told me there's blues in the night