

# Frank Sinatra, Blues In The Night

Writer(s): 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, "Whoeee!"  
(My mama done tol' me) Hear dat lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle, "Whoeee!"  
(My mama done tol' me) A-whoeee-ah-whoeee 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  
Take my word, the mockingbird'll sing the saddest kind o' song, he knows things are wrong, and he  
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.