

# Sammy Davis, Jr., Birth Of The Blues

Oh,... they say my people long ago.  
Where lookin' for a different tune.  
One that we can croon  
As only we can.  
We only had the rhythm.  
So, we started swingin' to and fro.  
We didn't know just what to use.  
But this is how the blues.  
I said the blues really began.  
Ohhh yeah.

We..heard... the breeze.  
Through the trees.  
Singing weird melodies.  
And we named that the start of the blues.

Then from a jail.  
There came a whale.  
From a down-hearted frail.  
And we played that.  
To be a part of our blues.

From a whippoorwill  
High on a hill.  
They took a new note.  
Pushed it through a horn.  
Till it was worn into a blue note.

You better believed me we nursed it.  
And we rehearsed it.  
Than we gave out the news.  
That the South Land, gave birth to the Blues.