

Artie Shaw, Blues In The Night

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 glad eye
But when the sweet talkin's done
A woman's a two face
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya t'sing
The blues in the night"
Now the rain's a fallin'
Hear the train a collin'
Whoo-ee
My mama done tol' me
Hear dat lonesome whistle
Blowin' cross the trestle, whoo-ee
My mama done tol' me
A whoo-ee duh whoo-ee, 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 the night
Take my word, the mockin' bird'll
Sing the saddest kind of song
He knows things are wrong and he's right
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 some thing I know
A woman's a two face
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave ya t'sing
The blues in the night