

Cab Calloway, Birth Of The Blues

These are the blues, nothin' but blues
Oh, they say some people long ago
Were searching for a diff'rent tune
One, that they could croon as only they can

They only had the rhythm
So they started swayin' to and fro
They didn't know just what to use
This is how the blues really began

They heard the breeze in the trees
Singin' weird melodies
And they made that, the start of the blues
And from a jail came the wail of a down-hearted frail
And they played that as a part of the blues

From a whippoorwill way upon a hill
They took a new note
Pushed it through a horn
Until it was worn into a blue note

And then they nursed it
They rehearsed it
And then sent out that news
That the Southland gave birth to the blues

They nursed it
Then they rehearsed it
And they sent out that news
That the Southland, they gave birth to the blues