

# Ella Fitzgerald, Blues In The Night

My mama done tol' me  
When I was in pigtails  
My mama done tol' me  
A man's gonna sweet-talk and give you the big eyes  
But when the sweet-talking's done  
A man is a two-face, a worrisome thing  
Who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night

Now the rain's a-fallin'  
Hear the train a-callin, "whoo-ee!"  
My mama done tol' me  
Hear that lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle, "whoo-ee!"  
My mama done tol' me  
A-whooee-ah-whooee 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 it's light  
When you get the blues in the night  
Take my word, the mockingbird'll sing the saddest kind o' 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 one thing I know  
A man's a two-face, a worrisome thing  
Who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night

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An' heard me some big talk  
But there is one thing I know  
A man's a two-face, a worrisome thing  
Who'll leave ya to sing the blues in the night  
Yes the lonely, lonely blues in the night