

Ella Fitzgerald, Blues In The Night

My mama done tol' me
When I was in pigtales
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-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 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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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