

# Frank Sinatra, Birth Of The Blues, The

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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 swaying to and fro  
They didn't know just what to use  
That is how the blues really began  
They heard the breeze in the trees  
Singing 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 part of the blues  
From a whippoorwill  
Out on a hill  
They took a new note  
Pushed it through a horn  
'Til it was worn  
Into a blue note  
And then they nursed it, rehearsed it  
And gave out the news  
That the Southland gave birth to the blues!