

Judy Garland, Blues In The Night

My mama done tol' me, when I was in pigtails
My mama done tol' me, "Hon, a man's gonna sweet talk"
And give ya the big eye, but when the sweet talkin's done
A man is a two-face, A worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing the blues in
the night

Now the rain's a-fallin', hear the train's a-callin, "Whoeee!"
(My mama done tol' me) Hear dat lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle,
&"Whoeee!"
(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 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 one thing I know
A man is a two-face, a worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing the blues in the night

My mama was right, there's blues in the night