

T-Bone Walker, Midnight Blues

Well, the clock is strikin' twelve, somebody's got to go

Well, the clock is strikin' twelve, somebody's got to go

Gee, but I'm going to miss ya baby, this is one thing I'm sure you know

When it's twelve o'clock in Memphis, it's one o'clock in San Antone

When it's twelve o'clock in Memphis, it's one o'clock in San Antone

When it's midnight in California, I'll be so all alone

Midnight is an awful hour, why does it come so soon?

Midnight is a awful hour, why does it come so soon?

It never bring me happiness, it always leave me filled with gloom

Don't ever gamble buddy, unless you're sure that you can't lose

Don't ever gamble buddy, unless you're sure that you can't lose

You better take my advise, unless you want this midnight blues

"Put it away!"