

Van Morrison, Blues In The Night

My mama done tol' me
When I was a little
My mama done told me, son
A woman will sweet talk
And give you the big eye
But when that sweet talk is done
A woman's a two faced
A woman's something that would leave you singing the blues in the night

Now the rain is falling
Heaven can hear you calling
Doo wee
Heaven blows the lonesome whistle
Blowing across the threshold
Doo wee
Doo wee ta too tee
A crickety crack go wickety wack the blues in the night

Evening breeze will start

Trees that crying in the
All in the world wood haunted slide
When you get the blues in the night

So take my word
Or the mocking bird
Will sing a sadder kind of song
Maybe he knows things
He knows things can go wrong

A match is a maybe
Love is the same job
Whenever the four winds blow
I've been to some big town
Had me some big town
But there is one thing I know
A woman's a two faced
A woman's something that would leave you singing the blues in the night
Blues in the night