

Blues in the Night

Brook Benton

My mama done tol' me, when I was in knee-pants
My mama done tol' me, "Son, a woman'll sweet talk and give ya t
he big eye, but when the sweet talkin's done
A woman's 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 a-
callin, "Whoeee!" (My mama done tol' me)
Hear that lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle, "Whoeee!
" (My mama done tol' me)
A-whoeee-dah-whoeee o' clickety-clack's, a-
echoin' back the blues in the night

From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St Joe, wherever the fo
ur winds blow
I've been in some big towns and I heard me some big talk, but t
here is one thing I know
A woman's 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 a-
callin, "Whoeee!" (My mama done tol' me)
Hear that lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle, "Whoeee!
" (My mama done tol' me)
A-whoeee-dah-whoeee o' clickety-clack's, a-
echoin' back the blues in the night