

A Nightingale Can Sing the Blues

Julie London

Got my feathers burned,
Got my lesson learned,
Guess that I was born to lose.
Take it straight from me,
Love is misery,
Listen while I sing the blues;

Ain't it a shame,
He had to go and grieve me,
Some other dame
Has made him up to leave me.
That's how it happens,
A nightingale can sing the blues.

I'll put it straight,
He's got his self a new bird,
Gave me the gate
And now I'm just a blue bird,
That's how it happens,
A nightingale can sing the blues.

He can take me
And forsake me
Just as quick as that!
When there's someone new in town.
But I'm bettin'
He'll be frettin'
For his old job back
When his brand new lady love has let him down!

You take my word,
There ain't no use a-preachin',
I got a bird
Who's gonna get some teachin'!
Then he'll discover
A nightingale can sing the blues,
That's how it happens,
A nightingale can sing the blues.