

Blues In The Night

Susannah McCorkle

My mama done tol' me,
When I was in pigtails,
My mama done tol' me, 'Hon,
A man's gonna sweet talk
And give you the big eye.
But when the sweet talk is done,
A man is a two-face
A worrisome thing
Who'll leave you to sing,
The blues in the night'

Now the rain's a fallin',
Hear the train a callin'
Whoo-ee (my mama done tol' me)
Hear that lonesome whistle
Blowin' cross the trestle,
Whoo-ee (my mama done tol' me)
A whoo-ee-duh-who-ee,
Ol' clickety-clack's a-echoin' back
The blues in the night

The evening breeze will start the trees to cryin'
And the moon will hide it's light
When you get the blues in the night
Take my word, the mockin bird
Will sing the saddest kind of a 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've 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
He'll leave you to sing
The blues in the night