

Blues in the Night (My Mamma Done Told Me)

lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Harold Arlen (1941)

Bb *Bb* *Bb7* *Bb7*
 My mama done tol' me, when I was in kneepants, my mama done tol' me, "Son,
Eb7 *Eb7* *Bb7(½)* *Bb7*
 A woman'll sweet talk, and give ya the big eye, but when the sweet talkin's done,
F7 *C7b9(½)* *F7(½)* *Bb* *Bb*
 A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing who'll leave ya t' sing the blues, in the night

Bb7 *Eb7* *Bb7* *Bb*
 Now the rain's a-fallin', hear the train a-callin', Whoo-ee." (My mamma done tol' me,)
Eb9 *Eb9(½)* *F7(½)* *Bb* *Bb7*
 Hear that lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle, "Whoo-ee." (My mamma done tol' me.)
F7 *C7b9(½)* *F7(½)* *Bb* *Bb*
 A whoo-ee-duh whoo-ee, Ol' clickety clack's a-echoin' back the blues in the night.

Eb9 *Ebm6(½)* *F7(½)* *Db7*
 The evening breeze'll start the trees to cryin' and the moon'll hide it's
C7#5(½) *C7(½)* *G7b9* *Gm7b5(½)* *C7(½)* *F7* *Cm7b5(½)* *F7(½)*
 light when you get the blues in the night;
Eb9 *Ebm6(½)* *F7(½)* *Db7*
 Take my word, the mocking bird'll sing the saddest kind of
C7#5(½) *C7(½)* *G7b9* *Gm7b5(½)* *C7(½)* *F7(½)* *Ebm(½)*
 song, he knows things are wrong, and he's right.

Bb *Bb* *Bb7* *Bb7*
 From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to Saint Joe, wherever the four winds blow;
Eb7 *Eb7* *Bb7(½)* *Bb7*
 I've been in some big towns and heard me some big talk, but there is one thing I know:
F7 *C7b9(½)* *F7(½)* *Bb* *Bb*
 A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing who'll leave ya t' sing the blues, in the night
Bb7 *C7b9(½)* *F7(½)* *C7(½)* *Fsus4(½)* *Bb*
 Oooo oooo oooo, My mamma was right, there's blues in the night.