

Katie Melua, Blues In The Night

My mamma done told me,
when I was in pigtails,
My mamma done told me, Hon,
A man is a two-face
he'll give you the big eye,
And when the sweet talking's done.
A man is a two-face,
A worrisome thing who'll leave you to sing,
The blues in the night

Now the rains a-fallin'
hear the trains a-callin', whooee!
Hear the lonesome whistle
blowin' across the trestle, whooee
a-whoeee-ah-whoeee, clickety-clack,
Comes echoing back,
The blues in the night.

From Natchez to Mobile,
from Memphis to St. Joe,
Wherever the four winds blow.
I've been in some big towns
and heard me some big talk,
But there is one thing I know.
A man is a two-face, a worrisome thing who'll leave you to sing,
The blues in the night

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