Blues In The Night
Johnny Mercer & Harold Arlen, 1941 (based on the Katie Malua Version)

A
My mama done tol' me, when I was in knee-pants, my mama done tol' me, "Son,
D7                                           B7                         E7                   A
A woman'll sweet talk, and give ya the big eye, but when the sweet talkin's done
E7                                           D7                                 E7                   A
A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing the blues in the night."

A7                       D7
Now the rain's a-fallin', hear the train a-callin,
A
"Whoo-ee!"  (My mama done tol' me)
D9                                         Dm6                       E7
Hear dat lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross the trestle,
A
"Whoo-ee!"  (My mama done tol' me)
E7
A-whooee duh whooee,
D7                                           E7                   A
Ol' clickety-clack's a-echoin' back the blues in the night.

A                                          A7
From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe, wherever the four winds blow;
D7                                           B7                         E7                   A
I been in some big towns an' heard me some big talk, but there is one thing I know,
E7                                           D7                                 E7                   A
A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing the blues in the night.

D D6 D7 D6 | D D6 D7 D6 | A A6 A7 A6 | A . . .

A                                          A7
My mama done tol' me, when I was in knee-pants, my mama done tol' me, "Son,
D7                                           B7                         E7                   A
A woman'll sweet talk and give ya the big eye but when the sweet talkin's done.
E7                                           D7                                 E7                   A
A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing the blues in the night."

Tag:  E7                                           D9                       E7                   A
A-whooee duh whooee, my mama was right, there's blues in the night.  
---------------------------------- ritard ----------------------------------