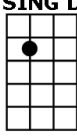
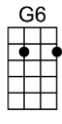
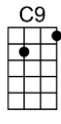
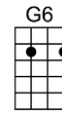
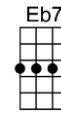
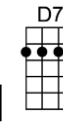


SING D



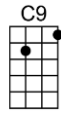
BLUES IN THE NIGHT - Harold Arlen

4/4 1...2...1234



Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |

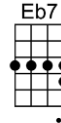

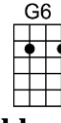
My mama done tol' me, when I was in knee-pants/pig-tails, my mama done tol' me, son/hon





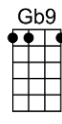
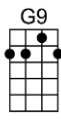
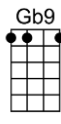
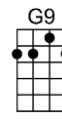
A woman'll/man's gonna sweet talk, and give you the big eye

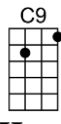
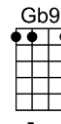
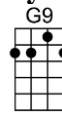
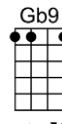
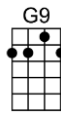
But when the sweet talkin's done, a woman's/man is a two-face

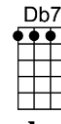
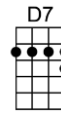
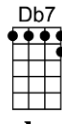
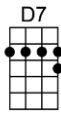
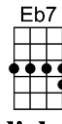
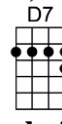
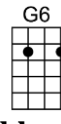
A worrisome thing who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night


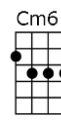
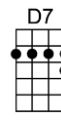
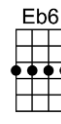
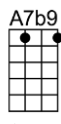
Now the rain's a-fallin', hear the train a-callin, whoo - ee, my mama done tol' me

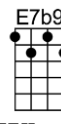
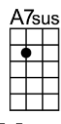
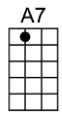
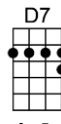
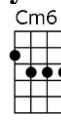
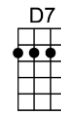
Hear that lonesome whistle blowin' cross the trestle, whoo - ee, my mama done tol' me

A-who - ee-duh-who - ee, ol' clickety clack's a-echoin' back the blues in the night

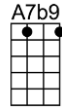
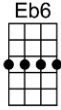
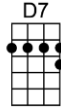
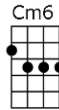
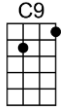
    

The evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin', and the moon'll hide its light

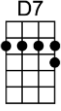
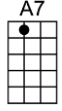
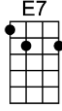
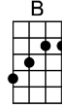
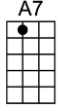
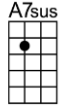
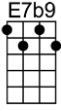
     

When you get the blues in the night

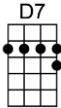
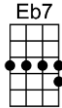
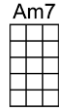
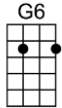
p.2. Blues In the Night



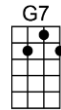
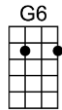
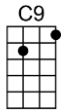
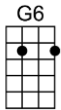
Take my word, the mockin' bird'll sing the saddest kind o' song



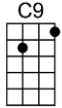
He knows things are wrong, and he's right



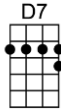
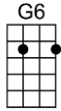
Interlude:



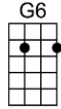
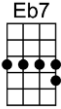
From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe, where-ever the four winds blow



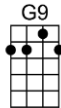
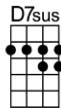
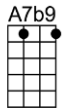
I've been in some big towns, and heard me some big talk



But there is one thing I know: A woman's/man is a two-face



A worrisome thing who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night



My mama was right, there's blues in the night

BLUES IN THE NIGHT -Harold Arlen

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | G6 | C9 | G6 | Eb7 | D7 |

G6 C9 G6 G7
My mama done tol' me, when I was in knee-pants/pig-tails, my mama done tol' me, son/hon
C9
A woman'll/man's gonna sweet talk, and give you the big eye
G6 D7
But when the sweet talkin's done, a woman's/man is a two-face
Eb7 D7 G6
A worrisome thing who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night

G6 C9 F#9 G9 F#9 G9
Now the rain's a-fallin', hear the train a-callin, whoo-ee, my mama done tol' me
C9 F#9 G9 F#9 G9
Hear that lonesome whistle blowin' cross the trestle, whoo-ee, my mama done tol' me
C#7 D7 C#7 D7 Eb7 D7 G6
A-who-ee-duh-who-ee, ol' clickety clack's a-echoin' back the blues in the night

C9 Cm6 D7 Eb6 A7b9
The evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin', and the moon'll hide its light
E7b9 A7sus A7 D7 Cm6 D7
When you get the blues in the night

C9 Cm6 D7 Eb6 A7b9
Take my word, the mockin' bird'll sing the saddest kind o' song
E7b9 A7sus A7 B E7 A7 D7
He knows things are wrong, and he's right

Interlude: G6 Bbdim Am7 Eb7 D7

G6 C9 G6 G7
From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe, where-ever the four winds blow
C9
I've been in some big towns, and heard me some big talk,
G6 D7
But there is one thing I know: A woman's/man is a two-face
Eb7 D7 G6
A worrisome thing who'll leave you to sing the blues in the night

A7b9 D7sus G9
My mama was right, there's blues in the night