My mama done tol' me, when I was in knee-pants
   G7
My mama done tol' me, son
   C
A woman'll sweet talk, and give ya the big eye,
   G   C#7   D7
But when the sweet talkin's done- A woman's a two-face,
   C7   D7   G
A worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing the blues... in the night
   G   C7
Now the rain's a-fallin', Hear the train's a-callin,
   F#   G
Whoee! (my mama done tol' me)
   C7
Hear dat lonesome whistle- blowin' 'cross the trestle,
   F#   G
Whoooee! (my Mama done tol' me)
   C7   D   C7   D7
A-whooe-ah-whoooe ol' clickety-clack's a-echoin'
   G
Back th' blues... in the night

The evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin', And the moon'll hide it's light;
   A7   D7
When you get the blues in the night
   G   C7   G   C7
Take my word, The mockingbird'll sing the saddest kind o' song,
   A7   D7   G   C7
He knows things are wrong- And he's right. (whoee-whoo, whoee-whoo)
   G

From Natchez to Mobile, From Memphis to St. Joe,
   G7
Wherever the four winds blow
   C
I been in some big towns an' heard me some big talk,
   G   C#7   D7
But there is one thing I know- A woman's a two-face,
   C7   D7   G
A worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing the blues... in the night
   C7   D7   G
My mama was right, there's blues in the night.