BLUES IN THE NIGHT (BAR)-Harold Arlen
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | | | | | | |

G6 | C9 | G6 | Eb7 | D7 |

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

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 | Gb9 | G9 | Gb9 | G9 |

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

C9 | Gb9 | G9 | Gb9 | G9 |

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

Db7 | D7 | Db7 | D7 | Eb7 | D7 | G6 |

A-whoo - ee-duh-whoo - 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
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
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-whoo-ee-duh-whoo-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