They heard the breeze in the trees singing weird melodies, jail came the wail of a down-hearted frail.

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Oo-ooh wah, oo-ooh wah, oo, oo-ah.
Do-ooh dah, do-ooh dah, do, do-dah.

And they made that the start of the Blues. And from a
And they played that the start of the Blues. And from a
And they made that the start of the Blues. And from a
And they played that the start of the Blues. And from a

And they made that, oh yeah, the Blues.
And they played that, oh

1. 
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1. 
1.
From a whip-poor-will they
took a new note,
Pushed it through a horn 'til it was worn into a blue new note.

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