

# Blues For The Weepers

Lou Rawls

The gay lights of glamor  
Are darkened by drama  
By the blues that I sing for my theme

All the soft singing sisters  
And the torch bearing misters  
Who just come to listen and dream

The soft lights are glowing  
The champagne is flowing  
In each customer's eye there is a gleam

They are the weary and the weepless  
The sad-eyed and the sleepless  
Who just come to listen, and to dream

Now the black of the night  
Rings of blues in the night  
Somehow they both seem to belong

They're the sad eyed and the gay ones  
The real hip hooray ones  
They hang on to each and every word of my song

For I sing of their drama  
Their fast fading glamor  
And the blues that I sing is the theme  
For the soft singing sisters  
And the torch bearing misters  
Who just come to listen  
And they come to dream

Blues for the weepers

I said the black of the night  
Brings the blues in the night  
Somehow they seem to belong

And the blues that I sing is a theme  
For the soft singing sisters  
And the torch bearing misters  
Who just come to listen  
And they come to dream