

The Midnight Special

Well, you wake up in the mornin', you hear the work bell ring.

And they march you to the table, you see the same old thing.

Ain't no food upon the table, and no fork up in the pan

But you'd better not complain, boy. You'll get in trouble with the man

Let the midnight special shine the light on me

Let the midnight special shine the light on me

Let the midnight special shine the light on me

Let the midnight special shine the ever-lovin' light on me

Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know

By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore

Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand

She come to see the gov'nor. She wanna free her man

If you're ever in Houston, ooh, you'd better do right

You'd better not gamble, and you'd better not fight

Or the sheriff will grab ya, and the boys'll bring you down

The next thing you know, boy .. Ooh, you're prison-bound

C C G G

D D G G