

D G
 Well, you wake up in the mornin'
 D
 You hear the work bell ring
 A7
 And they march you to the table
 D
 You see the same old thing
 G
 Ain't no food upon the table
 D
 And no fork up in the pan
 A7
 But you'd better not complain, boy
 D
 You'll get in trouble with the man

CHORUS:

G
 Let the midnight special
 D
 Shine the light on me
 A7
 Let the midnight special
 D
 Shine the light on me
 G
 Let the midnight special
 D
 Shine the light on me
 A7
 Let the midnight special
 D
 Shine the ever-lovin' light on me

D G D
 Yonder come Miss Rosie How in the world did you know
 A7 D
 By the way she wears her apron And the clothes she wore
 G D
 Umbrella on her shoulder Piece of paper in her hand
 A7 D
 She come to see the gov'nor She wanna free her man

CHORUS

D G D
 If you're ever in Houston Ooh, you'd better do right
 A7 D
 You'd better not gamble And you'd better not fight
 D G D
 Or the sheriff will grab ya And the boys'll bring you down
 A7 D
 The next thing you know, boy Ooh, you're prison-bound

CHORUS (2 fois ...1 fois très lent)