

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL (AMERICAN TRADITIONAL) *

G **C** **G**
Well, you wake up in the morning, hear the ding dong ring,
D7 **G**
You go a-marching to the table, see the same damn thing;
C **G**
Well, it's on a one table, knife, a fork and a pan,
D7 **G**
And if you say anything about it, you're in trouble with the man.

Chorus:

C **G**
Let the midnight special shine her light on me;
D7 **C** **D7** **G**
Let the midnight special Shine her ever-loving light on me.

If you ever go to Houston, you better walk right;
You better not stagger; you better not fight;
Sheriff Benson will arrest you; he'll carry you down,
And if the jury finds you guilty, you're penitentiary bound.

Yonder come little Rosie, "How in the world do you know?",
I can tell her by her apron, and the dress she wore.
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand,
She goes a-marching to the captain, says, "I want my man."

"I don't believe that Rosie loves me" "Well tell me why"
She ain't been to see me since last' July.
She brought me little coffee, she brought me little tea
Brought me damn near ever' thing but the jailhouse key.

Yonder comes Doctor Adams. "How in the world do you know?"
Well, he gave me a tablet just the day before
There ain't no doctor in all the land
Can cure the fever of a convict man.

*"Midnight Special" is a traditional folk song thought to have originated among prisoners in the American South. Lyrics appearing in the song were first recorded in print by Howard Odum in 1905. – www.wikipedia.org