

Midnight Special

D

G

D

Well, you wake up in the mornin', You hear the work bell ring
A7 D

And they march you to the table You see the same old thing
G D

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

A7

D

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

G

D

Let the midnight special, Shine the light on me

A7

D

Let the midnight special, Shine the light on me

G

D

Let the midnight special, Shine the light on me

A7

D

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

[CHORUS]

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

[CHORUS]

[CHORUS]