Midnight Special

C Am* F Dm G Em

Well, you wake up in the morning
You hear the work bell ring.

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

Ain't no food upon the table.

And no pork up in the pan.

But you better not complain boy,
you get in trouble with the man.

Let the midnight special
shine a light on me.

Let the midnight special
shine a light on me.

Let the midnight special
shine a light on me.

C

Shine a light on me.

G

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

Yonder come miss Rosie.

Tell me how do 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 governor.

C

She wants to free her man.

Let the midnight special
shine a light on me.

Let the midnight special
shine a light on me.

F
Let the midnight special
shine a light on me.

C
Shine a light on me.

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

rif you're ever in Houston,
C
Well, you better do the right.
You better not gamble
C
And you better not fight.

Or the sheriff will grab you and the boys will bring you down.

The next thing you know, boy,

Well you're prison bound.

Let the midnight special

shine a light on me.

Let the midnight special

shine a light on me.

F

Let the midnight special

shine a light on me.

C

shine a light on me.

C

shine a light on me.

C

shine an ever-lovin' light on me.

