

Midnight Special

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

Chorus:

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
Let the Midnight Special shine a ever loving 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 wants to free her man.

Chorus:

Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me
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If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do the right.
You better not gamble, there, you better not fight
Or the sheriff will grab ya, and the boys will bring you down.
The next thing you know, boy, Oh! You're prison bound.

Chorus (x2):

Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me
Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me
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John Fogerty