

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 to see the same old thing.
G D
Ain t no food upon the table, and no pork up in the pan.
A7 D
But you better not complain, boy, you get in trouble with the man.

(CHORUS)

G D
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
A7 D
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
G D
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
A7 D
Let the midnight special shine a everlovin 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 govnor, she wants to free her man.

CHORUS

D G D
If you re ever in Houston, well, you better do the right;
A7 D
You better not gamble, there, you better not fight, at all
G D
Or the sheriff will grab ya and the boys will bring you down.
A7 D
The next thing you know, boy, oh! You re prison bound.

CHORUS

(last line 2x)