

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

^D Well, you wake up in the mornin'
^G
^D You hear the work bell ring
^{A7}
And they march you to the table
^D
You see the same old thing
^G
Ain't no food upon the table
^D
And no fork up in the pan
^{A7}
But you'd better not complain, boy
^D
You'll get in trouble with the man

CHORUS:

^G Let the midnight special
^D
Shine the light on me
^{A7}
Let the midnight special
^D
Shine the light on me
^G
Let the midnight special
^D
Shine the light on me
^{A7}
Let the midnight special
^D
Shine the ever-lovin' light on me

^G Yonder come Miss Rosie
^D
How in the world did you know
^{A7}
By the way she wears her apron
^D
And the clothes she wore
^G
Umbrella on her shoulder
^D
Piece of paper in her hand
^{A7}
She come to see the gov'nor
^D
She wanna free her man

(chorus)

^G If you're ever in Houston
^D
Ooh, you'd better do right
^{A7}
You'd better not gamble
^D
And you'd better not fight
^G
Or the sheriff will grab ya
^D
And the boys'll bring you down
^{A7}
The next thing you know, boy
^D
Ooh, you're prison-bound