

Midnight Special

CHORUS

D 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.

D G D
Well, you wake up in the mornin', you hear the workbell 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 pork up in the pan.
A7 D
But you'd better not complain, boy. you'll get in trouble with the man.

CHORUS

D G D
Yonder come Miss Rosie. How in the world do 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 gov'nor, she wanna to free her man.

CHORUS

D G D
If you're ever in Houston, oh you'd better do right.
A7 D
You'd better not gamble and you'd better not fight.
G D
Or the sheriff will grab you and the boys'll bring you down.
A7 D
The next thing you know, boy, oh you're prison bound.

CHORUS