

The Midnight Special

Original song by Huddie Ledbetter

G C G
Well, you wake up in the mornin, you hear the supper bell ring,
D G
And they march you to the table to see the same old thing.
C G
Ain't no food upon the table, and no pork up in the pan.
D G
But you better not complain, boy, or you're in trouble with the man.

C G
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
D G
Let the midnight special shine a everlovin light on me.

C G
Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?
D G
By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore.
C G
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand;
D G
She come to see the govnor, she wants to free her man.

C G
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
D G
Let the midnight special shine an everlovn light on me

C G
If you re ever in Houston, well, you better do right;
D G
You better not gamble, you know you better not fight
C G
Or the sheriff will arrest you and the boys will bring you down.
D G
The next thing you know, boy, you're penitentiary bound.

C G
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
D G
Let the midnight special shine a everlovin light on me. *Repeat chorus*