

# The Midnight Special

Creedence Clearwater Revival

Well, you wake up in the mornin', 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 pork 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 everlovin' 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]

If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do the right  
You better not gamble, there, you better not fight, at all  
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]

[Chorus]