

Midnight Special

Harry Belafonte

Well, you wake up in the mornin'
And the ding dong rings
You go a marchin' to the table
You see the same old thing
Baby, all I want to tell ya
A knife, a fork and a pan
And if you say a thing about it
Your in trouble with the man

Let the Midnight Special
Shine a light on me
Let the Midnight Special
Shine it's everlovin' light on me
Yes, let the Midnight Special
Shine a light on me
Let the Midnight Special
Shine it's everlovin' light on me

If you're ever in Houston,
Then you walk or ride
You better not gamble
And you better not skive, boy
'Cause sheriff Benson will arrest ya
He'll carry you on down
And if the jury finds you guilty
You're penitentiary bound

So, let the Midnight Special
Shine a light on me
Let the Midnight Special
Shine it's everlovin' light on me

Yonder comes miss Rosie
How I wonder did you know
Well, I know about apron
And the dress she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder,
Piece of paper in her hand
She goes a-walkin' to the captain
Says, I'm losing my man

So, let the Midnight Special
Shine it's light on me
Let the Midnight Special
Shine it's everlovin' light on me
Let the Midnight Special
Shine it's light on me