

Abba "Midnight Special"

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Well, you wake up in the morning
Hear the ding-dong ring
You go marching to the table
See the same old thing
See the fork on the table
Nothing in your pan
If you sing a thing about it
You're in trouble with the man

Let the midnight special shine a light on me
Let the midnight special shine it's ever loving light on
me

If you ever go to houston

Well, you better act right
And you better not gamble
And you better not fight
For the sheriff will arrest you
Then he'll take you down
And before you understand it
You are prison bound

Let the midnight special
Shine a light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine it's ever loving light on me
On me, on me

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