

C.c.r. "Midnight Special"

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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 'er light on me,
Let the Midnight Special shine 'er light on me,
Let the Midnight Special shine 'er light on me,
Let the Midnight Special shine 'er 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

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