

**C.c.r.**  
**"The 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.

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.

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.

If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do right;  
You better not gamble and you better not fight at all  
You know the sheriff he'll grab ya and the boys will  
bring you down.  
The next thing you know, boy, Oh! You're prison  
bound.

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