

Paul Evans "Midnight Special"

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Well, you wake up in the morning, boy
You hear the ding dong ring
Then you look upon the table, boy
You see the same darn thing

You find no food upon the table, boy
There's no fork up in the pan
But you better not complain, boy
You'll get in trouble with the man

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

Well, yonder comes Miss Rosie, boy
How in the world do you know
By the way she wears her apron, boy
And the clothes she wore

The umbrella on her shoulder
Piece of paper in her hand
Well, she come to see the Governor
She wants to free her man

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

Now, if you're ever in Houston, boy
Well, you better do right
Hey, you better not gamble, boy
And you better not fight

Boy, the sheriff, he'll grab you
And the boys will pull you down
And the next thing you know, boy
You're prison bound

Let the midnight special
Shine it's light on me

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

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