

## **Paul McCartney**

# **"Midnight Special"**

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Well, well, well, well, well  
Wake up early in the morning  
Hear the ding-dong ring  
Coming walking to the table  
I see the same damn thing

Knife and fork upon the table  
Piece of paper in my hand  
Nothing I can do about it  
I'll get in trouble with the man

Let the midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever lovin' light on me

If you ever go to Houston  
You better act right  
You better not gamble  
And you better not fight

'Cause the Sheriff will arrest you  
And he'll carry you down  
If they go and find you guilty  
You're penitentiary bound

Let the midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever lovin' light on me

Wake up early in the morning  
Hear the ding-dong ring  
Coming walking to the table  
I see the same damn thing

Knife and fork upon the table  
Piece of paper in my hand  
Nothing I can do about it  
I'll get in trouble with the man

Let the midnight special

Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever lovin' light on me

Let the midnight special

Well, if you ever get to Houston  
You better act right  
You better not gamble  
And you better not fight

'Cause the Sheriff will arrest you  
And he'll carry you down  
And if they find you guilty  
Well, you'll be sugarland bound

Let the midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever lovin' light on me

I said, the midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever lovin' light on me

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