

Alvin Lee

"Midnight Special"

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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

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 everlovin' light on me

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

Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me
Let the Midnight Special shine a everlovin' light on me

Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me
Let the Midnight Special shine a everlovin' light on me.

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