

Hans Theessink

"Midnight Special"

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Get up early in the morning, hear the toll bell ring
Go walk up to the table, see the same damn thing
Knife 'n fork are on the table, nothin' in my pan
But if I complain about it, get trouble from the man

Let the midnight special shine the light on me

You ever go to Houston, you better walk right
You better not stagger, you better not fight
'Cause the sheriff he'll arrest you 'n carry you down
If the jury find you guilty, you're penitentiary bound

Let the midnight special shine the light on me

Yonder come Missie Rosie, how in the world you know
I could tell her by the apron 'n the dress she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece o' paper in her hand
Walks up to the captain, say "Release my man"

Let the midnight special shine the light on me

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