

The Midnight Special

Creedence Clearwater Revival

Well, you wake up in the mornin'
You hear the work bell ring
And they march you to the table
You 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 ever lovin' 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 want to free her man, oh

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 ever lovin' light on me

If you're ever in Houston
Well, you better do 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
Whoa, you're prison bound

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 ever lovin' 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 light on me
Let the Midnight Special shine a ever lovin' light on me