

The midnight special

1. Well, you wake up in the morning 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,
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
Let the midnight special shine a ever lovin' light on me.*

2. 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 Govenor, she wants to free her man.

Let the midnight special...

3. If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do the right;
You better not gamble, you better not fight,
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...

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De to ekstra slag markeret med rød tilføjes kun i sidste del af omkvæd.