

Midnight Special, CCR

C F C
Well you wake up in the mornin', you hear the work bell ring

G C
And they march you to the table to see the same old thing

F C
Ain't no food upon the table, ain't no fork up in the pan

G C
But you better not complain, boy, you get in trouble with the man

Chorus

F C
Let the midnight special shine a light on me

G C
Let the midnight special shine a light on me

F C
Let the midnight special shine a light on me

G C
Let the midnight special shine the ever lovin' light on me

C F C
Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know

G C
By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore

F C
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand

G C
She come to see the Govnor, she wanna free her man

Chorus

C F C
If you're ever in Houston, boy, you better walk right

G C
You better not gamble, oh you better not fight

F C
Or the sheriff will grab ya and the boys will bring you down

G C
Next thing you know, boy, your penitentiary bound

Chorus