

D G D
 Well, you wake up in the mornin, you hear the work bell ring,
 A7 D
 And they march you to the table to see the same old thing.
 G D
 Aint no food upon the table, and no pork up in the pan.
 A7 D
 But you better not complain, boy, you get in trouble with the man.

G D
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 A7 D
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 G D
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 A7 D
 Let the midnight special shine a everlovin light on me.

D G D
 Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?
 A7 D
 By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore.
 G D
 Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand;
 A7 D
 She come to see the govnor, she wants to free her man.

D G D
 If youre ever in Houston, well, you better do the right;
 A7 D
 You better not gamble, there, you better not fight, at all
 G D
 Or the sheriff will grab ya and the boys will bring you down.
 A7 D
 The next thing you know, boy, oh! Youre prison bound.

G D
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 A7 D
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 G D
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A7

D

Let the midnight special shine a everlovin light on me