

Midnight Special

G C
You get up in the morning'
G
You hear the ding-dong ring
D7
And you look up on the table
G C G
You see the same darn thing

G C
You find no food upon the table
G
No pork up in the pan
D7
But if you say a thing about it
G C G
You be in trouble with the man

G C
Ah let the midnight special
G
Shine a light on me
D7
Oh let the midnight special
G C G
Shine it's ever loving light on me

Now if you're ever in Houston
Boy you better walk right
Ah you better not gamble boy
I say you better not fight

Well that old Sheriff he will grab you
And the boys'll put you down
And then before you know it
You're penitentiary bound
(chorus)

Here comes miss Lucie
How in the world did you know?
I can tell by her apron
And by the clothes she wore

An umbrella on her shoulder
She's got a paper in her hand
She's gonna see the warden
To try to free her man
(chorus twice)