

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
To see the same old thing.
Ain't no food upon the table
And no fork 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 wants to free her 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.
If you're ever in Houston
Well, you better do the right
You better not gamble
Yeah, 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
Oh, you're prison bound. Oh, let the midnight special
Shine a light on me.
Let the midnight special
Shine a light on me.
Oh, let the midnight special

Shine a light on me.
Let the midnight special
Shine a ever-lovin' light on me.Let the midnight special
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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