

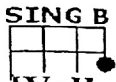


THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

CCR.
JOHNNY RIVER
LITTLE RICHARD

Intro: |  |  | 4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

SING B


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

And they march you to the table, you see the same damned thing

Ain't no food upon the table, and no pork up in the pan

But you better not com-plain, boy, you get in trouble with the man

CHORUS:

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 its 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 **CHORUS**

If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do right

You better not gamble, and you better not fight,

Or the sheriff will ar-rest you, and the boys will bring you down

The next thing you know, boy, you're penitentiary bound

CHORUS

No PASTE