

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Traditional; arranged by by John Fogerty
performed by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Verse 1:

^D Well, you wake up in the mornin'^G
^D You hear the work bell ring
^{A7} And they march you to the table
^D You see the same old thing
^G Ain't no food upon the table
^D And no fork up in the pan
^{A7} But you'd better not complain, boy
^D You'll get in trouble with the man

CHORUS:

^G Let the midnight special
^D Shine the light on me
^{A7} Let the midnight special
^D Shine the light on me
^G Let the midnight special
^D Shine the light on me
^{A7} Let the midnight special
^D Shine the ever-lovin' light on me

Verse 2:

^D Yonder come Miss Rosie^G
^D How in the world did you know
^{A7} By the way she wears her apron
^D And the clothes she wore
^G Umbrella on her shoulder
^D Piece of paper in her hand
^{A7} She come to see the gov'nor
^D She wanna free her man

(chorus)

Verse 3:

^D If you're ever in Houston^G
^D Ooh, you'd better do right
^{A7} You'd better not gamble
^D And you'd better not fight
^G Or the sheriff will grab ya
^D And the boys'll bring you down
^{A7} The next thing you know, boy
^D Ooh, you're prison-bound (c h o r u s)