

Midnight Special
Creedence Clearwater Revival

Eb **G#** **Eb**
Well, you wake up in the mornin , you hear the work bell ring,
Bb7 **Eb**
And they march you to the table to see the same old thing.
G# **Eb**
Ain t no food upon the table, and no fork up in the pan.
Bb7 **Eb**
But you better not complain, boy, you get in trouble with the man.

G# **Eb**
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
Bb7 **Eb**
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
G# **Eb**
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
Bb7 **Eb**
Let the midnight special shine a ever-lovin light on me.

Eb **G#** **Eb**
Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?
Bb7 **Eb**
By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore.
G# **Eb**
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand,
Bb7 **Eb**
She come to see the gov nor, she want to free her man.

G# **Eb**
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
Bb7 **Eb**
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
G# **Eb**
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
Bb7 **Eb**
Let the midnight special shine a ever-lovin light on me.

Eb **G#** **Eb**
If you re ever in Houston, well, you better do the right,
Bb7 **Eb**
You better not gamble, and you better not fight, at all.
G# **Eb**
Or the sheriff will grab ya and the boys will bring you down,
Bb7 **Eb**
The next thing you know, boy, oh you re prison bound.

G# **Eb**
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,

Bb7

Eb

Let the midnight special shine a light on me,

G#

Eb

Let the midnight special shine a light on me,

Bb7

Eb

Let the midnight special shine a ever-lovin light on me. 2x