

The Midnight Special
Creedence Clearwater Revival

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:

G Yonder come Miss Rosie
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:

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 3:

G

If you re ever in Houston

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

CHORUS: 2 x

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