

D G D  
Well, you wake up in the mornin, you hear the work bell ring,  
A7 D  
And they march you to the table to see the same old thing.  
G D  
Ain t no food upon the table, and no pork up in the pan.  
A7 D  
But you better not complain, boy, you get in trouble with the man.

G D  
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,  
A7 D  
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,  
G D  
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,  
A7 D  
Let the midnight special shine a everlovin light on me.

D G D  
Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?  
A7 D  
By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore.  
G D  
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand;  
A7 D  
She come to see the govnor, she wants to free her man.

G D  
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,  
A7 D  
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,  
G D  
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,  
A7 D  
Let the midnight special shine a everlovin light on me.

D G D  
If you re ever in Houston, well, you better do the right;  
A7 D  
You better not gamble, there, you better not fight, at all  
G D  
Or the sheriff will grab ya and the boys will bring you down.  
A7 D  
The next thing you know, boy, oh! You re prison bound.

G D

Let the midnight special shine a light on me,

A7

D

Let the midnight special shine a light on me,

G

D

Let the midnight special shine a light on me,

A7

D

Let the midnight special shine a everlovin light on me. 2x