

Midnight Special – Creedence Clearwater Revival

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

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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