The Midnight Special

Creedence Clearwater Revival

<Begin in swing tempo>

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

Chorus: **Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me**
Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me

<Change to straight tempo>

Chorus: **Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me**
Let the Midnight Special shine its everlovin' light on me

Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?
By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand
She come to see the guv'nor, she wants to free her man

Chorus:

Chorus:

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

Chorus: **Chorus twice**

< Clap through remaining choruses>

Chorus: **<in swing tempo>**

Chorus: **<in straight tempo>**