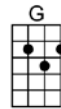
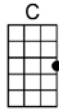
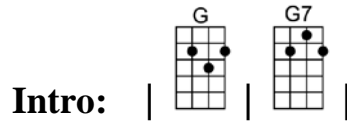
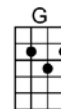


THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

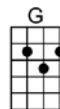
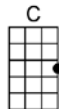
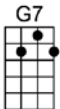
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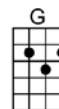
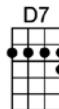
Well, you wake up in the mornin', you hear the work bell ring



And they march you to the table, you see the same damned thing

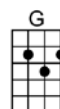
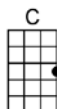
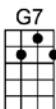


Ain't no food upon the table, and no pork up in the pan

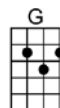
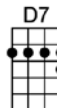


But you better not com-plain, boy, you get in trouble with the man

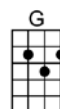
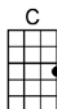
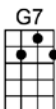
CHORUS:



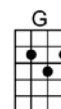
Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me



Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me

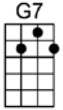


Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me

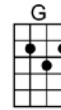


Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' light on me

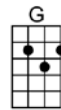
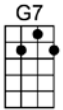
p.2. The Midnight Special



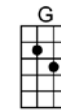
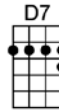
Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?



By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore

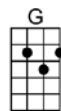
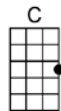
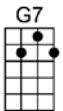


Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand

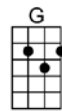


She come to see the gov'nor, she wants to free her man

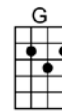
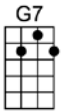
CHORUS



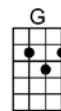
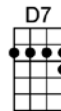
If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do right



You better not gamble, and you better not fight,



Or the sheriff will ar-rest you, and the boys will bring you down



The next thing you know, boy, you're penitentiary bound

CHORUS

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

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Intro: | G | G7 |

Well, you wake up in the mornin', you hear the work bell ring
And they march you to the table, you see the same damned thing
Ain't no food upon the table, and no pork up in the pan
But you better not com-plain, 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
Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me
Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' 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 gov'nor, she wants to free her man

CHORUS

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CHORUS