

The Midnight Special

CHORUS:

I IV I
mi mi mi re do la↓ re do re do sol↓ (↓= note is *below* do)
Let the Midnight Special shine its light on me.

 V I
sol↓sol↓la↓sol↓ mi re do re mi re do la↓do re do
Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' light on me.

VERSES (essentially same melody as chorus):

Well, you wake up in the morning
You hear the ding-dong ring
You go marching to the table
You hear the same damn thing
Ain't no food upon the table
And no fork and no pan
And if you say a thing about it
You're in trouble with the man

Yonder come miss Rosie
How in the world did you know
I can tell her by her apron
And the dress she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder
Piece of paper in her hand
She comes marching to the governor
Says, "turn loose my man."

If you ever go to Houston
Well you'd better walk right.
You'd better not squabble
And you better not fight.
Sheriff Benson will arrest you.
And he'll carry you down.
And when the jury finds you guilty,
You're penitentiary bound.