

# Abba, Midnight Special

Well, you wake up in the mornin'  
hear the ding-dong ring  
you go marchin' to the table  
see the same old thing  
see the fork on the table  
nothing in your pan  
if you say a thing about it  
you're in trouble with the man

Let the midnight special  
shine a light on me  
let the midnight special  
shine its everlovin' light on me

If you ever go to Houston  
well you'd better act right  
and you'd better not gamble  
and you'd better not fight  
for the sheriff will arrest you  
and he'll take you down  
and before you understand it  
you are prison bound

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