

Johnny Rivers, Midnight Special

You get up in the mornin', you hear the ding dong ring,
Now you look up on the table, you see the same darn thing.
You find no food upon the table, and no pork up in the pan.
But if you say a thing about it, you be in trouble with the man.

Ah let the Midnight Special shine a light on me,
Oh let the Midnight Special shine its ever lovin' light on me,

Now if you're ever in Houston, oh, you better walk right;
Aw, you better not gamble boy, I say you better not fight, I
Or the sheriff he will grab you and the boys will pull you down.
And then before you know it, you're penitentiary bound.

Ah let the Midnight Special shine a light on me, (woooo)
Let the Midnight Special shine its ever lovin' light on me,

Here comes miss Lucy, how in the world did you know?
I can tell by her apron, and by the clothes she wore.
An umbrella on her shoulder, she got a paper in her hand;
She come to see the warden, to try to free her man.

So let the Midnight Special shine a light on me,
Ah let the Midnight Special shine its everlovin' light on me.
I said let the Midnight Special shine a light on me,
Ah let the Midnight Special shine its everlovin' light on me.