Midnight Special

Little Richard

Well, you wake up in the morning
You hear the work bell ring
And they march you to the table
To see the same old thingAin'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 manLet the midnight special
Shine a light on me
Shine a light on me
Shine a light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine a 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 governor
She want to free her man
If you're ever in Houston,
Well you'd better do the right
You'd better not gamble
And you better not fight (at all)
Or the sheriff will grab you
And the boys will bring you down
The next thing you know boy,
Well you're prison bound
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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