

# 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 thing Ain'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 man Let 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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