

# The Midnight Special

## Leadbelly

Well you wake up in the morning, hear the ding dong ring,  
You go a-marching to the table, see the same damn thing  
Well, it's on a one table, knife, a fork and a pan,  
And if you say anything about it, you're in trouble with the man  
Let the midnight special, shine her light on me  
Let the midnight special, shine her ever-loving light on me  
If you ever go to Houston, you better walk right, you better not stagger, you better not fight  
Sheriff Benson will arrest you, he'll carry you down  
And if the jury finds you guilty, penitentiary bound  
Yonder come little Rosie, how in the world do 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 goes a-marching to the captain, says, "I want my man"  
"I don' believe that Rosie loves me", well tell me why  
She ain't been to see me, since las' July  
She brought me little coffee, she brought me little tea  
Brought me damn near ever'thing but the jailhouse key  
Yonder comes doctor Adams, "How in the world do you know?"  
Well he gave me a tablet, the day befo'  
There ain't no doctor, in all the lan'  
Can cure the fever of a convict man

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