

# The Midnight Special

Ernest "Mexico" Williams

Well, you wake up in the mornin', you hear the work bell ring  
And they march you to the table, you 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

Let the midnight special, shine a light on me  
Let the midnight special, 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 wants to free her man  
Let the midnight special, shine a light on me

Let the midnight special, shine a light on me  
Let the midnight special, shine a light on me

Let the midnight special, shine a ever lovin' light on me  
If you're ever in Houston, oh you better do the right  
You better not gamble and you better not fight

Or the sheriff will grab you and the boys, will bring you down

The next thing you know, boy, oh you're prison bound  
Let the midnight special, shine a light on me

Let the midnight special, shine a light on me  
Let the midnight special, shine a light on me  
Let the midnight special, shine a ever lovin' light on me

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