

Midnight Special

Harry Belafonte

Well, I wake up in the mornin'
And the ding dong rings
You go a marchin' to the table
You see the same old thing
Baby, all I want to tell ya
A knife, a fork and a pan
And if you say a thing about it
You're in trouble with the man
Let the midnight special
Shine a light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine it's everlovin' light on me
Yes, let the midnight special
Shine a light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine it's everlovin' light on me
If you're ever go to Houston
Then you better walk or ride
You better not stagger
And you better not fight
'Cause sheriff Benson will arrest you
He'll carry you on down
And if the jury finds you guilty
You're penitentiary bound
So, let the midnight special
Shine a light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine its everlovin' light on me
Yonder comes miss Rosie
How I wonder did you know
Well, I know about apron
And the dress she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder
Piece of paper in her hand
She goes a-walkin' to the captain
Says, I'm losing my man
So, let the midnight special
Shine its light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine its everlovin' light on me
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Let the midnight special
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