The Midnight Special

Johnny Rivers

You get up in the mornin'
You hear the ding dong ring
Now you look upon the table
You see the same darn thingYou find no food upon the table
No pork up in the pan
But if you say a thing about it
You'll be in trouble with the manAh, let the midnight special
Shine her light on me
Oh, let the midnight special
Shine its ever-lovin' light on meNow if you're ever in a Houston
Oh, you better walk right
Ah, you better not gamble boy
I say you better not fightWell now the sheriff, he'll grab you
And the boys will pull you down
And then before you know it
You're penitentiary boundAh, let the midnight special
Shine her light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine its ever-lovin' light on meHere comes Miss Lucy
How in the world do you know
I can tell by her apron
And by the clothes she woreAn umbrella on her shoulder
She got a paper in her hand
She gonna see the warden
To try to free her manSo, let the midnight special
Shine her light on me
Oh, let the midnight special
Shine its ever-lovin' light on meI said, "Let the midnight special
Shine her light on me
Oh, let the midnight special
Shine its ever-lovin' light on me"

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