

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 thing You 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 man Ah, let the midnight special
Shine her light on me
Oh, let the midnight special
Shine its ever-lovin' light on me Now if you're ever in a Houston
Oh, you better walk right
Ah, you better not gamble boy
I say you better not fight Well now the sheriff, he'll grab you
And the boys will pull you down
And then before you know it
You're penitentiary bound Ah, let the midnight special
Shine her light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine its ever-lovin' light on me Here comes Miss Lucy
How in the world do you know
I can tell by her apron
And by the clothes she wore An umbrella on her shoulder
She got a paper in her hand
She gonna see the warden
To try to free her man So, let the midnight special
Shine her light on me
Oh, let the midnight special
Shine its ever-lovin' light on me I 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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