

# Midnight Special

## Paul McCartney

Well, well, well, well, well  
Wake up early in the morning  
Hear the ding-dong ring  
Coming walking to the table  
I see the same damn thing Knife and fork upon the table  
Piece of paper in my hand  
Nothing I can do about it  
I'll get in trouble with the man Let the midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever lovin' light on me If you ever go to Houston  
You better act right  
You better not gamble  
And you better not fight 'Cause the Sheriff will arrest you  
And he'll carry you down  
If they go and find you guilty  
You're penitentiary bound Let the midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever lovin' light on me Wake up early in the morning  
Hear the ding-dong ring  
Coming walking to the table  
I see the same damn thing Knife and fork upon the table  
Piece of paper in my hand  
Nothing I can do about it  
I'll get in trouble with the man Let the midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever lovin' light on me Let the midnight special Well, if you ever get to Houston  
You better act right  
You better not gamble  
And you better not fight 'Cause the Sheriff will arrest you  
And he'll carry you down  
And if they find you guilty  
Well, you'll be sugarland bound Let the midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever lovin' light on me I said, the midnight special  
Shine its light on me

Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever lovin' light on me

Songwriters

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