

Midnight Special – Creedence Clearwater Revival

D G D
Well, you wake up in the mornin, you hear the

work bell ring,

A7 D
And they march you to the table to see the

same old thing.

G D
Ain t no food upon the table, and no pork up
in the pan.

A7 D
But you better not complain, boy, you get in
trouble with the man.

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

A7 D
Let the midnight special shine a light on me,

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

A7 D
Let the midnight special shine a everlovin

light on me.

D G D
Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did

you know?

A7 D
By the way she wears her apron, and the

clothes she wore.

G D
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in

her hand;

A7 D
She come to see the govnor, she wants to free

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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 everlovin

light on me.

If you re ever in Houston, well, you better do

the right;

You better not gamble, there, you better not

fight, at all

Or the sheriff will grab ya 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 everlovin

light on me. 2x