

Well, you wake up in the mor - nin, you hear the big bell ring,
 you go marchin to the ta - ble, see the same damned thing. Knife and fork upon the
 ta - ble, no-thing in the pan. If you say a thing a-bout it,
 you're in trouble with the man. Let the mid night spe - cial shine its light on me,
 Let the mid-night spe - cial shine its ever-lo-vin light on me.

Well, you wake up in the mornin,
 you hear the big bell ring,
 You go marchin to the table,
 see the same damned thing.
 Knife and fork upon the table,
 nothing in the pan.
 If you say a thing about it,
 you're in trouble with the man.
 Let the midnight special
 shine its light on me,
 Let the midnight special shine
 its everlovin light on me.

Yonder come miss Rosie,
 how in the world did you know?
 By the way she wears her apron,
 and the clothes she wore
 Umbrella on her shoulder,
 piece of paper in her hand
 She come to see the gov'nor,
 she wants to free her man.
 Let the midnight special ...

If you're ever in Houston, well,
 you better do the right
 You better not gamble, there,
 you better not fight,
 Or the sheriff will grab ya
 and the boys will bring you down
 The next thing you know, boy,
 You're prison bound.
 Let the midnight special ...