

The midnight special

D.O.A.

Well here's a survivor. How in the world did ya know. By the way she held her head up an' the chains she wore. A weight upon her shoulders piece of a paper in her hands. She come to see the warden she want to free her land.

Let the midnight special shine the light on me. Let the midnight special shine a light on me. I your ever in soweto you better do right. On't talk about freedom an' you better not fight. Cause the police will grab ya an the bulls will bring you down. An' the next thing you know man is that your prison bound.