

Midnight Special

Little Richard

Well, you wake up in the morning
You hear the work bell ring
And they march you to the table
You see the same old thing

Ain't no food upon the table
And no fork up in the pan
But you better not complain, boy
You get in trouble with the 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 ever-lovin' 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 governor
She want to free her man

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If you're ever in Houston
Well you'd better do right
You'd better not gamble
And you better not fight at all
Or the sheriff will grab you
And the boys will bring you down
The next thing you know boy
Well, you're prison bound

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