G C
Well you wake up in the morning,
G
Hear the ding dong ring,
D7
You go a-marching to the table,
G
See the same damn thing;
C
Well, it's on a one table,
G
Knife, a fork and a pan,
D7
And if you say anything about it,
G
You're in trouble with the man.

Chorus:

C
Let the midnight special
G
Shine her light on me;
D7
Let the midnight special
C D7 G
Shine her ever loving light on me.

If you ever go to Houston,
You better walk right;
You better not stagger,
You better not fight;
Sheriff Benson will arrest you,
He'll carry you down,
And if the jury finds you guilty,
Penitentiary bound.

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Yonder come little Rosie,
How in the world do you know,
I can tell her by her apron,
And the dress she wore.
Umbrella on her shoulder,
Piece of paper in her hand,
She goes a-marching to the captain,
Says I want my man.

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