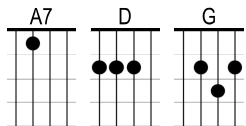


Midnight Special

Creedence Clearwater Revival



Slow down strums

D↓ Well, you wake up in the mornin', **G**↓ you hear the work bell ring **D**↓
And they march you to the table **A7**↓ to see the same old thing **D**↓
Ain't no food upon the table, **G**↓ and no pork up in the pan **D**↓
But you better not complain, boy, **A7**↓ you get in trouble with the man **D**↓

Chorus

Let the Midnight **G** Special | shine a light on **D** me |
Let the Midnight **A7** Special | shine a light on **D** me |
Let the Midnight **G** Special | shine a light on **D** me |
Let the Midnight **A7** Special | shine a everlovin' **A7:D-du** light on **D** me |

Yonder come Miss **G** Rosie, | how in the world did you **D** know? |
By the way she wears her **A7** apron, | and the clothes she **D** wore |
Umbrella on her **G** shoulder, | piece of paper in her **D** hand |
She come to see the **A7** gov'nor, | she wants to free her **D** man |

Repeat Chorus

If you're ever in **G** Houston, | well, you better do the **D** right |
You better not **A7** gamble, | there, you better not fight, **D** at all |
Or the sheriff will **G** grab ya, | and the boys will bring you **D** down |
The next thing you **A7** know, boy, | oh! You're prison **D** bound |

Repeat Chorus

Let the Midnight **G** Special | shine a light on **D** me |
Let the Midnight **A7** Special | shine a light on **D** me |
Let the Midnight **G** Special | shine a light on **D** me |
Let the Midnight **A7** Special | shine a everlovin' **A7**↓ light on **D:tremolo** me