

Midnight Special - G

Well, you wake up in the mornin, you hear the work bell ring,
And they march you to the table to see the same old thing.
Aint no food upon the table, and no pork 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, X3
Let the midnight special shine a ever lovin' light on me

If you ever go to Houston, you better walk on right.
You better not gamble, you better not fight,
Or the sheriff will arrest you, and he'll carry you down
And you bet your bottom dollar you're for Sugarland bound

Lord,, Thelma said she loved me but I believe she lied
Cause she hasn't been to see me since last July,
She brought me little bit of coffee she brought me little tea
She brought me nearly everything cept the jailhouse key