

# Paul McCartney, Midnight Special

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

cho: Let the midnight special  
Shine her light on me;  
Let the midnight special  
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.

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."

"I don't believe that Rosie loves me"  
"Well tell me why"  
She ain't been to see me  
Since las' July.  
She brought me little coffee  
She brought me little tea  
Brought me damn near ever'thing  
But the jailhouse key.

Yonder comes Doctor Adams  
"How in the world do you know?"  
Well he gave me a tablet  
The day befo'  
There ain't no doctor  
In all the lan'  
Can cure the fever  
Of a convict man.