

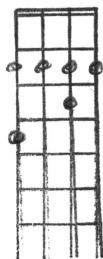
Midnight Special

I IV I
Well, you wake up in the mornin', you hear the work bell ring
V(7) I
And they march you to the table, you see the same old thing
IV I
Ain't no food upon the table and no pork up in the pan
V(7) I
But you better not complain, boy, you get in trouble with the man

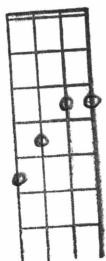
IV I
Let the midnight special, shine a light on me
V(7) I
Let the midnight special, shine a light on me
IV I
Let the midnight special, shine a light on me
V(7) I
Let the midnight special, shine a ever lovin' light on me

IV I
Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?
V(7) I
By the way she wears her apron and the clothes she wore
IV I
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand
V(7) I
She come to see the governor, she wants to free her man

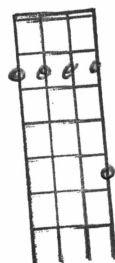
I



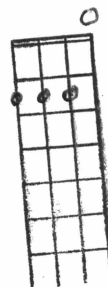
IV



V



or



V⁷

