

Midnight Special, the - Uke

Trad. Arr. by by John Fogerty

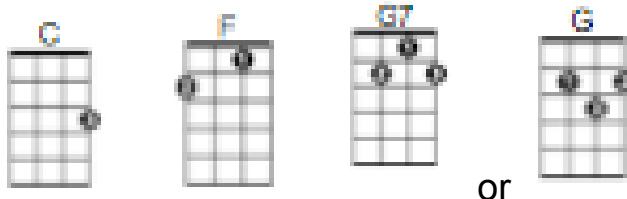
C F C
1. Well, you wake up in the mornin', you hear the work bell ring
G7 C
And they march you to the table, you see the same old thing
F C
Ain't no food upon the table, and no fork up in the pan
G7 C
But you'd better not complain, boy, you'll get in trouble with the man

CHORUS: F C
Let the midnight special shine the light on me
G7 C
Let the midnight special shine the light on me
F C
Let the midnight special shine the light on me
G7 C
Let the midnight special shine the ever-lovin' light on me

C F C
1. Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know
G7 C
By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore
C F C
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand
G7 C
She come to see the gov'nor, she wanna free her man **CHORUS**

C F C
3. If you're ever in Houston; Ooh, you'd better do right
G7 C
You'd better not gamble, and you'd better not fight
C F C
Or the sheriff will grab ya, and the boys'll bring you down
G7 C
The next thing you know, boy, Ooh, you're prison-bound **CHORUS**

CHORDS USED IN THIS SONG:



or