

Creedence Clearwater Revival - Midnight Special

Tom: D

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.
 Ain't no food upon the table, and no fork 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,
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 Let the midnight special shine a ever-lovin' light on me.

Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?
 By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore.
 Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand,

She come to see the gov'nor, she want to free her man.

Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 Let the midnight special shine a ever-lovin' light on me.

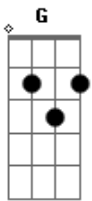
If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do the right,
 You better not gamble, and you better not fight, at all.
 Or the sheriff will grab ya and the boys will bring you down,
 The next thing you know, boy, oh you're prison bound.

Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 Let the midnight special shine a light on me,
 Let the midnight special shine a ever-lovin' light on me. 2x

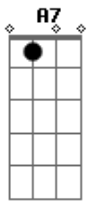
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