

# Paul McCartney - Midnight Special

Tom: D

D  
 Yonder comes Miss Rosie, how in the world do you know D  
G  
 I can tell her by her apron and the dress that she wore D  
A  
 Umbrella on her shoulder, a piece of paper in her hand D  
G  
 I heard her tell the captain, Turn loose my man D  
A  
 Let the midnight special shine its light on me D  
G  
 Oh let the midnight special shine its everlasting light on me D  
A

When you get up in the morning, when that big bell rings  
 You go marching to the table, you see the same old thing  
 Knife and fork are on the table, ain't nothing in my pan

And you say a word about it, you get in trouble with the man

Let the midnight special shine its light on me  
 Oh let the midnight special shine its everlasting light on me

If you ever go to Houston, boy you'd better walk right  
 And you better not gamble, and you better not fight  
 'Cos Benson Crocker will arrest you  
 Jimmy Boone will take you down  
 And you bet your bottom dollar that your Sugarland bound

Let the midnight special shine its light on me  
 Oh let the midnight special shine its everlasting light on me

Well jumpin' little Judy, she was a mighty fine gal  
 She brought jumpin' to the whole round world  
 Well she brought it in the morning, just awhile before day  
 Well she brought me the news that my wife was dead  
 That started me to grieven, woppin', hollerin' and cryin'  
 That started me to thinkin', 'bout my great long time

## Acordes

