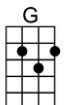
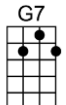

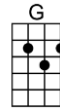


THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL


4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

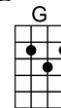
Intro: |  |  |



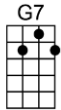


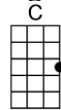
Well, you wake up in the mornin', you hear the work bell ring
 Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?
 If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do right

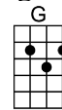





And they march you to the table, you see the same damned thing
 By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore
 You better not gamble, and you better not fight,

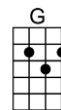






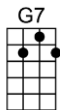
Ain't no food upon the table, and no pork up in the pan
 Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand
 Or the sheriff will ar-rest you, and the boys will bring you down

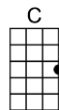


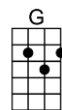


But you better not com-plain, boy, you get in trouble with the man
 She come to see the gov'nor, she wants to free her man
 The next thing you know, boy, you're penitentiary bound

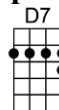
CHORUS:

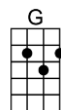




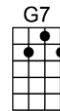


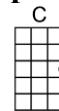
Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me

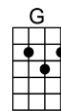




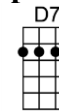
Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me

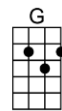


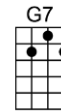




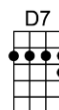
Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me

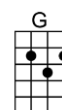


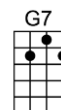




1, 2 Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' light on me
 Coda:

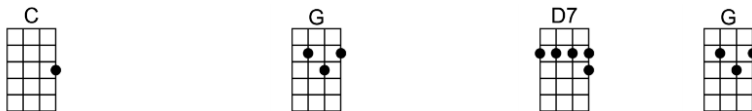






3 Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' light on me

TIJUANA JAIL



We went one day about a month a-go to have a little fun in Mexi-co



We ended up in a gambling spa where the liquor flowed and the dice were hot

CHORUS:



So here we are in the Tijuana Jail, ain't got no friends to go our bail



So here we'll stay 'cause we can't pay. Just send our mail to the Tijuana Jail

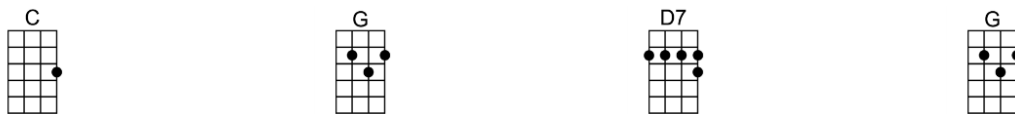


I was shootin' dice, rakin' in the dough, and then I heard the whistle blow

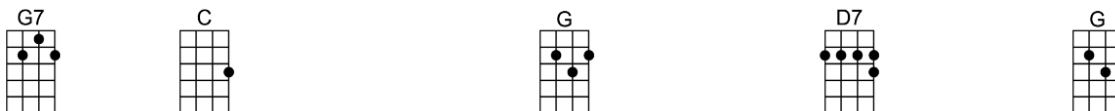


We started to run when a man in blue said, Señor, come with me, 'cause I want you

CHORUS



Just five hundred dollars and they'll set us free, I couldn't raise a penny if you threatened me



I know five "hundred" don't sound like much, but just try to find somebody to touch

CHORUS x2