

Music Place

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Midnight Rambler (Live)

alessandro · Saturday, November 8th, 2014

Did you hear about the midnight rambler
Everybody got to go?
Did you hear about the midnight rambler
The one that shut the kitchen door?

He don't give a hoot of no warning
Wrapped up in a black cat cloak
He don't go in the light of the morning
He split the time the cock'rel crows

Talkin' about the midnight gambler
The one you never seen before, yeah
I'm talkin' about the midnight gambler
Did you see him jump the garden wall?

Sighin' down the wind so sadly
Listen and you'll hear him moan
Yeah, well, talkin' about the midnight gambler
Everybody got to go

Yeah

Did you hear about the midnight rambler?
Well, honey, it's no rock 'n' roll show
Well, I'm talkin' about the midnight gambler
Yeah, the one you never seen before

Don't do that, don't do that
Don't do that, don't do that
Don't do that, don't do that
Don't do that, don't do that
Don't you do that
Don't you do that, don't you do that
Don't you do that, don't you do that
Don't you do that, don't you do that
Don't you do that, don't you do that

Don't you do that, don't you do that
Don't do that (don't you do that)
Don't do that (don't you do that)
Don't do that (don't you do that)
Don't do that (don't you do that)
(Don't you do that, don't you do that)
(Don't you do that, don't you do that)
Don't do that, don't do that
Don't do that, don't do that
Don't do that, don't do that
Don't do that, don't do that

Well, you heard about the Boston
It's not one of those
Well, talkin' 'bout the midnight, sh
The one that closed the bedroom door

I'm called the hit-and-run raper in anger
The knife-sharpened tippie-toe
Or just the shoot 'em dead, brainbell jangler
You know, the one you never seen before

So if you ever meet the midnight rambler
Coming down your marble hall
Well, he's pouncing like a proud, black panther
Well, you can say I, I told you so

Well, don't you listen for the midnight rambler, yeah
You know, play it easy as you go
I'm gonna smash down all your plate glass windows
Put a fist, put a fist through your steel-plated door

Did you hear about the midnight rambler?
He'll leave his footprints up and down your hall
And did you hear about the midnight gambler
And did you see me make my midnight call?

And if you ever catch the midnight rambler
I'll steal your mistress from under your nose
I'll go easy with your cold fanged anger
I'll stick my knife right down your throat, baby, and it hurts

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