

Me and Bobby McGee

by Kris Kristofferson and Fred Foster

C

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headed for the trains

G7

Feelin' near as faded as my jeans

Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained

C

Took us all the way to New Orleans

I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana

C7

F

And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues

C

Windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands

G7

C

C7

We finally sang up every song that driver knew

F

C

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose

G7

C

C7

And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free

F

C

Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues

G7

And buddy that was good enough for me

C

Good enough for me and Bobby McGee

From the coalmines of Kentucky to the California sun

Bobby shared the secrets of my soul

Standin' right beside me, Lord, through everything I done

And every night she kept me from the cold

Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away

Lookin' for the home I hope she'll find

And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday

Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose

And "nothin' left" is all she left for me

Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues

And buddy that was good enough for me

Good enough for me and Bobby McGee