

ME AND BOBBY McGEE

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' for the train,
I was feelin' nearly as faded as my jeans.
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained,
Rode us all the way to New Orleans.
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna,
And was blowing sad while Bobby sang the blues.
With them windshield wipers slappin' time,
And Bobby holdin' hands in mine,
We sang every song that driver knew.

Freedom's just another word for nothing' left to lose,
Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free.
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues,
And feeling good was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.
Standin' right beside me, Lord, through everything I've done,
Every night he kept me from the cold.
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord,
I let him slip away, lookin' for the home I hope he finds it.
And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,
Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.

Freedom's just another word for nothing' left to lose,
Nothin' left is all he left for me.
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues.
Feelin', good was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

(Ad lib ending)

La da da la la na na na
La da da na na.
La la la da, Bobby McGee.
La la la la da da da
La la la da da.
La la la da, Bobby McGee.
La la la la na na na
La la la da da.
La da da da, Bobby McGee.
La la la la da da da