

Me and Bobby McGee

by Kris Kristofferson and Fred Foster
(1969)

G G G G
Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for the train
G G D7 D7
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans
D7 D7 D7 D7
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
D7 D7 G G
Took us all the way to New Orleans

G G G G
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
G G7 C C
And was blowing sad while Bobby sang the blues
C C G G
With those windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clapping hands
D7 D7 D7 D7
We finally sang up every song that driver knew

C C G G
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
D7 D7 G G
Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free
C C G G
Feelin' good was easy, lord, oh, when Bobby sang the blues
D7 D7 D7 D7
Feelin' good was good enough for me
D7 D7 G G
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Standin' right beside me, Lord, through everything we done,
And every night he kept me from the cold.

Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip way,
He's looking for that home and I hope he finds it
Now, 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,
Nothin' that's all that Bobby left me
Feelin' good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the blues.
Feelin' good was good enough for me...
good enough for me and Bobby McGee.
La la la