

Me And Bobby McGee-crd
by Kris Kristofferson / Fred Foster

(G) Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the train
Feeling nearly faded as my (D) jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained
Took us all away to New Or(G)leans
I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And was blowing sad while Bobby sang the (C) blues
With those windshield wipers slapping time
And (G) Bobby clapping hands we finally
(D) Sung up every song that driver (G) knew
(C) Freedom's just another word, for (G) nothing left to lose
(D) Nothing ain't worth nothing but it's (G) free
(C) Feeling good was easy Lord when (G) Bobby sang the blues
(D) Feeling good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and Bobby Mc(G)Gee

(A) From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my (E) soul
Standing right beside me Lord through every thing I done
Every night she kept me from the (A) cold
Then somewhere near Salinas Lord I let her slip away
Searching for the home I heard she (D) owned
And I'd give all my tomorrows for a (A) single yesterday
(E) Holding Bobby's body close to (A) mine

(D) Freedom's just another word, for (A) nothing left to lose
(E) Nothing ain't worth nothing but it's (A) free
(D) Feeling good was easy Lord when (A) Bobby sang the blues
(E) Feeling good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and Bobby Mc(A)Gee