

ME AND BOBBY MCGEE

C

Busted flat in Baton Rouge and heading for the trains

G7

Feeling nearly 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 bandanna

C7

F

And was blowing sad while Bobby sang the Blues. With them windshield wipers slapping

C

G7

C

C7

Time and Bobby clapping hands, we sang near every song that driver knew.

F

C

G7

Freedom is just another word for nothing left to lose. Nothing ain't worth nothing,

C

F

C

But it's free. Feeling good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the Blues

G7

C

Feeling good was good enough for me. Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

D

From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun, Bobby shared the secrets of

A7

My soul. Standing right beside me Lord through everything I done, every night she

D

Kept me from the cold. Then somewhere near Salinas Lord I let her slip away.

D

D7

G

She was lookin' for the home I hope she'll find. And I'd trade all my tomorrows for

D

A

D

D7

A single yesterday holding Bobby's body next to mine.

G

D

A

D

Freedom is just another word for nothing left to lose. Nothing, that's all she left for me

G

D

Feeling good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the Blues

A7

A

A7

A

D

Feeling good was good enough for me. Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

D

A7

La de da de da de da da la de da de da La de da da me and Bobby McGee

A7

D D7

La de da de da de da da La de da de da La de da da me and Bobby McGee

G

D

A

D

Freedom is just another word for nothing left to lose. Nothing, that's all she left for me

G

D

Feeling good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the Blues

A7

A

A7

A

D

Feeling good was good enough for me. Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.