

# Me and Bobby McGee

Kris Kristofferson & Fred Foster

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the train, feelin' nearly faded as my jeans.  
 Bobby flagged a diesel down, just before it rained, took us all the way to New Orleans.  
 I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana  
 And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang The Blues.  
 With those windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands,  
 We finally sung up every song the driver knew.

## Chorus:

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose. Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's  
 Free. Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the Blues.  
 Feelin' 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 done,  
 Every night she kept me from the cold.  
 Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away.  
 Searchin' for the home I hope she found.  
 And I'd give all my tomorrows for a single yesterday, holdin' Bobby's body close to mine.

## Chorus

3 La de da de da de da da ..... La de da da me and Bobby McGee  
 times La de da de da de da da ..... La de da da me and Bobby McGee