

# Me and Bobby McGee

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Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' for the trains  
feelin' nearly faded as my jeans  
Bobby thumbed 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 sung the blues,  
With them windshield wipers slapping time,  
and Bobby clapping hands with 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  
Feeling good was good enough for me;  
good enough for me and bobby Mc Gee.

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'd done  
Every night she kept me from the cold  
Then somewhere near Selinas Lord, I let her slip away  
Lookin' for the home |I hope she'll find  
But I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday  
holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

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