

# Me & Bobby McGee

Kris Kristofferson III-73

G D  
 Busted flat in Baton Rouge, I was waitin' for a train, feelin' near as faded as my jeans  
 D7 G  
 Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained, rode us all the way to New Orleans  
 G  
 I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana,  
 G G7 C  
 I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues  
 G  
 Yeah, windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine  
 D7  
 We sang every song that driver knew  
 C G D7 G  
 Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose, nothin', it ain't nothin' if it ain't free  
 C G  
 And feelin' good was easy, lord, oh, when he sang the blues, you know  
 D7 G A  
 Feelin' good was good enough for me, good enough for me and my Bobby McGee  
 A E7  
 From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun, Bobby shared the secrets of my soul  
  
 Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done,  
 A  
 Bobby baby kept me from the cold  
 A  
 One day up near Salinas, lo-ord, I let him slip away,  
 A7 D  
 He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it  
 D A  
 Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday,  
 E7  
 To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine  
  
 Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose, nothin',  
 and that's all that Bobby left me  
 Well, feelin' good was easy, lo-o-ord, when he sang the blues  
 And feelin' good was good enough for me, good enough for me and my Bobby McGee  
 La da da ...  
  
 Lord, I called him my lover, I called him my man  
 I said I called him my lover, did the best I can  
 C'mon, hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee...(Ad lib)