Me and Bobby McGee

Fred Foster, Kris Kristofferson

C

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' for the trains,
coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun,

G7

feelin' nearly faded ad my jeans.
Bob by shared the secrets of my soul,

C

took us all the way to New Orleans
and ev'ry night she kept me from the cold.

C7

I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna and was
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,

F

blowin' sad while Bob by sang the blues.
With them
lookin' for the home I hope she'll find.
And I'd trade

C

windshield wipers slappin' time and Bob by clappin' hands we finally
all of my tomorrows for a singles yesterday,
G7
sang up ev'ry song that driver knew.
holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

F
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,

G7
nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free;
nothin' left is all she left for me;

C
Feelin' good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the blues

F
And feelin' good was good enough for me
And, buddy, that was good enough for me

C
good enough for me and Bobby Mcgee From the Gee.