

LYRIC SHEET

Me and Bobby McGee*Kris Kristofferson/Fred Foster*

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 bandanna
And was blowin' sad, while Bobby sang the blues
With them windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands
We finally sang up every song that driver knew.

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free;
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues
Feeling 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
Standing right beside me, Lord, through everything I done
And every night she kept me from the cold.

Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away
Lookin' for the home I hope she'll find
And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday
Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,
And nothin' left is all she left for me
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues
And buddy, that was good enough for me
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.