Me And Bobby McGee

WILDBERRIES

Busted flat in Baton Rouge headin' for the trains feelin' nearly faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained it took us all the way to New Orleans
I pulled my ol' har'poon out of my dirty red bandana
I blowed it low while Bobby sang the blues
With them windshield wipers slappin' time
Bobby clappin' hands we finally sang up ever song that driver knew
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free
Yeah feeling good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the blues
And buddy that was good enough for me it was 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
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
I'd trade all of my tomorrows for a single yesterday holding her good body close to mine
Freedom's just another word...
Mhm mhm mhm me and Bobby McGee mhm mhm mhm me and Bobby McGee
Mhm mhm mhm me and Bobby McGee mhm mhm mhm me and Bobby McGee

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