Me and Bobby McGee

Kris Kristofferson

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train

And I's feelin' near as faded as my jeans

Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained

It rode us all the way to New OrleansI pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna

I was playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues, yeah

Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine

We sang every song that driver knewFreedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose

Nothin', don't mean nothin' hon' if it ain't free, no no

And, feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues

You know, feelin' good was good enough for me

Good enough for me and my Bobby McGheeFrom the Kentucky coal mine to the California sun

There Bobby shared the secrets of my soul

Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done

Yeah, Bobby baby kept me from the coldOne day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away

He's lookin' for that home, and I hope he finds it

But, I'd trade all of my tomorrows, for a single yesterday

To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mineFreedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose

Nothin', that's all that Bobby left me, yeah

But, feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues

Hey, feelin' good was good enough for me, mm-hmm

Good enough for me and my Bobby McGheeLa da da

La da da da

La da da da da da da

La da da da da da da

Bobby McGhee, yeahLa da da da da da da

La da da da da da

La da da da da da

Bobby McGhee, yeahLa da La la da da la da da la da da

La da da da da da da da

Hey, my Bobby

Oh, my Bobby McGhee, yeahLa la la la la la la la

Hey, my Bobby

Oh, my Bobby McGhee, yeahWell, I call him my lover, call him my man

I said, I call him my lover did the best I can, c'mon

Hey now, Bobby now

Hey now, Bobby McGhee, yeahWoo

La da, la da, la da, la da, la da, la da, la la

Hey, hey, hey Bobby McGhee, yeah

La da, la da, la da, la da, la da, la da, la Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGhee, yeah

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