

# Me & Bobby McGee

## Grateful Dead

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train  
    Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans  
And Bobby flagged the diesel down, just before it rained  
Took us all the way to New Orleans I took my harpon out of my dirty red bandanna  
    I was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blue  
With them windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands  
We finally sang near every song that driver knew Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to do  
    Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free  
    Feelin' good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the blues  
    Feelin' 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, in everything I done  
Bobby's body kept me from the cold Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away  
    Lookin' for that home, I hope she finds  
And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday  
Holding Bobby's body close to mine Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
    Nothin' was all she left for me  
    Feelin' good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the blues  
    Feelin' good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to do  
    Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free  
    Feelin' good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the blues  
    Feelin' good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee

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