

Me and Bobby McGee

Busted flat in Baton Rouge headin' for the trains
Feelin' nearly as faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
Took us all the way to New Orleans.

I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues
With them windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands
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
And feelin' good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and my 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
Every night she kept me from the cold.

Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away
Lookin' for that home I hope she finds
But I'd trade all of my tomorrows for one single yesterday
Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.

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La, la, la, la, la, la, la, me and Bobby McGee.

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