Me And Bobby McGee
By Kris Kristofferson and Fred Foster

Busted flat in Baton Rouge; Headin' for the trains.
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans.
Bob-by-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 Bob-by sang the Blues.

With them windshield wipers slap-pin' time and Bob-by clap-pin'
hands, we finally sang up every song that driver knew.

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose.

Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the Blues.

good enough for me and Bobby McGee

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

Chorus:
Freedom's just another word for nothing else to lose
and nothing ain't worth nothing, but it's free
Feeling good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the Blues
and Buddy that was good enough for me
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee

2.
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
And I trade all of my tomorrows for a single yesterday
Holdin' up Bobby's body next to mine.

Chorus