

# *Me And Bobby McGee*

by Kris Kristofferson / Fred Foster

(G) Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for  
the train  
Feeling nearly faded as my (D) jeans  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it  
rained  
Took us all away to New Or (G) leans  
I took my harpoon out of my dirty red  
bandana  
And was blowing sad while Bobby sang the  
(C) blues  
With those windshield wipers slapping time  
And (G) Bobby clapping hands we finally  
(D) Sung up every song that driver (G) knew

(C) Freedom's just another word, for (G)  
nothing left to lose  
(D) Nothing ain't worth nothing but it's (G)  
free  
(C) Feeling good was easy Lord when (G)  
Bobby sang the blues  
(D) Feeling good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and Bobby Mc(G)Gee

(A) From the coal mines of Kentucky to the  
California sun  
Bobby shared the secrets of my (E) soul  
Standing right beside me Lord through ever  
thing I done  
Every night she kept me from the (A) cold  
Then somewhere near Salinas Lord I let her  
slip away  
Searching for the home I heard she (D)  
owned  
And I'd give all my tomorrows for a (A) single  
yesterday  
(E) Holding Bobby's body close to (A) mine

(D) Freedom's just another word, for (A)  
nothing left to lose  
(E) Nothing ain't worth nothing but it's (A)  
free  
(D) Feeling good was easy Lord when (A)  
Bobby sang the blues  
(E) Feeling good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and Bobby Mc(A)Gee