

Bobby Mcgee  
Chris Kristopherson

G  
Busted flat in Baton Rouge waitin' for a train  
D  
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans.  
D  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained  
D7 G C G  
Rode us all the way to New Orleans.  
G  
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna  
G7 C  
I was playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues.  
C G  
Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine  
D D7  
We sang every song that driver knew.  
C G  
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,  
D D7 G G7  
Nothin' don't mean nothin' if it ain't free.  
C G  
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues.  
D D7  
Feelin' good was good enough for me,  
G  
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun,  
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.  
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done,  
Hey, Bobby's body kept me from the cold.  
One 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 my tomorrows for one single yesterday,  
To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,  
And nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free.  
And feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues,  
And feelin' good was good enough for me  
Oh, good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.