

Me and Bobby McGee. *Kris Kristofferson*

G

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' for the train,

D7

Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans.

Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained;

G

Took us all the way to New Orleans.

I took my old harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna,

C

And was blowing sad while Bobby sang the blues.

With them windshield wipers slappin' time,

G

And Bobby clappin' hands,

D7

G

We finally sang up every song that driver knew.

Bass run (from G to C) 6 <sup>th</sup> String – 3 <sup>rd</sup> fret 5 <sup>th</sup> String - Open – 2 <sup>nd</sup> Fret
---

C

G

Freedom's just another word for nothing' left to lose:

D7

G

Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free.

C

G

Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues.

D7

Feeling good was good enough for me;

G

Good enough for me and 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've done,  
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'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,  
Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.

Freedom's just another word for nothing' left to lose:  
Nothin' left is all she left for me.  
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues.  
Buddy, that was good enough for me;  
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

La da da la la na na na  
La da da na na.  
La la la da, Me and Bobby McGee.

Repeat to fade