ME AND BOBBY McGEE

Kris Kristofferson, Fred Foster

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Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waiting for a train
And I's feeling nearly as faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
And rode us all the way to New Orleans

I pulled my harpoon from my dirty red bandanna
I was playing soft while Bobby sang the blues
Windshield wipers slapping tempo as I'm holding Bobby's hand in mine
We sang every song that driver knew

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose
Nothing, I mean nothing honey but it ain't free, no, no
And feeling good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues
You know feeling good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun
Yeh, Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done
Hey Bobby baby kept me from the cold world

One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away
He's looking for that home and I hope he finds it
But I'd trade all of my tomorrows for one single yesterday
To be holding Bobby's body next to mine

Freedom is just another word for nothing left to lose
Nothing, that's all that Bobby left me, yeah
And feeling good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues
You know, feeling good was good enough for me, hmm hmm
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

La la la, la la la la, la la la, la la la la, La la la la la Bobby McGee, yeah
La la la la la, la la la la la, La la la la la, Bobby McGee, yeah

La La la, la la la la la la,
La La la la la la la la, hey come on, me and Bobby McGee yeah
Na na na na na na na na, na na na na na na na na na na na
Hey come on, me and Bobby McGee, yeah

Well I say, calling my lover, calling my man
I said I'm calling my lover just the best I can
C'mon, if he come along, me and Bobby McGee, yeah
Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy
Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, Oh!

Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lord
Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee!