

Bobby McGee

Composer: Kris Kristofferson



F

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waiting for a train

C7

And feeling nearly faded as my jeans

Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained

F

Rode us all the way to New Orleans

I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana

F7

Bb

I was playing soft while Bobby sang the blues

Windshield wipers slappin' time

F

I was holding Bobby's hand in mine

C7

And we sang every song that driver knew

[CHORUS]

Bb

F

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose

C7

F

Nothing don't mean nothing, if it ain't free

Bb

F

Feeling good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues

C7

Feeling good was good enough for me

F

Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

From the Kentucky coal mines, to the California sun

Yeah, Bobby shared the secrets of my soul

Through all kinds of weather through everything we done

Yeah Bobby, baby, kept me from the cold

One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away

She'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

[REPEAT CHORUS]