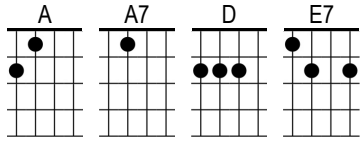


Me And Bobby McGee

Kris Kristofferson



A | | |

A Busted flat in | Baton Rouge, | headin' for the | trains
| Feelin' nearly | faded as my E7 jeans |
| Bobby thumbed a | diesel down | just before it | rained |
Took us all the | way to New OrAleans |
| I took my | harpoon out of my | dirty red ban|danna and was |
Blowin' sad while A7 Bobby sang the D blues |
With them | windshield wipers | slappin' time and A Bobby clappin' |
Hands we fi-n'ly E7 sang up ev'ry | song that driver A knew A7

D Freedom's just an | other word for A nothin' left to | lose
E7 Nothin' ain't worth | nothin', but it's A free A7
D Feelin' good was | easy, Lord, when A Bobby sang the | blues
E7 And feelin' good was | good enough for | me |
| Good enough for | me and Bobby McA Gee |

A | From the | coal mines of Ken|tucky to the | California | sun |
Bobby shared the | secrets of my E7 soul |
| Standin' right be|side me, Lord, through | ev'rything I | done |
And ev'ry night she | kept me from the A cold |
Then | somewhere near Sa|linas, Lord, I | let her slip a | way
A7 Lookin' for the | home I hope she'll D find |
And I'd | trade all of my to |morrow for a A single yester|day
E7 Holdin' Bobby's | body next to A mine A7

D Freedom's just an | other word for A nothin' left to | lose
E7 Nothin' left is | all she left for A me A7
D Feelin' good was | easy, Lord, when A Bobby sang the | blues
And E7 feelin' good was | good enough for | me |
| Good enough for | me and Bobby McA Gee A↓

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