

# Me And Bobby McGee

Kris Kristofferson and Fred Foster 1969

**[C]** Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waiting for the train.  
I was feeling nearly faded as my **[G7]** jeans.  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, Just before it rained.  
They rode us all the way into New **[C]** Orleans.

I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna,  
I's playing soft while **[C7]** Bobby sang the **[F]** blues.  
Windshield wipers slapping time, I's **[C]** holdin' bobby's hands in mine,  
We **[G7]** sang every song that driver **[C]** knew. **[C7]**

**[F]** Freedom's just another word for **[C]** nothing left to lose.

**[G7]** Nothing. I mean nothin' honey if it ain't **[C]** free. **[C7]**

**[F]** Feeling good was easy Lord **[C]** when he sang the blues.

Ya know **[G7]** Feeling good was good enough for me.

Good enough for me and my Bobby **[C]** McGee.

*{Key Change}*

**[D]** From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun,  
Bobby shared the secrets of my **[A7]** soul.  
Through all kinds of weather, through everything I've done.  
Yeah, Bobby, baby, kept me from the **[D]** cold.

One day up near Salinas Lord, I let him slip away.  
He's looking for that **[D7]** home and I hope he **[G]** finds it.  
But I'd trade all of my tomorrows for one **[D]** single yesterday.  
To be **[A7]** holding Bobby's body next to **[D]** mine. **[D7]**

**[G]** Freedom's just another word for **[D]** nothing left to lose.

**[A7]** Nothing, and that's all that Bobby left **[D]** me. **[D7]**

**[G]** But if feeling good was easy Lord **[D]** when he sang the blues.

**[A7]** Feeling good was good enough for me. Good enough for me and my Bobby **[D]** McGee.

