

# Me And Bobby McGee

Dottie West

Busted flat in Baton Rouge waitin' for the trains  
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained  
Took us all the way to New Orleans

I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna  
I was playing sad while Bobby sang the blues  
Windshield whippers slapping time, holding Bobby's hand in mine  
We sang up ever song that driver knew

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose  
Nothing ain't worth nothing but it's free  
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues  
Feeling good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee

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

Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away  
He's a looking for a home I hope he'll find  
I'd trade all of my tomorrows for a single yesterday  
A holding Bobby's body next to mine

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My Bobby McGee  
Me and Bobby McGee