

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