

# Me and Bobby McGee

Waylon Jennings

Busted flat in Baton Rouge headed 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 har'poon out of my dirty red bandana  
I was playin' sad while Bobby sang the blues  
With them windshield whippers slappin' time and Bobby clappin' h  
ands  
We finally sang up ever song that driver knew.

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free  
Feeling good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the blues  
Feeling it was good enough for me good enough for me and Bobby  
McGee.

From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun  
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul  
Standin' right beside me Lord through everything I done  
Every night she'd keep me from the cold.

Somewhere near Salinas Lord Bobby slipped away  
Lookin' for the home I hope she'll find  
I'd trade all of my tomorrows for just one yesterday  
Holding her body close to mine.

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