

# Me and Bobby McGee Kristofferson and Foster

C C C C C C G G  
 Busted flat in Baton Rouge waitin' for a train, feelin' nearly faded as my jeans.  
 G G G G G7 G7 C// F// C  
 Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained, rode us all the way to New Orleans.  
 C C C C C C7 F F  
 I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna, I was playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues.  
 F F C C  
 Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine  
 G G G7 G7  
 We sang every song that driver knew.

F F C C G G7 C C7  
 Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose, nothin' don't mean nothin' if it ain't free.  
 F F C C  
 Feelin' good was easy Lord when he sang the blues  
 G G G7 G7 G7 G7 C C  
 Feelin' good was good enough for me, good enough for me and Bobby McGee.  
**<Key change>** D D  
 D D D D D D A A  
 From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun, Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.  
 A A A A A7 A7 D// G// D  
 Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done, hey, Bobby's body kept me from the cold.  
 D D D D D7 D7 G G  
 One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away, he's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it.  
 G G D D  
 But I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday,  
 A A A7 A7  
 To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.

G G D C A A7 D D7  
 Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose, nothin' don't mean nothin' if it ain't free.  
 G G D D  
 Feelin' good was easy Lord when he sang the blues  
 A A A7 A7 A7 A7 D  
 Feelin' good was good enough for me, good enough for me and Bobby McGee.  
**<one verse of la-da-da-da-da-da if desired>**

