

ME AND BOBBY McGEE

(C), (G7), (C)8

(C) Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the trains,
felling nearly faded as my (G) jeans;
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained,
(G7) took us all away to New (C) Orleans.

I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
and was blowing sad while (C7) Bobby sang the (F) blues;
With them windshield-wipers slapping time and
(C) Bobby clapping hands we finally
(G7) sang up every song the driver (C) knew. (C7)

(F) Freedoms just another word for (C) nothing left to lose,
(G7) nothing ain't worth nothing, but it's (C) free. (C7)
(F) Feeling good was easy, Lord when (C) Bobby sang the blues.
And (G) feeling good was good enough for me,
(G7) good enough for me and Bobby Mc (C) Gee.

INSTRUMENTAL

From the (C) coalmines of Kentucky to the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my (G) soul;
Standing right beside me Lord, through every thing I'd done,
(G7) and every night she kept me from the (C) cold.

Then somewhere near Salinas Lord, I let her slip away,
(C7) looking for the home I hope she'll (F) find;
And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a (C) single yesterday,
(G7) holding Bobby's body next to (C) mine. (C7)

(F) Freedoms just another word for (C) nothing left to lose,
(G7) nothing ain't worth nothing, but it's (C) free. (C7)
(F) Feeling good was easy, Lord when (C) Bobby sang the blues.
And (G) feeling good was good enough for me,
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TAG: (G7) good enough for me and Bobby Mc (C) Gee.