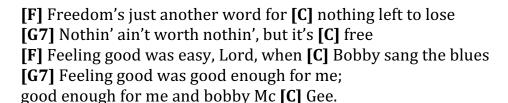
Me and Bobby McGee, Kris Kristofferson [C] [G7] [G7] [C]

[C] Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' for the trains feelin' nearly faded as my **[G7]** jeans **[G7]** Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained

Took us all the way to New Or [C] leans
[C] I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sung the [F] blues,
[F] With them windshield wipers slapping time,
and [C] Bobby clapping hands with mine
We [G7] sang every song that driver [C] knew



From the **[C]** coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun Bobby shared the secrets of my **[G7]** soul **[G7]** Standin' right beside me, Lord, through everything I'd done

Every night she kept me from the **[C]** cold **[C]**Then somewhere near Selinas Lord, I let her slip away
Lookin' for the home |I hope she'll **[F]** find **[F]**But I'd trade all my tomorrows for a **[C]** single yesterday **[G7]** holdin' Bobby's body next to **[C]** mine

[F] Freedom's just another word for [C] nothing left to lose
[G7] Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's [C] free
[F] Feeling good was easy, Lord, when [C] Bobby sang the blues
[G7] Feeling good was good enough for me;
good enough for me and bobby Mc [C] Gee.

| [C] La, la, la | La, la, la | me and Bobby Mc [G7] Gee |
|-------------------------|------------|---------------------------------|
| [G7] La, la, la | La, la, la | me and Bobby Mc [C] Gee |
| [C] La, la, la | La, la, la | me and Bobby Mc [G7] Gee |
| [G7] La, la, la | La, la, la | me and Bobby Mc [C] Gee |

