

**Bob Weir****"Me and Bobby McGee"**

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Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train  
And I's feelin' near as faded as my jeans  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained  
It rode us all the way into New Orleans  
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana  
I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues, yeah  
Windshield wipers slappin' time, I's holdin' Bobby's  
hand in mine  
We sang every song that driver knew, yeah

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
Nothin' don't mean nothin' hon' if it ain't free, no no  
And feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the  
blues  
You know, feelin' good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

From the Kentucky coal mine to the California sun  
There Bobby shared the secrets of my soul  
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we  
done  
Yeah, Bobby baby kept me from the cold  
One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away  
He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it  
But I'd trade all o' my tomorrows for one single  
yesterday  
To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
Nothin', that's all that Bobby left me, yeah  
But if feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the  
blues  
Hey, feelin' good was good enough for me, mm-hmm  
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

La-da-da La-da-da-da La-da-da da-da da-da  
La-da-da da-la-da la-da, Bobby McGee, yeah  
La-da-la-da-la-da La-da-la-da-da  
La-da-la-da-la-la, Bobby McGee, yeah  
La-da-da La-da-da La da-da La da-da  
La-da-da La da-da La da-da

Hey, my Bobby, Lord, my Bobby McGee, yeah  
Lo-da-lo da-la-lo-da-la  
Lo-da-la-lo da-la-lo la-la-lo la-la-lo la-la  
Hey, my Bobby, Lord, my Bobby McGee, yeah

Lord, I call him my lover, call him my man  
I said I call him my lover, did the best I can, c'mon  
Hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah  
La-da la-da la-da la-da la-da la-da la-da la-la  
Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, Lord!

----- instrumental break -----

La-da la-da la-da la-da la-da la-da la-da la  
Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, yeah

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