

Ramblin' Jack Elliot "Me And Bobby McGee"

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Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' 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.
Took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
and was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues,
With them windshield wipers slappin' time and
Bobby clappin' hands we finally sang up every song
that driver knew.

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,
and nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free,
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the
blues,
and buddy, that was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

From the coalmines of Kentucky to the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul,
Standin' right beside me through everythin' I done,
and every night she kept me from the cold.
The somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,
she was lookin' for the love I hope she'll find,
Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,
holdin' Bobby's body close to mine.

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,
and nothin' left was all she left to me,
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the
blues,
and buddy, that was good enough for me.
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

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