Tori Amos "Me And Bobby McGee"

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busted flat in baton rouge, waiting for a train feeling nearly as faded as my jeans bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained it rode us all the way to new orleans

ay da da da daa, ya da da da da

took my harpoon out of dirty red bandannas i was playing soft while bobby sang the blues windshield wipers slapping time i was holding bobby's hand in mine we sang every song that driver knew

freedom is just another word for nothing left to lose nothing, no nothing it ain't free and feeling good was easy, lord, when bobby sang the blues feeling good was good enough for me good enough for me and my bobby mcgee

ya da da da da da daa, ya da da da good enough for me....

from the coal mines of kentucky to the california sun bobby shared the secrets of my soul through all kinds of weather, lord, to everything we done bobby's body kept me from the cold

freedom is just another word for nothing left to lose nothing, no nothing it ain't free feeling good was easy, lord, when bobby sang the blues feeling good was good enough for me good enough for me and my bobby mcgee

ya da da da daa, ya da da da daa ya da da daaa, bobby mcgee yee da you know you know yah good enough for me.... so one day up near salinas, lord, i let him slip away he's looking for that home and i hope he finds it i'd trade all of my tomorrows for one single yesterday to be holding bobby's body next to mine, now

feeling all my love is my bobby in my soul feeling my bobby mcgee feeling good was easy, lord, when bobby sang the blues feeling good was good enough for me good enough for me and my bobby mcgee

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