

McGee by Gordon Lightfoot**"Me And Bobby McGee"**

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Busted flat in Baton Rouge
waiting for a train,
when I's feelin' as fadded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down
just before it rained
It rode us all the way from New Orleans

I pulled my harpoon out my dirty red bandanna
I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues
winsheild wipers slappin' time
I's holdin' Bobby's hand in mine
and we sang every song that driver knew

Freedom's just another word
for nothing left to loose
well nothing ain't nothing hun if it ain't free (da da)
and feeling good was easy lord when he sang the
blues
feeling good was good enough for me (da da)
good enough ffor me and my Bobby MCGee

From the Kentucky cold mines
to the California Sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
through all kinds of weather,
through everything we'd done
My Bobby, baby, kept me from the cold
one day a misleading lord
I let him slip away
he's looking for that home
and I hope he finds it
well I'd trade enough tomorrows for one single
yesterday
to be holding Bobby's body next to mine
freedom's just another word for nothing left to loose
now nothing, well that's all that Bobby left me
well feeling good was easy lord when he sang the
blues
feeling good was good enough for me good enough
for me mm hmm and my Bobby MCGee la da da da da
(ect) my Bobby McGee la da da da da ect

hey don't boss my Bobby McGee
Oh I call him my lover, I call him my man, I'll call him my
lover, do the best I can c'mon and my Bobby oh and my
Bobby, Bobby McGee lo la lola lo
hey hey hey Bobby McGee

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