

McGee by Kris Kristofferson**"Me And Bobby McGee"**

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Busted flat in Baton Rouge,
Headed for the trains.
I was feelin' nearly as faded as my jeans.
Bobby thumbed a diesel down,
Just before it rained;
Took us all the way to New Orleans.
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna,
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues.
With then 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,
Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free.
Feelin' good was easy, lord when Bobby sang the
blues,
And feelin' good was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.
Standin' right beside me lord though everything I done,
And every night she kept me from the cold.
Then one night in Salinas, lord I let her slip away,
Lookin' for that home I hope she finds.
But I'd trade all of my tomorrows for one single
yesterday,
Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,
Nothin' left is all she left for me.
Feelin' good was easy, lord, when Bobby sang the
blues,
And feelin' good was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

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