

Bill Anderson, Me and Bobby McGee

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
I took my har'poon out of my dirty red bandana
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues
With those windshield whippers slappin' time
And Bobby clappin' hands with mine we sang up ever song that driver knew
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free
Feeling good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the blues
Feeling good was good enough for me good enough for me and Bobby McGee

From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Standin' right beside me Lord through everything I done
And every night she kept me from the cold
Then somewhere near Salinas Lord I let her slip away
Searchin' for a home I hope she'll find
I'd trade all of my tomorrows for just one yesterday
Holding Bobby's body close to mine
Freedom's just another word...
La la la la la la la la la la la la la me and Bobby McGee...