

# 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 me and Bobby McGee...