

Waylon Jennings, Me And Bobby Mcgee

Busted flat in Baton Rouge headed 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
I was playin' sad while Bobby sang the blues
With them windshield whipers slappin' time
And Bobby clappin' hands we finally sang up ever song that driver knew
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free
Feeling good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the blues
Feeling it was good enough for me good enough for me and Bobby McGee
(guitar)
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
Every night she'd keep me from the cold
Somewhere near Salinas Lord Bobby slipped away
Lookin' for the home I hope she'll find
I'd trade all of my tomorrows for just one yesterday holding her body close to mine
Freedom's just another word...
(guitar - steel - harmonica - guitar)