Dolly Parton, Me And Bobby McGee

(Kristofferson/Foster)

Busted flat in Baton rouge
Headin' for the train
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 harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna
I was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues
With them 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
And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues
Buddy, that 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
Through everything I've done
And every night he kept me from the cold
Then somewhere near Salinas
I let him slip away
Lookin' for the home I hope he'll find
And I'll trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday
Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues
Buddy, that was good enough for me
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee
Enough for me and Bobby McGee
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee
I let him slip away
Lookin' for the home I hope he finds
Enough for me and my Bobby McGee
Enough for me and my Bobby McGee, yeah