

Dottie West, Me And Bobby McGee

Busted flat in Baton Rouge waitin' 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 playing sad while Bobby sang the blues
Windshield whippers slapping time holding Bobby's hand in mine
We sang up ever song that driver knew
Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose
Nothing ain't worth nothing 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 all the secrets of my soul
Through all kinds of weather Lord through everything we done
Yeah Bobby baby kept me from the cold
Then somewhere near Salinas Lord I let him slip away
He's a looking for a home I hope he'll find
I'd trade all of my tomorrows for a single yesterday
A holding Bobby's body next to mine
Freedom's just another word...
Mhmm mhmm mhm my Bobby McGee
Mhmm mhmm mhm me and Bobby McGee