

# Gordon Lightfoot, Me And Bobby McGee

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 away to New Orleans  
I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana  
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues  
With those windshield wipers slappin' time  
And Bobby clappin' hands we finally  
Sung up every song that driver knew  
Freedom's just another word  
For nothin' left to lose  
Nothin' ain't worth nothin'  
But it's free  
Feelin' good was easy Lord  
When Bobby sang the blues  
Feelin' good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee

From the coalmines of Kentucky  
To the California sun  
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul  
Standin' right beside me Lord  
Through every thing I done  
Every night she kept me from the cold  
Then somewhere near Salinas Lord  
I let her slip away  
Searchin' for the home  
I hope she'll find  
And I'd give all my tomorrows  
For a single yesterday  
Holdin' Bobby's body close to mine

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