

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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