

Jennifer Love Hewitt, Me Bobby McGee

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train
And I was feelin' near as faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
It rode us all the way into New Orleans
Now I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And I was playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues, yeah
Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine
We sang every song that driver knew, yeah
Freedom was just another word for nothin' left to lose
Nothin' and it's all there bubbling me
And feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues
Listen up, feelin' good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee
From the Kentucky coal mine to the California sun
There Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done
Now Bobby baby help me hold it over
One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away
He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it
Cause I'd trade all o' my tomorrows for one single yesterday
To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine
Freedom was just another word for nothin' left to lose
Nothin', that's all that Bobby left me, yeah
But if feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues
You know, feelin' good was good enough for me, mm-hmm
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee
La-da-da La-da-da-da La-da-da da-da da-da
La-da-da da-la-da la-da, Bobby McGee, yeah
La-da-la-da-la-da La-da-la-da-da
La-da-la-da-la-la, Bobby McGee, yeah
La-da-da La-da-da La da-da La da-da
La-da-da La da-da La da-da
Bobby McGee, yeah
Lo-da-lo da-la-lo-da-la
Lo-da-la-lo da-la-lo la-la-lo la-la-lo la-la
Hey, my Bobby, Bobby Bobby McGee, yeah
Lord, I call you my lover, call you my man
I said I call you my lover, just the best I can, c'mon
Hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah
La-da la-da la-da la-da la-da la-da la-da la-la
Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, yeah!