

# Mickey Gilley, Me And Bobby McGee

Busted flat in Baton Rouge  
Waitin' for the train  
Feeling nearly faded as my jeans  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained  
Took us all the way down to New Orleans.

I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana  
And was blowing sad while Bobby sang the blues  
And with the windshield wipers slapping time  
And Bobby clapping hands  
We finally sang every song that driver knew.

Chorus  
Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose  
Nothing ain't worth nothing but its free  
Feeling good was easy when Bobby sang the blues  
And buddy that was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.  
Yeah un huh.

From the coal mines of Kentucky  
To the California sun  
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul  
Standing right beside me Lord  
Through everything I'd done  
And every night she kept me from the cold.

Then somewhere near Salinas  
Lord, I let her slip away  
Looking for the home I hope she'll find  
And I'd give up all my tomorrow's for a single yesterday  
Of holding Bobby's body next to mine.

Chorus  
Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose  
Nothing ain't worth nothing but its free  
Feeling good was easy when Bobby sang the blues  
And buddy that was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and old Bobby McGee...

--- Instrumental ---

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Chorus  
Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose  
Nothing ain't worth nothing but its free  
Feeling good was easy when Bobby sang the blues  
And buddy that was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee. oh yeah.

Good enough for me and Bobby McGee...