

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 ---

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 Bobby McGee. oh yeah.

Good enough for me and Bobby McGee...