Intro:  G . . . | . . . . |
(sing d)
G . . . . . | . . . . . |
   Busted flat in Baton Rouge waitin' for a train—
   D . . . | . . . . | . .
   Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans—
   . . . . . | . . . . . |
   Bobby thumbed a diesel down Just be-fore it rained—
   G . . . . . |
And rode us all the way to New Or—leans——
   | G . . . . . |
   I pulled my harpoon out of— my dirty red ban-danna
   . . . . . . . . | C . . . . |
   I was playin’ soft while Bobby sang the blues——
   | . . . . . . . . | G . . . . . |
   Those windshield wipers slappin’ time, I was holdin’ Bobby’s hand in mine
   D . . . . . | D7 . . . |
   We sang every song that driver knew——
   | C . . . . . | G . . . . . |
Chorus: Freedom's just a-nother word for nothin' left to lose——
   D . . . . . | G . . . . |
   Nothin' ain't worth nothin' if it ain't free——
   C . . . . . . | G . . . . . |
   Feelin’ good was easy, Lo-ord when he sang the blues——
   | D . . . . . | D7 . . . |
   And feelin’ good was good e-nough for me———
   Good e-nough for me and Bobby Mc-Gee———
   | A . . . . . | . . . . . |
   From the Ken-tucky coal mines, to the Cali—fornia sun——
   . . . . . . | E7 . . . |
   Bobby shared the secrets of my soul———
   | . . . . . . | . . . . . |
   Thru all kinds of weather— thru every-thing we done——
   . . . . . . | A . . . |
   Bobby baby kept me from the cold———
One day up near San-Jonas, Lord I let him slip a-way——
He's Lookin' for that home and I hope he'll find it
Well I'd trade all my to-morrows for a single yester-day to be
Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine——-

D . . . . . | A . . . .
Chorus: Freedom's just a-nother word for nothin' left to lose——
E7 . . . . . | A . . . .
Nothin', and that's all that Bobby left me——
D . . . . . | A . . . .
Well, feelin' good was easy, Lord when he sang the blues——
E7 . . . . . | . . . .
And feelin' good was good e-nough for me——-
 . . . . . . | A . . . .
Good e-nough for me and my Bobby Mc-Gee——-

E7 . . . . . | . . . .
La-da Da--- La-da Da-da--- La-da Da Da-da Da-da Da--
La-da Da-da Da-da Bobby Mc-Gee——-

E7 . . . . . | . . . .
La-da Da-da Da--- La-da Da-da Da----
 . . . . . . | A . . . .
La-da Da-da Da-da Bobby Mc-Gee——-

D . . . . . | A . . . .
Chorus: Yeah, Freedom's just a-nother word for nothin' left to lose——
E7 . . . . . | A . . . .
Nothin', and that's all that Bobby left me——
D . . . . . | A . . . .
Well, feelin' good was easy, Lord when Bobby sang the blues——
E7 . . . . . | . . . .
And feelin' good was good e-nough for me——-
 . . . . . . | A . . . . A\sus4 A\|
Good e-nough for me and my Bobby Mc-Gee——-

San Jose Ukulele Club