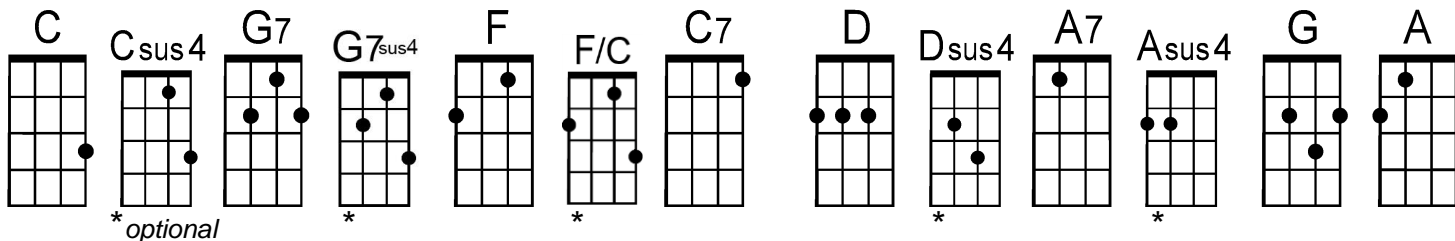


Me & Bobby McGee

by Kris Kristofferson (1970)



Intro: C | | Csus4|| C | | Csus4||

C | | Csus4|| C | | Csus4||
 Busted flat in Baton Rouge headin' for the trains—

C | | G7 | |
 Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans—

. . . . | | G7sus4|| G7 | | G7sus4||
 Bobby thumbed a diesel down Just before it rained—

G7 | | C | |
 Took us all the way to New Orleans—

. | C | | Csus4|| C | | Csus4||
 I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna and was

C | C7 | F | |
 Blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues—

. | Fc | | C | |
 With those wind-shield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands

. . . . | G7 | | C | C7 |
 We finally sang near every song that driver knew—

Chorus: F | | C | |
 Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose—

G7 | | C | Csus4|| C |
 Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free—

F | | C | |
 Feelin' good was easy— Lord when Bobby sang the blues—

G7 | | | |
 Feelin' good was good enough for me—

. . . . | G | C | Csus4|| C | D | Dsus4|| D |
 Good enough for me and Bobby McGee—

. | D | | Dsus4|| D | | Dsus4||
 From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun—

D | | A7 | |
 Bobby shared the secrets of my soul—

. . . . | | Asus4|| A7 | | Asus4||
 Standin' right beside me Lord thou everything I've done—

A7 | | D | |
 Every night she kept me— from the cold—

. | D | | Dsus4|| D | | Dsus4||
 Then somewhere near Salinas Lord I let her— slip a-way—

D | D7 | G | |
 Lookin' for the home I hope she'll find—

And I'd trade all of my to—mor—rows— for a |D single yes—ter—day—

A holdin' Bob-by's body— next to mine—

Chorus: G Freedom's just a—nother— word for |D nothin' left to lose—

And |A nothing— is all— she left for me— |D Dsus4|||

G Feelin' good was easy— Lord when |D Bobby sang the blues—

A7 Feelin' good was good e—nough for me—

Good e—nough for |A me and |D Bobby Mc-Gee—

|D La-da Da— Da da da-da— |Dsus4||| |D La-da-da Da— da-Da da Da— |Dsus4|||

D La-da Da da Da-da Bobby Mc-Gee— |A7

|A7 La-da Da— Da da da-da— |Asus4||| |A7 La-da-da Da— da-Da da Da— |Asus4|||

A7 La-da Da da Da-da Bobby Mc-Gee— |D |D7

Chorus: G Freedom's just a—nother— word for |D nothin' left to lose—

And |A nothing— is all— she left for me— |D Dsus4|||

G Feelin' good was easy— Lord when |D Bobby sang the blues—

A7 Feelin' good was good e—nough for me—

Good e—nough for |A me and |D Bobby Mc-Gee— |A7 |D\