Me & Bobby McGee
by Kris Kristofferson (1970)

Intro:
C . . . | . . | . . . C\sus4 || C . . . | . . . C\sus4 ||

C Busted flat in Baton Rouge headin' for the trains—
C . . . | . . | . . . G7 . . . | . . . C\sus4 || C . . . | . . . C\sus4 ||

C Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans—
C . . . | . . | . . . G7 . . . | . . . G7 . . . | . . . G7\sus4 ||

Bobby thumbed a diesel down Just be-fore it rained—

Took us all the way to New Or—leans—

C I took my harpoon out of my dirty red ban-danna and was
C . . . | . . | . . . C\sus4 || C . . . | . . . C\sus4 ||

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

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

We final-ly sang near ever-y song that dri—ver knew—

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

G7 Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free——
G7 . . . | . . | . . . C . . . | . . . C\sus4 ||

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

G7 Feelin' good was good e-nough for me——
G7 . . . | . . | . . . G . . . | . . . C\sus4 ||

C Good e-nough for me and Bobby Mc-Gee——
C . . . | . . | . . . C . . . | . . . D . . . | . . . D\sus4 ||

D From the coal mines of Ken—tucky to the Cal-i—forn-ia sun——
D . . . | . . | . . . D\sus4 || D . . . | . . . D\sus4 ||

D Bobby shared the se—crets of my soul——
D . . . | . . | . . . A\sus4 || A\sus4 ||

A7 Standin' right be—side me Lord thru every-thing I've done——
A7 . . . | . . | . . . D . . . | . . . D\sus4 ||

A7 Every night she kept me— from the cold——
A7 . . . | . . | . . . D . . . | . . . D\sus4 ||

A7 Then some-where near Sa—linas Lord I let her—— slip a-way——
A7 . . . | . . | . . . D\sus4 || D . . . | . . . D\sus4 ||

D Lookin' for the home I hope she'll find——
And I'd trade all of my to-mor-rows— for a single yes-ter-day—

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

G

| A | D | D7 |

A

| D | D7 |

Chorus:

And nothing is all she left for me—

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

Feelin' good was good e-nough for me—

Good e-nough for me and Bobby Mc-Gee—

| A | D | D7 |

A

| D | D7 |

Chorus:

And nothing is all she left for me—

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

Feelin' good was good e-nough for me—

Good e-nough for me and Bobby Mc-Gee—

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San Jose Ukulele Club

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