## Me And Bobby McGee (Kris Kristofferson, 1970)

INTRO: G G7 C C
С С7
C  Bustod flat in Paten Bouge and headin' for the trains
Busted flat in Baton Rouge and headin' for the trains,
G G Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans.
G7 G G G G G G G G G G G G G G G G G G
G7 C C F G
Took us all the way to New Orleans.
C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C
I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana,
C7
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues.
C G7
With them windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands,
G G7 C C7
We finally sang up every song that driver knew.
we infanty saing up every soing that driver knew.
F CHORIS: Errodom's just another word for nothin' left to less
CHORUS: Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,
G G7 C C7
And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free.
F C Ballatina di una caracterida de Baltaria a un tratta de la compansión
Feelin' good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the blues,
G G7 G7
And feeling good was good enough for me,  A7
G G7 C C A7 A7
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.
<del>                                      </del>
D
From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun,
A A D D7
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.
A7 A $\phi \phi $
Standin' right beside me Lord through everythin' I've done,
A7 D D
And every night she kept me from the cold.
D
Then somewhere near Salinas Lord, I let her slip away,
D7 G
Lookin' for the home I hope she'll find.
D
And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,
A A7 D D7 Cont'd
Holdin' Bobby's body next, to mine.

## Me And Bobby McGee (Cont'd)



