

Bobby McGee

Crystal Bowersox

Busted flat in Baton Rouge waitin' for a train
I was feelin' nearly as faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
It rode us all the way to New Orleans

Yeah I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And I was playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues, yeah
Windshield wipers were slappin' time
I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine
We sang every song that driver knew

Freedom is just another word for nothin' left to lose
Nothin', don't mean nothin' hon', if it ain't free
And feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues
Feelin' good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun
Yeah Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Through all kinds of weather, oh and through everything we'd done
Yeah, hey Bobby baby, he kept me from the cold world

Lord and one day I've been near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away
He was lookin' for that home, and I hope he finds it
Cause I'd trade all of my tomorrows for one single yesterday
To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

Freedom is just another word for nothin' left to lose
Nothin', well that's all that Bobby gave me, yeah
But feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues
Well feelin' good was good enough for me, mm hm
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

My Bobby McGee, yeah
My Bobby McGee

Well, I call him my lover
I call him my friend
Call him my lover
Did the best that I can
Come on Bobby now
Bobby McGee, yeah

Hey, hey, hey Bobby McGee, yeah

Well, I call him my lover
I call him my friend
Call him my lover
Did the best that I can
Come on Bobby now
Bobby McGee, yeah

Hey, hey, hey Bobby McGee, yeah