

Me and Bobby McGee

Johnny Cash

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin for the trains,
Feelin nearly faded as my jeans.
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained,
Took us all the way to New Orleans.
Took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And was blowin sad while Bobby sang the blues,
With them windshield wipers slappin time and
Bobby clappin hands we finally sang up every song
That driver knew.

Freedoms just another word for nothin left to lose,
And nothin aint worth nothin but its free,
Feelin good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues,
And buddy, that was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

From the coalmines of Kentucky to the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul,
Standin right beside me through everythin I done,
And every night she kept me from the cold.
The somewhere near salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,
She was lookin for the love I hope shell find,
Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,
Holdin Bobbys body close to mine.

Freedoms just another word for nothin left to lose,
And nothin left was all she left to me,
Feelin good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues,
And buddy, that was good enough for me.
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.