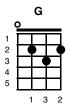
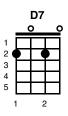
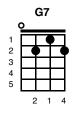
Key of G

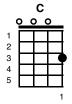
Me and Bobby McGee

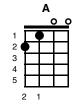
Kris Kristofferson

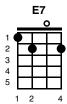


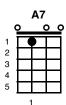


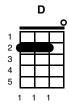












INTRO: G//// G////

G

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waiting for a train

D7

When I's feeling nearly as faded as my jeans

Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained

a (

That rode us all the way to New Orleans

G

I pulled my harpoon out of my, dirty red bandana

,



I's playing soft while Bobby sang the blues

C

Windshield wipers slappin' time

G

I was holding Bobby's hand in mine

D7

D7 D7

We sang every song that driver knew

C G
Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose Of G
Nothin', it ain't nothing honey, if it ain't free
And feeling good was easy, Lord
When he sang the blues
You know feeling good was good enough for me G //// A ////
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee
A
From the Kentucky coal mines, to the California sun
Yeah, Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done
Yeah Bobby, baby, kept me from the cold
One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away
He's looking for that home, and I hope he finds it
But I'd trade all of my tomorrows
A For one single yesterday
E7 To be holding Bobby's body next to mine
D A
Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose A A
Nothing, and that's all that Bobby left me
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues

E7
Hey feeling good was good enough for me

A

Good enough for me and my Bobby Mc-Gee

A
La la lah, la lah la lah la , la lah la lah la E7
La la la lah, la la Bobby Mc-Gee yeah
Lah la lah, la lah la lah la, la lah la lah la A A
La la lah la lah la, Bobby Mc-Gee yeah

La la lah, la lah la lah la , la lah la lah la E7

La la la lah, la la Bobby Mc-Gee yeah

Lah la lah, la lah la lah la, la lah la lah la A A ↓

La la lah la lah la, Bobby Mc-Gee yeah