Me And Bobby McGee (Kris Kristofferson & Fred Foster, 1969) (C)

C   G7
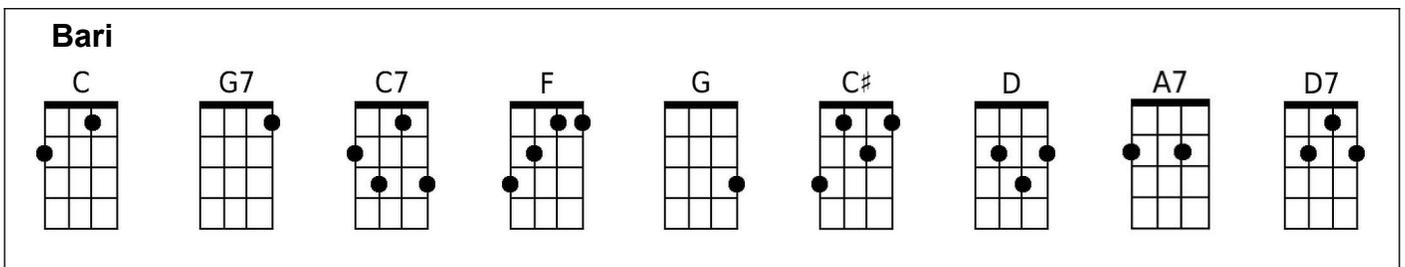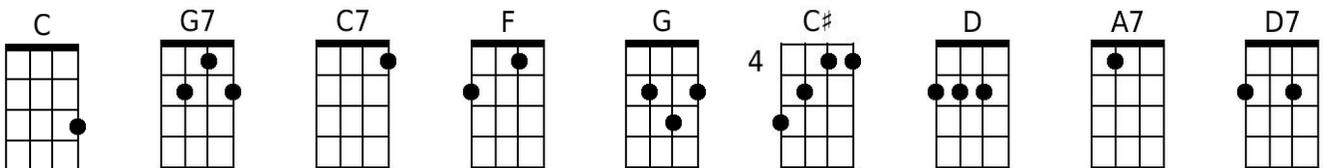Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the trains, feelin' nearly faded as my jeans
                                                        C
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained. Took us all the way into New Orleans
   C   C7   F
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana and was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues.
With them windshield wipers slappin' time,
    C   G   C - C7
and Bobby clappin' hands, we finally sang up every song that driver knew

F   C   G7   C C7
_ Freedom's just another word for _ nothin' left to lose. _ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free
F   C
_ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when _ Bobby sang the blues
         G7   C   - C# D
You know _ feelin' good was good enough for me. Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

D   A7
From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.
                                                                         D
Standing right beside me through everythin' I done and every night she kept me from the cold.
D
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away.
                                   D7   G
She was lookin' for the home I hope she'll find.
                                            D   A7   D   D7
Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday, holdin' Bobby's body close to mine.

==Outro (2X)==
G   D   A7   D D7
_ Freedom's just another word for _ nothin' left to lose. _ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free
G   D
_ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when _ Bobby sang the blues.
         A7
You know _ feelin' good was good enough for me.
                                         D | A7 D |
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

Bari

Me And Bobby McGee (Kris Kristofferson & Fred Foster, 1969) (G)

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G                                                    D7
Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the trains, feelin' nearly faded as my jeans
                                                                G
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained. Took us all the way into New Orleans
  G                                                      G7           C
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana and was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues.
With them windshield wipers slappin' time,
    G                               D                G - G7
and Bobby clappin' hands, we finally sang up every song that driver knew.

C                          G             D7                       G  G7
_ Freedom's just another word for _ nothin' left to lose. _ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free
C                              G
_ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when _ Bobby sang the blues
          D7                                                   G  - G# A
You know __ feelin' good was good enough for me. Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

A                                                            E7
From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.
                                                                A
Standing right beside me through everythin' I done and every night she kept me from the cold.
A
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away.
                   A7           D
She was lookin' for the home I hope she'll find.
                       A        E7                    A    A7
Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday, holdin' Bobby's body close to mine.
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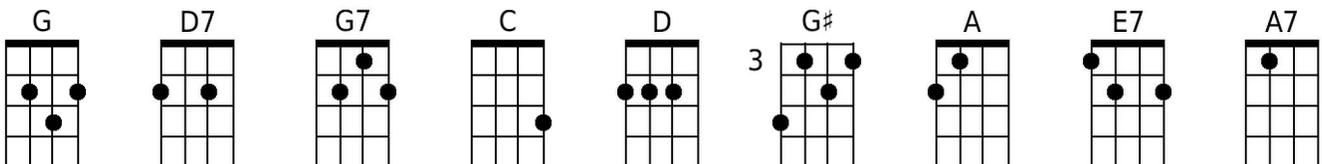
<mark>Outro (2X)</mark>
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D                          A             E7                       A  A7
_ Freedom's just another word for _ nothin' left to lose. _ Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free.
D                              A
_ Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when _ Bobby sang the blues.
          E7                                                   A
You know __ feelin' good was good enough for me.
                       A        | E7  A |
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.
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