G

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train **D7** When I's feelin' near as faded as my jeans Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained And rode us all the way into New Orleans

G

I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine D **D7** We sang every song that driver knew

С G Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose **D7** G **G7** Nothin', it ain't nothin' honey, if it ain't free С And feelin' good was easy, lord, oh,

when he sang the blues

D You know feelin' good was good enough for me **D7** Α Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun **E7**

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

Α

One day up near Salinas, lo-ord, I let him slip away A7 D He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single vesterday **F7**

To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

D Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose **E7 A7** Nothin', and that's all that Bobby left me D Well, feelin' good was easy,Lo-o-ord, when he sang the blues **E7** And feelin' good was good enough for me Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee yeah

Α

La da da, la da daa, la da daa da daa da daa E7 La da da daa dadada Bobby McGee-ah 2x Laa li daa da daa daa, la da daa da daa Laa la laa la daada Bobby McGee-ah yeah

Α

D7

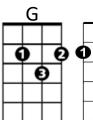
Lord, I called him my lover, I called him my man I said I called him my lover, did the best I can **E7** C'mon, hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah

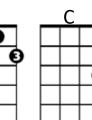
Lo lo lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord oh

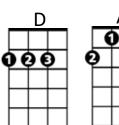
G7

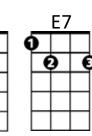
Hey, hey, hev. Bobby McGee, lord D7

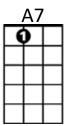
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Α

La da da, la da daa, la da daa da daa **E7** La da da daa dadada Bobby McGee-ah Laa li daa da daa daa, la da daa da daa **A** Laa la laa la daada Bobby McGee-ah yeah

Α

D7

Lord, I called him my lover, I called him my man I said I called him my lover, did the best I can E7 C'mon, hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah

Lo lo lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord oh **A** Hey, hey, Bobby McGee, lord

