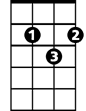
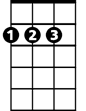
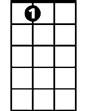
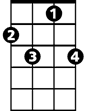
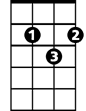
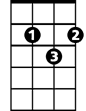
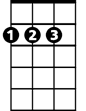
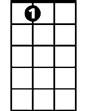
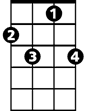
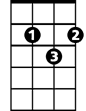
**Me And Bobby McGee (Kris Kristofferson & Fred Foster, 1969) (C)**



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| **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. | | | | | | | | |
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| **Bari** |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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**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.  **Outro (2X)**  **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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| **Bari** |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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