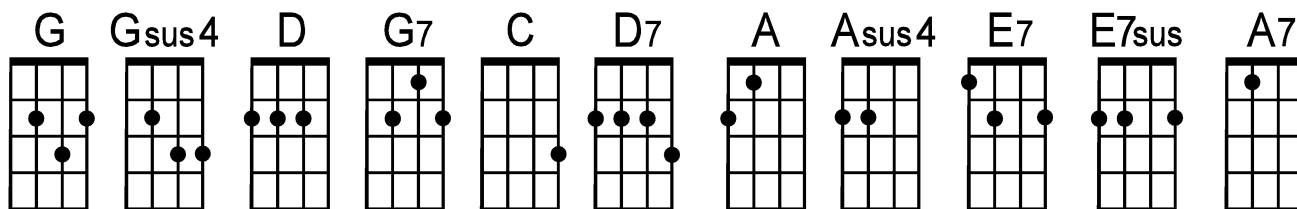


# Me & Bobby McGee

by Kris Kristofferson (1970) (as sung by Janis Joplin...sorta)



\* All Sus chords  
Optional

**Intro:** G  
(sing d)

Gsus4 . | G . | Gsus4 . |

Busted flat in Baton Rouge— wait-in' for a train—

Feelin' nearly faded as— my jeans—

Bobby thumbed a diesel down— Just be-fore it rained—

And rode us all— the way to New Or—leans—

I pulled my harpoon out of— my dirty red ban-danna

I was playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues— ah—

Those windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine—

We sang every song that driver knew—

**Chorus:** C Freedom's just a-nother word— for— nothin' left to lose—

D Nothin'— ain't worth nothin' if it ain't free—

C Feelin' good was easy, Lo-ord— when he sang the blu—ues—

D And feelin' good was good e-nough for me—

D Good e-nough for me and Bobby Mc-Gee—

A From the Ken-tucky coal mines, to the Cali—fornia sun—

Bobby shared the secrets of my soul—

Thru all kinds of weather— thru every-thing we done—

Bobby baby kept me from the cold—

|A . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |  
 One day up near Sa-linas, Lo-ord | let him— slip a-wa-ay—  
 | . . . . A7 . . . . |D . . . . |  
 He's Lookin' for that home and I hope he'll find it—  
 |D7 . . . . |A . . . . |  
 Well I'd trade all of my to-morrows— for one single yester-da-ay— to be  
 E7\ --- --- --- |E7 . . . . |  
 Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine—

**Chorus:** |D . . . . |A . . . . |  
 Freedom's just a-nother word— for— nothin' left to lose—  
 E7 . . . . |A . . . . |  
 Nothin'— and that's all that Bobby left me—  
 |D . . . . |A . . . . |  
 Well, feelin' good was easy, Lo-ord— when he sang the blu-ues—  
 |E7\ --- E7\ --- |E7 . . . . |  
 And feelin' good was good e-nough for me— hm-mm—  
 E7\ --- E7\ --- |A . . . . |  
 Good e-nough for me and my Bobby Mc-Gee—

|A . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |Asus4\|| |  
 La-da Da— La-da Da-da— La-da Da-da Da-da Da—  
 A . . . . |E7 . . . . |  
 La-da Da-da Da-da Bobby Mc-Gee—  
 E7 . . . . | . . . . |E7sus\|| |  
 La-da Da-da Da-da— La-da Da-da Da—  
 . . . . |A . . . . |  
 La-da Da-da Da-da Bobby Mc-Gee— Yeah—

**Chorus:** |D . . . . |A . . . . |  
 Freedom's just a-nother word— for— nothin' left to lose—  
 E7 . . . . |A . . . . |  
 Nothin'— and that's all that Bobby left me—  
 |D . . . . |A . . . . |  
 Well, feelin' good was easy, Lo-ord— when he sang the blu-ues—  
 |E7 . . . . | . . . . |  
 And feelin' good was good e-nough for me—  
 . . . . |E7\ [hold] |A . . . . | . . . . |Asus4\ |A|  
 Good e-nough for me and— Bobby— Mc-Gee—