Me and Bobby McGee

Strumming: ned, op, ned, ned op, ned, op, op. (Heboras: Capo i 2 bånd)

G

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' for the trains,

D7

Feelin´ nearly faded as my jeans.

Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained,

G

Took us all the way to New Orleans.

I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna

G7 C

and was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues.

G

With them windshield wipers slappin' time and, Bobby clappin' hands,

D7 G C

We fin’ly sang up every song that driver knew.

C G

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose.

D7 G C

Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free.

C G

Feelin' good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the blues.

D7

Feelin' good was good enough for me,

G

Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

G

From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun,

D7

Bobby shared the secrets of my soul,

Standing right beside me, Lord, through everything I´ve done,

G

Every night she kept me from the cold.

Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,

G7 C

Lookin' for the home, I hope she´ll find,

G

And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday

D7 G C

Holding Bobby's body close to mine.

C G

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose.

D7 G C

Nothin' left is all she left for me.

C G

Feelin' good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the blues.

D7

Buddy that was good enough for me,

G

Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

C G D7 G