

# Bobbi McGee

Composer: Kris Kristofferson



C

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waiting for a train

G7

And feeling nearly faded as my jeans

Bobbi thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained

C

That rode us all the way to New Orleans

I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana

C7

F

I was playing soft while Bobbi sang the blues

Windshield wipers slappin' time

C

I was holding Bobbi's hand in mine

G7

And we sang every song that driver knew

## CHORUS

F

C

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose

G7

C

Nothing don't mean nothing honey, if it ain't free

F

C

Feeling good was easy, Lord, when she sang the blues

G7

You know, feeling good was good enough for me

C

Good enough for me and my Bobbi McGee

From the Kentucky coal mines, to the California sun

Yeah, Bobbi shared the secrets of my soul

Through all kinds of weather through everything we done

Yeah Bobbi, baby, kept me from the cold

One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away

She's looking for that home, and I hope she finds it

But I'd trade all of my tomorrows for one single yesterday

To be holding Bobbi's body next to mine

## REPEAT CHORUS