Busted flat in Baton Rouge headin' for the trains Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained Took us all the way to New Orleans Took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues With them windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands we finally Sang up every song that driver knew Chorus Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free Feelin' good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the blues And feeling good was good enough for me Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee Verse 2 From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun Bobby shared the secrets of my soul Standin' right beside me Lord through everythin' I done And every night she kept me from the cold Then somewhere near Salinas Lord I let her slip away She was lookin' for the home I hope she'll find Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday

Holdin' Bobby's body close to mine