ME & BOBBY McGEE (JANIS JOPLIN)

G – G – G – D7 / D7 – D7 – D7 - G
Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train
When I's feelin' near as faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained
And rode us all the way into New Orleans

I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues
Windshield wipers slappin' time, I's holdin' Bobby's hand in mine
We sang every song that driver knew

C – C – G – G / D7 – D7 – G - G
Freedom is just another word for nothin' left to lose
Nothin', don't mean nothin' hon' if it ain't free, no-no
C – C – G – G / D7 – D7 – D7 – D7
And feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues
You know feelin' good was good enough for me
D7 – D7 – D7 – G
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

A – A – A – E7 / E7 – E7 – E7 - A
From the Kentucky coal mine to the California sun
There Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done
Yeah, Bobby baby, kept me from the cold

One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away
He's lookin' for that home, and I hope he finds it
But, I'd trade all of my tomorrows, for one single yesterday
To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

D – D – A – A / E7 – E7 – A - A
Freedom is just another word for nothin' left to lose
Nothin', don't mean nothin' hon' if it ain't free, no-no
D – D – A – A / E7 – E7 – E7 – E7
And feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues
You know feelin' good was good enough for me
E7 – E7 – E7 – A
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

A – A – A – E7 / E7 – E7 – E7 - A
La-da-da, la-da-da-da, la-da-da-da-da-da-da…Bobby McGee

DOUBLE-TIME
Well, I wanna call him my lover, call him my man
I said, I call him my lover, did the best I can, come on
Hey now, Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah
Lord, a Lord, a Lord, a Lord, a Lord, a Lord, a Lord, a Lord, oh
Hey-hey-hey, Bobby McGee, Lord