

C Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' for the trains,
Feelin' nearly faded as my G jeans
G7 Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained,
Took us all the way to New Or-C-leans

C I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana,
And was blowin' sad while C7 Bobby sung the F blues,
F With them windshield wipers slapping time, and C Bobby
clapping hands we G7 sang up every song that driver C knew C7

Chorus

F Freedom's just another word for C nothing left to lose
G7 Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's C free C7
F Feeling good was easy, Lord, when C Bobby sang the blues
And G Feeling good was good enough for me;
G7 good enough for me and bobby Mc-C-Gee.

From the C coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my G soul
G Standin' right beside me, Lord, through everything I'd done
G7 and Every night she kept me from the C cold

C Then somewhere near Selinas Lord, I let her slip away
C7 Lookin' for the home I hope she'll F find
F And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a C single yesterday
G7 holdin' Bobby's body next to C mine C7

Chorus (Play twice)

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G7 Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's C free C7
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And G Feeling good was good enough for me;
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(Outro:) G7 good enough for me and bobby Mc-C-Gee.