

Me & Bobby McGee

G Busted flat in Baton Rouge, headin' for the trains,
Feelin' nearly faded as my **D7** jeans.

D7 Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained,
Took us all the way to New Or-**G**-leans.

G I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And was blowin' sad while **G7** Bobby sang the **C** blues,
With them windshield wipers slappin' time and

G Bobby clappin' hands **D7** we sang up every song
That driver **G** knew.

C Freedom's just another word for **G** nothin' left to lose,
D7 And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's **G** free,
C Feelin' good was easy, Lord, **G** when Bobby sang the blues,
And **D7** buddy, that was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and my Bobby **G** McGee.

G From the coalmines of Kentucky to the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my **D7** soul,
Standin' right beside me through everythin' I done,
And every night she kept me from the **G** cold.
G Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,
She was lookin' for **G7** the home I hope she'll **C** find,
Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,
G Holdin' Bobby's **D7** body close to **G** mine.

C Freedom's just another word for **G** nothin' left to lose,
D7 And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's **G** free,
C Feelin' good was easy, Lord, **G** when Bobby sang the blues,
And **D7** buddy, that was good enough for me,
Good enough for me and my Bobby **G** McGee.

G la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la **G** la-la-la-la-la
G la-la-la-la me and Bobby **D7** McGee,
D7 la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la
D7 la-la-la-la, me and Bobby **G** McGee,

C Freedom's just another word for **G** nothin' left to lose,
D7 And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's **G** free,
C Feelin' good was easy, Lord, **G** when Bobby sang the blues,
And **D7** buddy, that was good enough for me,
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Summertime

Intro: [C] [Am] [E7] [Am]

Summer [Am] time... [E7] and the livin' is [Am] easy.
Fish are [Dm] jumpin'... and the cotton is [E7] high.
Your daddy's [Am] rich... and your [E7] mamma's good [Am] lookin',
So [C] hush little [Am] baby, [E7] don't you [Am] cry.

[Am] One of these mornings [E7],
You're going to rise up [Am] singing.
Then you'll [Dm] spread your wings,
And you'll take to the [E7] sky.

But till [Am] that morning, [E7]
There's a' nothing can [Am] harm you,
With [C] daddy and [Am] mamma
[E7] Standing [Am] by.

Summer [Am] time... [E7] and the livin' is [Am] easy.
Fish are [Dm] jumpin'... and the cotton is [E7] high.
Your daddy's [Am] rich... and your [E7] mamma's good [Am] lookin',
So [C] hush little [Am] baby, [E7] don't you [Am] cry.

[Am] One of these mornings [E7],
You're going to rise up [Am] singing.
Then you'll [Dm] spread your wings,
And you'll take to the [E7] sky.
But till [Am] that morning, [E7]
There's a' nothing can [Am] harm you,
With [C] daddy and [Am] mamma
[E7] Standing [Am] by.
With [C] daddy and [Am] mamma [E7]
Standing [Am] by.

Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone/Five Foot Two

Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone

[C] Please don't talk a-[E7] bout me when I'm [A7] gone,
[D7] Though our friendship [G7] ceases from now [C] on, [G7]

And [C] if you can't say [E7] anything real [A7] nice,
It's better [D7] not to [G7] talk is my ad-[C] vice.

[E7] You go your way, I'll go mine, [A7] it's best that we do
[D7] Here's a kiss, I hope that this brings [G7] lots of [C#dim] luck to [G7] you

[C] Makes no diff'rence [E7] how I carry [A7] on
[D7] Please don't talk a-[G7] bout me when I'm [C] gone [F] [C] [G7] [C]

[C] Please don't talk a-[E7] bout me when I'm [A7] gone,
[D7] Though our friendship [G7] ceases from now [C] on, [G7]

And [C] if you can't say [E7] anything real [A7] nice,
It's better [D7] not to [G7] talk is my ad-[C] vice.

[E7] You go your way, I'll go mine, [A7] it's best that we do
[D7] Here's a kiss, I hope that this brings [G7] lots of [C#dim] luck to [G7] you

[C] Makes no diff'rence [E7] how I carry [A7] on
[D7] Please don't talk a-[G7] bout me when I'm [C] gone
[F] [C] [G7] [C]

Five Foot Two

[C] Five foot two, [E7] eyes of blue, but,
[A7] oh, what those five feet could do!
Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my [C] gal? [C#dim] [G7]

[C] Turned up nose, [E7] turned down hose, [A7] flapper, yes sir, one of those!
Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my [C] gal?

Now if you [E7] run into a five foot two [A7] covered with fur,
[D7] Diamond rings, and all those things, [G7] betcha [NC] life it isn't her!

But [C] could she love, [E7] could she woo, [A7] could she, could she, could she coo!

Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my, [D7] anybody [G7] seen my, [D7] anybody [G7] seen my
[C] gal? [G7] [C]

[C] Five foot two, [E7] eyes of blue, but,

[A7] oh, what those five feet could do!
Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my [C] gal? [C#dim] [G7]

[C] Turned up nose, [E7] turned down hose, [A7] flapper, yes sir, one of those!
Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my [C] gal?

Now if you [E7] run into a five foot two [A7] covered with fur,
[D7] Diamond rings, and all those things, [G7] betcha [NC] life it isn't her!

But [C] could she love, [E7] could she woo, [A7] could she, could she, could she coo!

Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my, [D7] anybody [G7] seen my, [D7] anybody [G7] seen my
[C] gal? [G7] [C]

Then both songs together, ending with -

Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my, [D7] Please don't talk a-[G7] bout me,
Together Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my [C] gal?
..... [D7] Please don't talk a-[G7] bout me when I'm [C] gone.

You never can tell

Na na na, nanana.....

[C] It was a teenage wedding and the old folks wished 'em well
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[G7]selle
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell
C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell

[C] They furnished off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger [G7] ale
But when Pierre found work the little money comin' worked out well
C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell

[C] They had a hi-fi phono boy did they let it blast
Seven hundred little records all rock rhythm and [G7] jazz
But when the sun went down the rapid tempo of the music fell
C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell

Instrumental or Na na na, nanana.....

[C] They bought a souped up jitney 'twas a cherry red '53
They drove it down to New Orleans to celebrate their anniversa[G7]ry
It was there that Pierre was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle
C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell

Na na na, nanana.....

[C] It was a teenage wedding and the old folks wished 'em well
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[G7]selle
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell
C'est la vie say the old folks it goes to show you never can [C] tell