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 Or-leans

I took my harp out of . . my dirty red bandanna . and was blowing sad while Bobby sang the blues

Freedom's just another word for . nothin' left to lose . . . And nothing is all she left for me.

From the coal mines of Kentucky . . to the California sun . . . Bobby shared the secrets of my soul

Standin' right beside me Lord . . . thru everything I've done . . . Every night she kept me from the cold

And I'd trade all of my tomorrows for a . single yesterday . . . holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

Repeat 2nd Chorus to end