Just me and my old rig
Hard-core long-haulers
Hugging the shoulder … pushin’ the peddle
movin’ the needle… metal to the metal

Rain was closin’ in … I almost didn’t see ‘em
The closer I got…I wouldn’t wanna be ‘em
He was rough as a cob…a lot more than me
She was ridin’ her thumb…the air brakes were squealin’

She threw in her suitcase…somewhere in back
He packed in a guitar … tucked safe in between ‘em
The radio was playin’ … “A Never Ending Love”
She turned it way up…then she started singin’

Before I knew it…we was all doin’ 90
My old rig was rockin’ … but I didn’t mind it
A few hours later…we sang the last song
She kissed me her thanks … and I didn’t mind it

She twisted in place… gave me some cash, said
“Looks like you need to go pump in some gas.”
I pulled to the pumps…she jumped to the concrete.
I handed her his guitar… then threw down her suitcase.

He put out his hand … growled low… like a bear
from somewhere down deep… somewhere down there:
“Long-hauler to another,” he said…“Stay frosty.
My name is Kris…her name is Bobby.”

I looked up in the rear view… they were wavin’ me on
Back then I didn’t care … from whinst came a song
But these days come a rain … I get down in my knee
and run a needle on thru… ”Me and Bobby McGee”

Ain’t that the damn-d’est think you ever heard!