

# FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

## **Intro: guitar**

I hear the train a comin'; it's rollin' 'round the bend,  
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when,  
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on.  
But that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone.

When I was just a baby, my momma told me, "Son,  
Always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns."  
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.  
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

## **Guitar solo**

I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car.  
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars,  
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,  
But those people keep a movin', and that's what tortures me.

## **Guitar solo**

Well if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,  
I bet I'd move it all a little farther down the line,  
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.