

Folsom Prison Blues

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 Mama 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.

(BREAK)

I bet there's rich folks eatin', In a fancy dining car,
They're probably 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', That's what tortures me.

(BREAK)

Well, if they freed me from this prison,
If that railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd move out over 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.