

Folsom Prison Blues

1. 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 at Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin`, on,
but that train keeps a rollin`, on down to San Antone.
2. When I was just a baby, my mother 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.
3. I bet there`s rich folk eatin` in a fancy dining car,
they`re prob`ly drinking coffee, and smokin` big cigars.
But I know I had it coming, I know I can`t be free,
but those people keep a movin`, and that`s what tortures me.
4. Well, if they freed me from that prison, if that railroad train was
mine,
I bet I`d move it over, a little farther down the line.
Far from Folsom Prison, that`s were I want to stay,
and I`d let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.