



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

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'
And that's what tortures me

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

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