

Folsom Prison Blues

I hear the train a comin'
It's rolling 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 eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smoking big cigars
Well I know I had it coming
I know I can't be free
But those people keep on 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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