

## Folsom Prison Blues"

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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,

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I'm stuck in Folsom prison, and time keeps draggin' on

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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 blowing, 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 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.....