

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**

→→→ Solo (guitar)

**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**

→→→ Solo (guitar)

**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**