

## Folsom Prison

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 out over 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.