

## Folsom Prison Blues

Bill Miller

Well I hear that train a-coming  
Its rollin' 'round the bend  
I ain't seen the sunshine since, I don't know when

I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, time keeps dragging on  
But that train just keeps on rollin', on down to San Anton'  
When I was just a baby, mama told me son  
She said always be a good boy, don't you ever play with guns  
But I shoot a man in Reno, just to what he die  
When I hear that lonesome whistle blow, I hang my head down and  
cry

Well I bet there's rich folk eating in some fancy dining car  
Probably drinking coffee and smoking big cigars  
Well I know, I had it coming, I know I can't be free  
But that train just keeps on rollin', that's what tortures me  
Keep on rollin'...

Well if they freed me from that prison and that railroad train  
was mine  
I bet I move it on, just a little farther down that line  
Far from Folsom Prison, is where I want to stay  
Well I let that lonesome whistle blow, blow my blues away  
Well I let that lonesome whistle blow, just blow my blues away