

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