

Folsom Prison Blues

David Allan Coe

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, Lord just to watch him die
Now I'm in the Folsom Prison, I'm starin at the sky

I hear the train a comin, it's rollin round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine woman, since I don't know when
I'm stuck in Folsom prison, the time keeps draggin on
And those wheels keep rollin on down to San Antone

If they freed me from this prison and that railroad train was m
ine
You can bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I long to be
And those wheels keep rollin, Lord they would not torture me

I know there's rich folks out there in those fancy dining cars
I know they're drinkin coffee lord, smokin big cigars
But I know I had it comin, I know I can't be free
But those wheels keep rollin, Lord that's what tortures me

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You can bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I long to be
And those wheels keep rollin, Lord theyw ould not torture me

I hear the train a-comin, it's rollin round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine woman since I don't know when
Well I'm stuck in Folsom prison, and time keeps draggin on
And those wheels keep rollin on down to San Antone

I hear the train a-comin, it's rollin round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine woman since I don't know when
Well I'm stuck in Folsom prison, and time keeps draggin on
And those wheels keep rollin on down to San Antone

I don't care if I do die, do die, do die, do die, do die