

## Folsom Prison Blues

Ferlin Husky

I hear the train a comin' it's comin' round the bend  
I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when  
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on  
And a 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 I cry  
I bet there's rich folks eatin' in some fancy dining car  
Probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars  
Well I know I had it comin' I know I can't be free  
But those people keep on movin' that's what tortures me  
If they freed me from this prison if that railroad train was mi  
ne  
I bet I'd move it over a little farther down the line  
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I wanna stay  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away