

## Folsom Prison Blues

Jerry Reed

Well I hear that train a comin' she's a rollin' on around the bend

I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when  
But I'm stuck in Folsom Prison oh the time keeps draggin' on  
And that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone

Well now I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dinin' car  
I bet they're drinkin' coffee chewin' on big cigars  
But I know I had it comin' now I know I can't be free  
And that train keeps a movin' Lord that's what tortures me  
Tell 'em guitar

Well when I was just a baby my mama told me son  
Always be a good boy don't you mess around with guns  
But I shot a man in Reno stood there and watched him die  
Now when I hear that whistle blowin' oh I hang my head and I cry

Well if they'd free me from this prison if that railroad train  
was mine  
Bet I'd move it on just a little bit farther down the line  
Away from Folsom Prison that's where I want to stay where I got  
to stay now  
And then I'd let that lonesome whistle let that whistle blow all  
my blues away  
Tell 'em son