

Folsom Prison Blues

Merle Haggard

I hear that train a comin' it's comin' around the bend
I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when
I'm locked in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on
And I hear that train 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 lonesome whistle I hang my head and I cry.

I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinking coffee and smoking big cigars
Well I know I had it comin' I know I can't be free
But I hear that train a rollin' that's what tortures me.

If they freed me from this prison if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it over a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I long to be
And let that train keep a rollin' and roll my blues away...