

G

I hear the train a comin'

It's rollin' 'round the bend

And I ain't seen the sunshine

Since, I don't know when

C

I'm stuck in Folsom Prison

G

And time keeps draggin' on

D

But that train keeps a-rollin'

G

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 cry

I bet there's rich folks eatin'

In a fancy dining car

They're probably drinkin' coffee

And smokin' big cigars

But I know I had it comin'

I know I can't be free

But those people keep a-movin'

And that's what tortures me

Well, if they freed me from this prison

If that railroad train was mine

I bet I'd move it on a little

Farther down the line

Far from Folsom Prison

That's where I want to stay

And I'd let that lonesome whistle

Blow my blues away