

FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

^D
I hear the train a comin', it's rolling round the bend
and I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when^{D7}
I'm stuck in Folsom prison, and time keeps draggin' on^G
but that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone^{A7}^D

^D
when I was just a baby my mama told me son
always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns^{D7}
but I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die^G^D
when I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry^{A7}^D

^D
I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
they're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars^{D7}
well I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free^G^D
but those people keep a movin' and that's what tortures me^{A7}^D

^D
if they'd free me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it on a little further down the line^{D7}
far from Folsom prison, that's where I want to stay^G^D
and I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away^{A7}^D