Folsom Prison Blues

Intro: BFAG Strophe 1: Strophe 3: I hear the train a comin' I bet there's rich folks eatin'. It's rollin' 'round the bend, In a fancy dining car, And I ain't seen the sunshine, They're probably drinkin' coffee, FFF#G# EEF#G# Since, I don't know when, And smokin' big cigars, I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, But I know I had it comin', And time keeps draggin' on, I know I can't be free, **B7 R7** But that train keeps a-rollin', But those people keep a-movin', On down to San Antone. And that's what tortures me. Strophe 2: Solo: When I was just a baby, Strophe 4: My Mama told me, "Son, Always be a good boy, Well, if they freed me from this prison, **E7** EEF#G# If that railroad train was mine, Don't ever play with guns," I bet I'd move out over a little, **F7** EEF#G# But I shot a man in Reno, Farther down the line, Just to watch him die, Far from Folsom Prison, When I hear that whistle blowin', That's where I want to stay, I hang my head and cry. And I'd let that lonesome whistle, Solo: Blow my blues away. e ---7-9p7-10-7---7-9p7-10-----7-9p7-10-7---7-9p7-10-7-4-