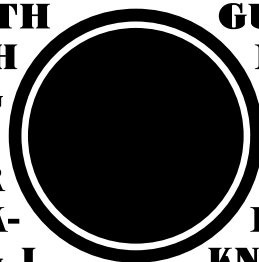


Folsom Prison Blues

**I HEAR THE TRAIN
A COMIN', IT'S ROLLING
AROUND THE BEND AND I AIN'T
SEEN THE SUNSHINE SINCE I DON'T
STUCK IN FOLSOM PRISON, AND TIME KEEPS DRAGGIN' ON
BUT THAT TRAIN KEEPS A ROLLIN' ON DOWN TO SAN ANTOINE
WHEN I WAS JUST A BABY MY MAMA TOLD ME. SON, ALWAYS BE
A GOOD BOY, DON'T EVER PLAY WITH
SHOT A MAN IN RENO JUST TO WATCH
WHEN I HEAR THAT WHISTLE BLOWING
HEAD AND CRY.. I BET THERE'S RICH
EATING IN A FANCY DINING CAR
PROBABLY DRINKIN' COFFEE AND SMOK-
CIGARS. WELL I KNOW I HAD IT COMING, I
BE FREE BUT THOSE PEOPLE KEEP A MOVIN' AND THAT'S WHAT
TORTURES ME WELL IF THEY'D FREE 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
I'D LET THAT LONESOME
WHISTLE BLOW MY
BLUES AWAY**



**KNOW WHEN, I'M
GUNS. BUT I
HIM DIE
I HANG MY
FOLKS
THEY'RE
ING BIG
KNOW I CAN'T
TO STAY AND**

