

# Folsom Prison Blues

D



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.

G



D



I'm stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on.

A7



D



But that train keeps rollin' on down to San Antone.

D

When I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son,  
Always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns."

G

D

But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.

A7

D

When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry.

D

I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dining car.  
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars,

G

D

But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,

A7

D

But those people keep a movin', and that's what tortures me.

D

Well if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine  
I bet I'd move on over a little farther down the line,

G

D

Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,

A7

D

And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away