

# FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

G  
I hear the train a-comin'; It's rollin' 'round the bend,  
And I aint' seen the sunshine since I don't know when.  
C G  
I'm stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on.  
D7 G  
But that train keeps rollin' on down to San Antone.

G  
When I was just a baby, my mama told me "son, always be a good  
boy;  
G7  
Don't ever play with guns."  
C G  
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die.  
D7 G  
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry.

G  
I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car.  
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars.  
C G  
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free.  
D7 G  
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

G  
Well, if they freed me from this prison, If that railroad train was  
mine,  
G7  
I bet I'd move on over a little farther down the line.  
C G  
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,  
D7 G  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.