

Folsom Prison Blues

D

I hear the train a comin,

It's rolling round the bend

And I ain't seen the sunshine,

D7

Since I don't know when.

G

I'm stuck in Folsom Prison

D

And time keeps draggin' on,

A7

But that train keeps a rolling,

D

On down to San An-toine.

When I was just a baby,

My mama told me son,

Always be a good boy,

D7

Don't ever play with guns,

G

But I shot a man in Reno,

D

Just to watch him die;

A7

Now when I hear that lonesome whistle,

D

I hang my head and cry.

D

I bet there's rich folks eating

In a fancy dining car,

They're probably drinking coffee

D7

And smoking big cigars.

G

Well I know I had it coming;

D

I know I can't be free,

A7

But those people keep moving

D

And that's what tortures me.

Well if they free me from this prison,

If that railroad train were mine,

I bet I'd move it all

D7

A little further down the line.

G

Far from Folsom Prison,

D

That's where I want to stay,

A7

And I'd let that lonesome whistle,

D

Blow my blues a-way.