

E

I hear the train a comin' it's rollin 'round the bend
and I a'int seen the sunshine since I don't know when

A**E**

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

B7**A****E**

But that train keeps a movin' **on down to-San-An-Tone**

When I was just a baby my mame told me, "Son
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns"
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die
When I hear the whistle blowin' **I hang my head and cry.**

E A E B7 A E

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

E A E B7 A E

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it all a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle, **blow my blues away**