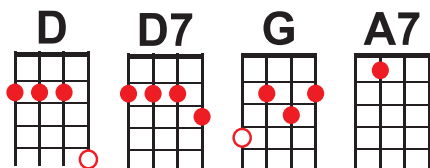


# Folsom Prison Blues



D

I hear the train a-comin'; it's rollin' 'round the bend,

D7

And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when,

G

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

A7

But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone

D

When I was just a baby, my momma told me, "Son,

D7

Always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns"

G

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

A7

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

D7

They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars,

G

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

A7

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,

D7

I bet I'd move it all a little farther down the line,

G

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

A7

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