

FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

JOHNNY CASH

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I HEAR THE TRAIN A COMIN, IT'S ROLLIN ROUND THE BEND,

I AIN'T SEEN THE SUNSHINE SINCE I DON'T KNOW WHEN.

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I'M STUCK IN FOLSOM PRISON AND TIME KEEPS DRAGGIN ON.

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BUT THE TRAIN KEEPS ROLLIN ON DOWN TO SAN ANTONE.

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WHEN I WAS JUST A BABY MY MAMA TOLD ME, SON

ALWAYS BE A GOOD BOY, DON'T EVERY PLAY WITH GUNS.

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BUT I SHOT A MAN IN RENO JUST TO WATCH HIM DIE.

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WHEN I HEAR THAT WHISTLE BLOWIN I HANG MY HEAD AND CRY.

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I BET THERE'S RICH FOLKS EATIN IN A FANCY DININ CAR,

THEY'RE PROB'LY DRINKIN COFFEE AND SMOKIN BIG CIGARS,

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BUT I KNOW I HAD IT COMIN, I KNOW I CAN'T BE FREE,

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BUT THOSE PEOPLE KEEP A MOVIN AND THAT'S WHAT TORTURES ME

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WELL IF THEY FREED ME FROM THIS PRISON, IF THAT RAILROAD TRAIN WAS MINE

I BET I'D MOVE A LITTLE FARTHER ON DOWN THE LINE.

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FAR FROM FOLSOM PRISON THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO STAY

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AND I'D LET THAT LONESOME WHISTLE BLOW MY BLUES AWAY.