

Folsom Prison Blues

Waylon Jennings

I hear the train a comin'
It's rollin' round the bend
I ain't seen the sunshine
Since I don't know when.

Well, I'm stuck in Folsom Prison
And time keeps draggin' on
But I see a train a movin'
On down to San Antone

Bet there's rich folks eatin'
In some fancy dining car
Probably drinkin' coffee
And smokin' big cigars.

Well, I know I had it comin'
I know I can't be free
But them people keep on movin'
And that's what tortures me.

When I was just a baby
My mama 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
Every time I hear that whistle
I hang my head and I cry.

If they freed me from this prison
If that railroad train was mine
Bet I'd move it on a
Little bit farther down the line.

Far from Folsom Prison
That's where I long to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle
Blow my blues away...