

Folsom Prison Blues

Billy Ray Cyrus

Yeah come on
I hear the train a comin', it's rolling 'round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when
I'm stuck in Folsom prison, and time keeps draggin' on
But that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone

When I was just a baby my mama told me
Son always be a good boy, don't ever play with gun
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die
(so I watch him die)
When I hear that lonesome whistle, I hang my head and cry
(hang down your head Antonio)

There's probably rich folks eating from a big, old dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smoking big cigars
But I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free
(No I can't be free)
But damn people keep a-movin'
And that's what tortures me

Yeah

Well if they freed me from this prison
If that railroad train was mine
I bet that I'd move [?] a little fellow down the line
Yeah Far from Folsom prison, that's where I want to stay
(I would want to stay)
And then I'd let that lonesome whistle baby blow my blues away
(blow my blues away)

Ooh ohh
Get on it yeah
Sir
Yeah
Ooh
Blow my blues away
Blow my blues away
Blow my blues away
Blow my blues away