

Folsom Prison Blues

Iris DeMent

Oh, I hear that train a-coming, coming on 'round the bend
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-rolling on down to San An-tone

Well, when I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Hon,
always be a good girl, don't ever mess with guns"
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry

Well, I bet there's rich folk eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinking coffee and smoking fat cigars
but I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free
but them people keep a-moving and that's what tortures me

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if this railroad car w
as mine
I know I'd move it on just a little farther down the line
so far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay
and I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away