

## Folsom Prison

Merle Haggard

I hear that train a comin', it's comin' 'round the bend  
I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when  
I'm locked in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on  
And I hear that train 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 guns"  
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die  
When I hear that lonesome whistle I hang my head and I cry

I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car  
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars  
Well, I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free  
But I hear that train a-rollin' and that's what tortures me

Well, if they freed me from this prison and that railroad train  
was mine  
I bet I'd move it over a little farther down the line  
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I long to be  
And let that train keep rollin' and roll my blues away