

## Folsom Prison Blues

Nat Stuckey

I hear that train a comin' it's rollin' round the bend  
But I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when  
'Cause I'm stuck in Folsom Prison time keeps draggin' on  
But that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone

Well 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  
And when I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and I cry

I'll bet there's rich folks eatin' in some fancy dining car  
They're probably drinkin' coffeee and smokin' big cigars  
Well I know I had it comin' and I know I can't be free  
But those people keep a movin' and that's what tortures me

Well if they freed me from this prison if that railroad train w  
as mine  
I'll bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line  
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I want to stay  
Then I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away