

Folsom Prison Blues

Slim Harpo

I hear the train a comin'
Rollin' round the bend and I
Ain't seen the sunshine
Since I don't know when
Stuck in Folsom Prison
Time keep draggin' on
And the train keep a rollin'
On down to San Antone

When I was just a baby
My mama told me son
Always be a good boy and
Don't ever play with gun
But I shot a man in Reno
Just to watch him die
When I hear the train a comin'
I hang my head and cry

[solo]

I bet there's rich folks eatin'
In that fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' whiskey
And smoking big cigars
I know I had it comin'
I know I can't be free
But those people keep on movin'
And that's what tortures me

Well if they free me from this prison
And the railroad train was mine
I'd move it on a little
Farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison
Oh, that's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle
Oh, blow, blow my blues away