

# Folsom Prison Blues

by John R. Cash (1956)

B7

*E*                *E*                *E*                *E*  
I hear the train a comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend,  
*E*                *E*                *E*                *E*  
And I ain't seen the sunshine, since, I don't know when,  
*A*                *A*                *A*                *A*                *E E E E*  
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on,  
*B7*                *B7*                *B7*                *B7*                *E E E E*  
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 guns,"  
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die,  
*B7*                *B7*                *B7*                *B7*                *E E*  
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

*E E E E A A E E B7 B7 E E*

I bet there's rich folks eatin', in a fancy dining car,  
They're probably drinkin' coffee, and smokin' big cigars,  
But I know I had it comin', 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 was mine,  
I bet I'd move out over a little farther down the line,  
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle, blow my blues away.