Blue

Reverend and the Makers

Well I hear that train a comin'
It's rollin' round the bend,
And I ain't seen the sunshine,
Since I don't know when.Because I'm stuck in folsom prison,
And time keeps draggin on.
But that train keeps rollin',
On down to San Antone.When I was just a baby,
My momma 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 whistle blowin',
I hang my head and cry.Well I bet you all them rich men
Are in fancy dine-in cars.
Probably drinking coffee,
And smokin' big cigars.Well 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,
And that railrod train was mine,
You bet I'd move it farther,
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.

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