

# Folsom Prison Blues

Waylon Jennings

I hear the train a comin' rollin' round the bend  
I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when  
Well I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps dragging on  
While a 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  
Well I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die  
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and I cry  
Well I'll bet there's rich folks eatin' in some fancy  
dining car  
Probably drinkin' 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' that's what tortures me  
Well if they freed me from this prison if that railroad  
train was mine  
Bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line  
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I long to stay  
Then I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away

Songwriters

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