

# Folsom Prison Blues

## Reverend Horton Heat

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 'Cause 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 railroad 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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