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 AntoneWhen 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 cryWell, I bet you all them rich men
Are in fancy dine-in cars
Probably drinking coffee
And smokin' big cigarsWell, I know I had it comin'
I know I can't be free
But those people keep a movin'
And that's what tortures meWell, 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 lineFar from Folsom prison
That's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle
Blow my blues away

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/