

# Folsom Prison Blues

## Gin Blossoms

I hear that train a comin'  
It's rollin' around the bend  
I ain't seen the sunshine  
Since I don't know when Well, I'm stuck in Folsom Prison  
And time keeps draggin' on  
That train keeps rollin'  
On down to San Antone When I was just a baby  
My mama told me, "Son  
Always be good boy  
Don't you ever play with guns" But I shot a man in Reno  
Just to watch him die  
When I hear that lonesome whistle  
I hang my head and cry Well, I bet there's rich folks eating  
From a fancy dinin' car  
I bet they're taking mushrooms  
And smokin' big cigars Well, I know I had it comin'  
I know I can't be free  
Those people keep movin'  
And that's what tortures me If they free me from this prison  
If that railroad train was mine  
You bet I'd move it on  
A little farther down the line Yeah, far from Folsom Prison  
That's where I want to be  
But those people keep movin'  
Goddammit, that's what tortures me Man, if they'd free me from this prison  
If that railroad train was mine  
You bet I'd move it on  
A little farther down the line Yeah, far from Folsom Prison  
That's where I want to be  
Those people keep movin'  
Goddammit that's what tortures me

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