

# Folsom Prison Blues

[Slim Harpo](#)

I hear the train a comin', rollin' 'round the bend  
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when  
Stuck at Folsom Prison, time keep draggin' on  
And the train keep a rollin' on down to San Antone  
When I was a baby, my mama told me  
"Son, always be a good boy and don't ever play with gun"  
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die  
When I hear the train a comin' I hang my head and cry  
I bet there's rich folk eatin' in that fancy dining car  
They're probably drinkin' whiskey and smokin' big cigars  
I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free  
But those people keep on movin' and that's what tortures me  
Well, if they free me from this prison and the  
railroad train is mine  
I'd move it on little farther down the line  
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I gonna stay  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle, oh, blow, blow my blues away

Songwriters

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