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 AntoneWhen 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 cryI 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 meWell, 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

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