Folsom Prison Blues

Skeggs

Who you trying to get crazy with Whitey
Don't you know I'm loco?I hear that train a-comin'
Comin' around the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine
Since I don't know whenI'm stuck in Folsom Prison
Time keeps draggin' on
Andthat train just keeps a-rollin'
On down to San AntoneWhen I was just a baby
My mama told me, son
Always be a good boy
Don't ever play with gunsBut I shot a man in Reno
Just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowin'
I hang my head and cryI bet there's rich folks eatin'
From a fancy dining car
They're probably drinking whiskey
And smoking big cigarsWell, I know I had it coming
I know I can't be free
Those people keep a-movin'
And that's what tortures meIf they freed me from this prison
If that railroad train was mine
I'd probably move it just a little
Farther down the lineFar from Folsom Prison
That's where I long to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle
Blow out my blues away

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