

# 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 when I'm stuck in Folsom Prison  
Time keeps draggin' on  
And that train just keeps a-rollin'  
On down to San Antone When I was just a baby  
My mama 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 cry I bet there's rich folks eatin'  
From a fancy dining car  
They're probably drinking whiskey  
And smoking big cigars Well, I know I had it coming  
I know I can't be free  
Those people keep a-movin'  
And that's what tortures me If they freed me from this prison  
If that railroad train was mine  
I'd probably move it just a little  
Farther down the line Far 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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