

# Folsom Prison Blues (live @ St. Quentin)

## Johnny Cash

I hear the train a comin'  
It's rollin' 'round the bend  
And I ain't seen the sunshine  
Since, I don't know when  
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison  
And time keeps draggin' on  
But that train 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'  
In a fancy dining car  
They're probably drinkin' coffee  
And smokin' big cigars  
But I know I had it comin'  
I know I can't be free  
But those people keep a-movin'  
And that's what tortures me  
Well, if they freed me from this prison  
If that railroad train was mine  
I bet I'd move out over a little  
Farther down the line  
Far from Folsom Prison  
That's where I want to stay  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle  
Blow my blues away

Songwriters

JOHNNY CASHPublished by

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