

Folsom Prison Blues

Merle Haggard

I hear that train a comin', it's comin' 'round the bend
I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when
I'm locked in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on
And I hear that train 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 lonesome whistle I hang my head and I cry I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars
Well, I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free
But I hear that train a-rollin' and that's what tortures me Well, if they freed me from this prison and that railroad
train was mine
I bet I'd move it over a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I long to be
And let that train keep rollin' and roll my blues away

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