Folsom Prison Blues

Jerry Lee Lewis

I hear that train a-commin', it's rollin' around 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 cryI bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinking coffee and smoking big cigars
But I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free
But those people keep a-movin' and that's what tortures meWell if that freed me from this prison
and that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it on 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

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