

# Folsom Prison Blues

Capo 2

E  
I hear the train a comin' , it's rollin 'round the bend  
E  
And I a'int seen the sunshine, since I don't know when  
A E  
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on.  
B7 E  
But that train keeps a rollin', on down to-San-An-Tone

E  
When I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son  
E  
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns"  
A E  
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die  
B7 E  
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

E  
I bet there's rich folks eatin', in a fancy dining car  
E  
They're probly drinkin' coffee, and smokin big cigars  
A E  
Well I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free  
B7 E  
But those people keep a movin', and that's what tortures me

E  
Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine  
E  
I bet I'd move it all, a little farther down the line  
A E  
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay  
B7 E  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle, blow my blues away